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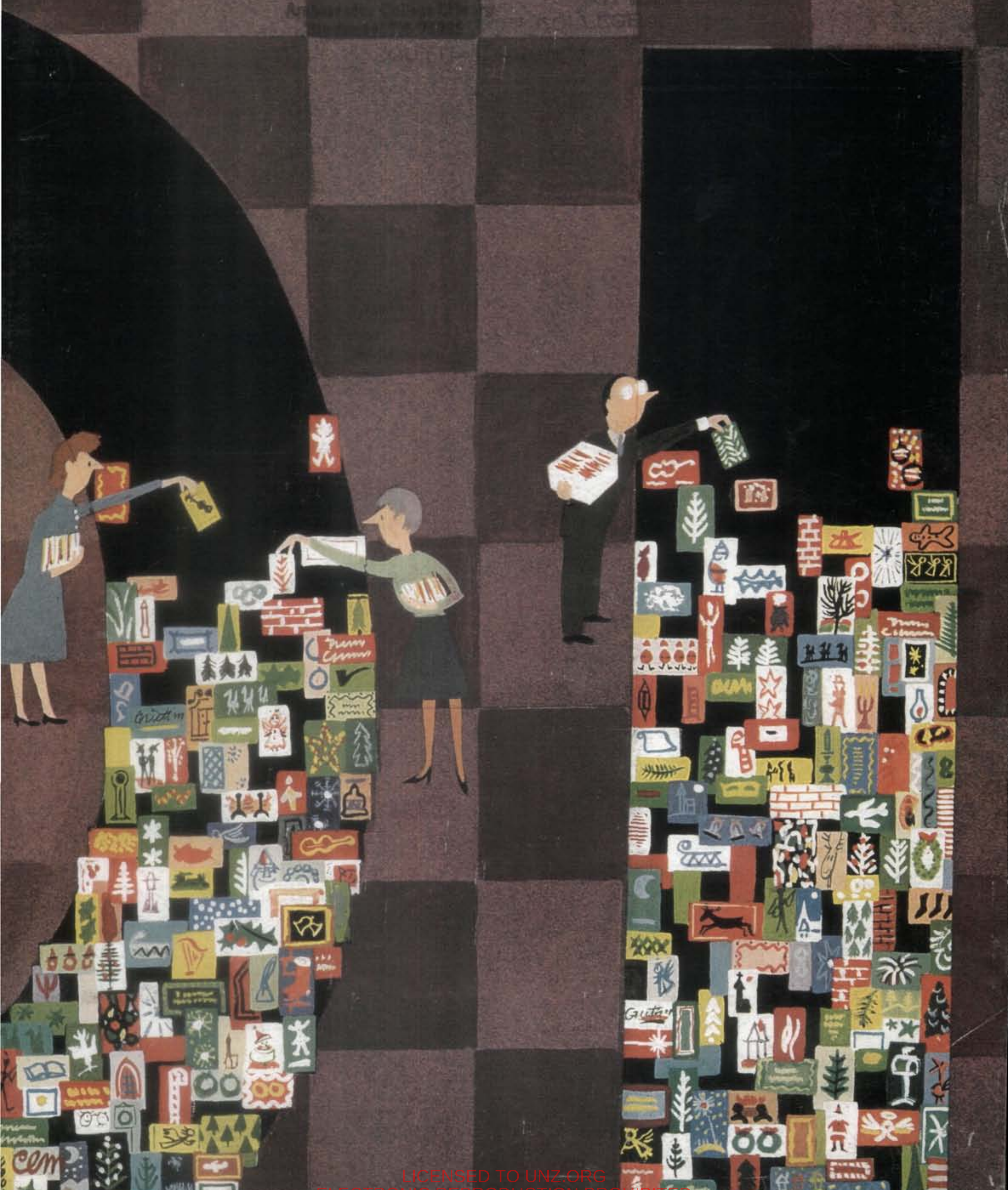

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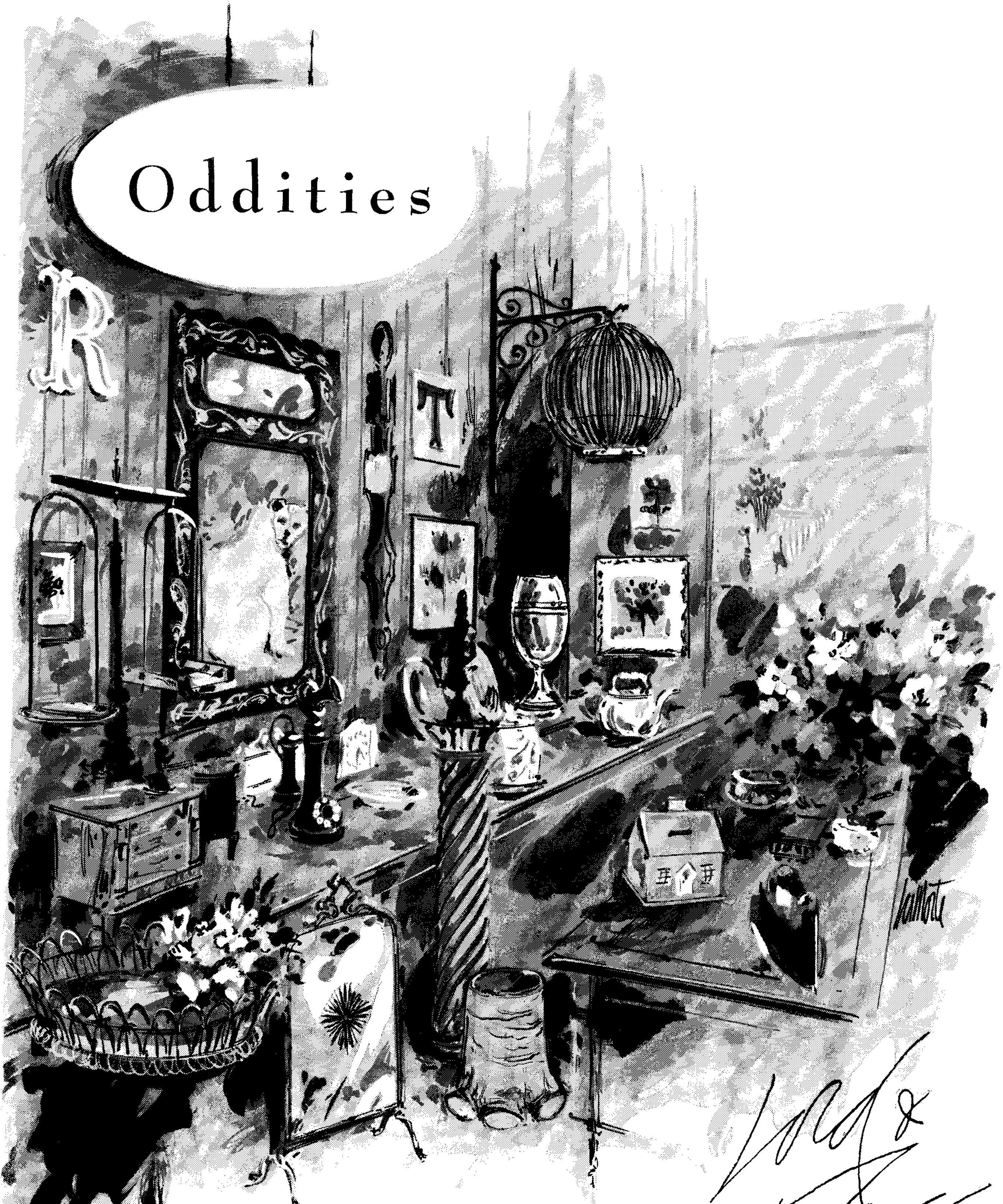

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Devils—John Whiting's unsatisfactory dramatization of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," *in which Jason Robards, Anne* Bancroft, and, indeed, *all* the others on view function to no purpose as early-eighteenth-century types caught up in a case of alleged sorcery. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play was written by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

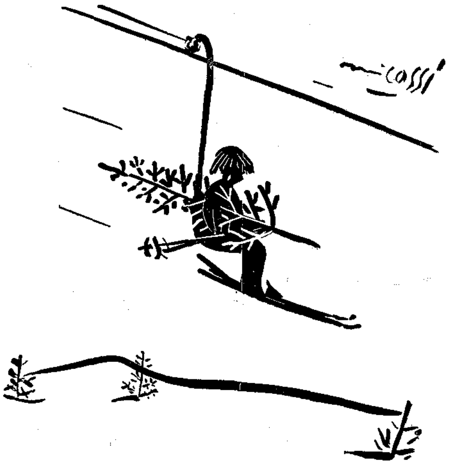
Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon of monologues make up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A low-keyed but reasonably satisfying drama about some carnal carryings-on in Victorian London. Michael Dyne has written a well-tailored play, and the acting of the company, in which Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel figure prominently, is serviceable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company strutting its stuff in a revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the play, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 1.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnick having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, which was put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, the piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Long Runs—**any wednesday:** *Barbara Cook,* Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middleclass Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson in Abe Burrows' comedy based on a French original. Mr. Burrows also directed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Me and Thee—A comedy by Charles Horine, in which Durward Kirby and Barbara Britton head a cast under the direction of Perry Bruskin. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Playroom—A thriller by Mary Drayton, *with Tom Helmore and Augusta Dabney.* Joseph Anthony is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Anya—Schemers at work trying to establish as the heiress of Czar Nicholas II a strange girl who has fallen into their hands. Reminiscent of a lot of bygone operettas, the play has some good tunes based on themes by Rachmaninoff, and a commendable cast headed by Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, Irra Petina, and Lillian Gish. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—*Julie Harris is appealing* as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **funny girl:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **golden boy:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of La Belle Otero. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly,

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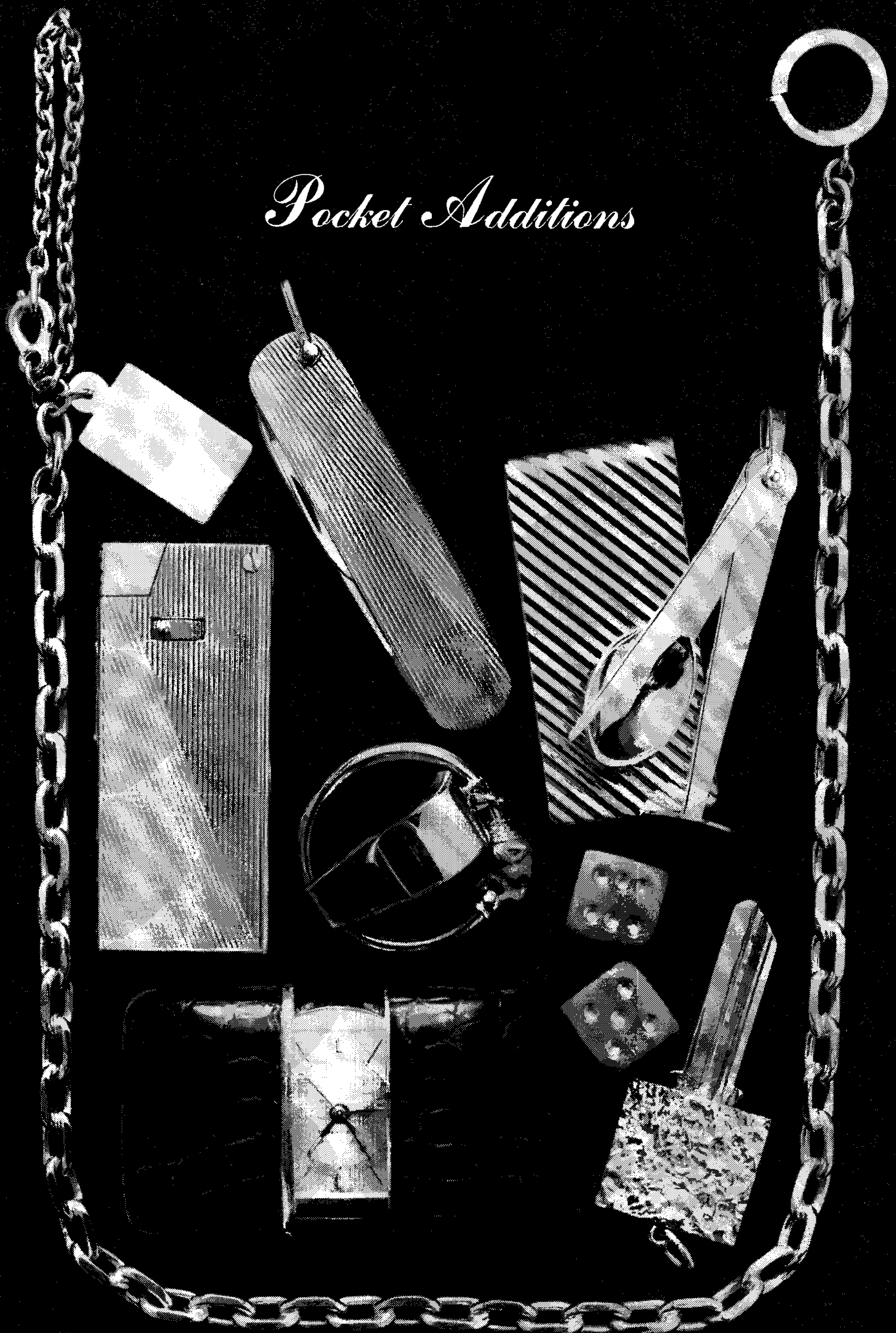
Pocket Additions



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

La Grosse Valise—Robert Dhéry's Paris musical, starring Ronald Fraser and Victor Spinetti. Gérard Calvi wrote the music and Harold Rome the lyrics. Staged by M. Dhéry. Previews through Monday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 14. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**MARCEL MARCEAU:** Final performances by the French pantomimist. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** Opening performances of a three-week holiday revival of **OKLAHOMA!** (with John Davidson, Susan Watson, Karen Morrow, Richard France, Ruth Kobart, Sammy Smith, and Jules Munshin) that will run through Sunday, Jan. 2. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30 (preview); Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 (opening); Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's second offering will be William Wycherley's Restoration comedy **THE COUNTRY WIFE.** Opens Thursday, Dec. 9, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **CARMEN.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, at 8:40: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 4 and 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 12, at 4 and 8: **RUDDIGORE.** . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8:40, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 4 and 8:40: **THE MIKADO.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Bugs and Veronica—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and Good Day—"The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love" is a stylish and highly stylized comedy about a family crisis. Stephen Strimpell is very funny in the leading role, and he gets strong support from Clarice Blackburn and Albert M. Ottenheimer. "Good Day," which precedes it, is a puzzling and rather overwrought affair, in which an odd young man relates a shameful episode in his past to an even more peculiar old woman. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Friends and Enemies—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Great Scot!—Allan Bruce in a musical with a book by Mark Conradt and Gregory Dawson, score by Don McAfee, and lyrics by Nancy Leeds. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and Day of Absence—Robert Hooks in a pair of plays by Douglas Turner Ward. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Bernard Shaw Story—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—Eric Berry, Robert Burr, and Carrie Nye in John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama. Directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, Dec. 9.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Danish Ballet—Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "The Private Lesson" and "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10, and Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 11: "La Sylphide" and "Moon Reindeer.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 12: "Konservatoriet," "Carmen," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 12: "Konservatoriet," "Nutcracker Pas de Deux," "Carmen," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, Dec. 14-16: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "The Private Lesson," "Moon Reindeer," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "The Whims of Cupid," "Nutcracker Pas de Deux," "Moon Reindeer," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "The Private Lesson," "Moon Reindeer," and "Fanfare." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Dec. 19. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—In a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—Two short plays ("The Owl Answers," by Adrienne Kennedy, and "Ludlow Fair," by Lanford Wilson) presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the third in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 2. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

Princeton Triangle Club—A musical, "High Sobriety," is this year's undergraduate production. (Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tigress, tigress, burning bright; i. e., Felicia Sanders, singing in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The rest of the nourishment is Myron Cohen, a standup comedian who is actually a comedian, a fine one, and a soft-spoken one. The orchestra of Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, is also full of color—local and international both. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be pursued in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the room from eight until nine, then breaks into dance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The animal kingdom—nutria, mink, chinchilla, sable, ermine, and now British lion, too—at play. A pair of bands do dance music for anyone for whom this pageantry is not enough; in the Champagne Room, the music (by Ernest Schoen's Viennese trio) is solely for dreaming. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The leading Big Band stand. Les and Larry Elgart's orchestra, chortling and contrapuntal, is holding forth now; on Wednesday, Dec. 15, Count Basie's crew will take over. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand with the real New York beat every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—George Maharis, who is front and center in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, may be new to the world of after-dark, but he has already acquired the big gestures and the small talk of the shadow-boxing contingent of tenors. To these he adds the right songs, a better-than-most voice, and a better-than-most profile. He is flanked by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather frolickers and Burt Far-

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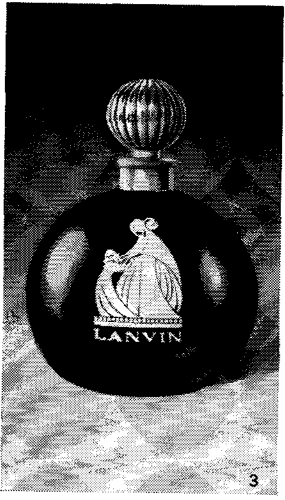

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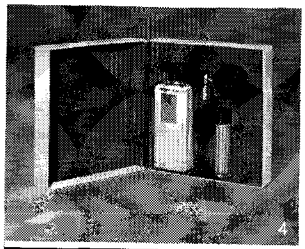

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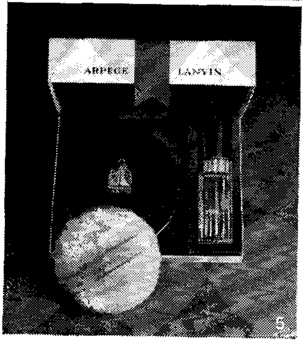
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ber's steady-going orchestra, who are on hand all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo Le Fleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ The light that begins at eight to play on the statuary of the Palm Court is royal purple—perfectly appropriate to the palace it becomes, a palace with the courtly violin of Gunnar Hansen and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings music to the cocktail lounge; the music itself (a heated argument in favor of dancing, by the horn and quartet of the life-giving Jonah Jones) appears in person from eight to one-thirty in the dining room, which has a minute floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has set the Maisonette aflame with imported scenery that is tempered by row upon row of bookshelves—Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Walpoles. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The course of events in Peacock Alley calls for Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays. The little dance band takes Sundays off, but it operates from nine to one every other night.

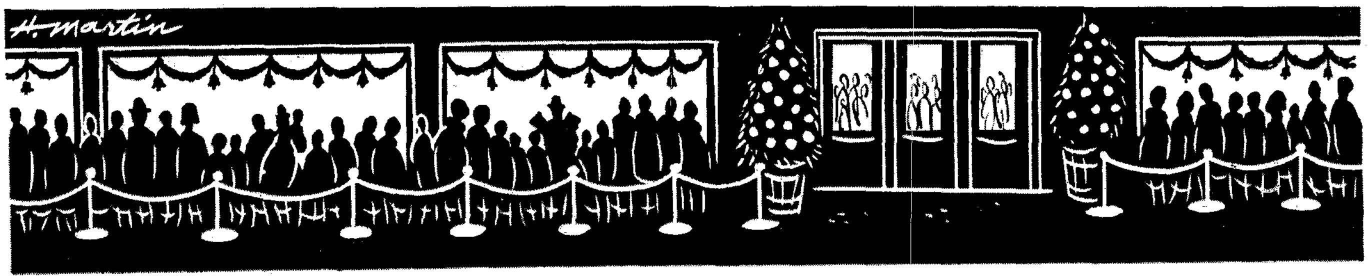
Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

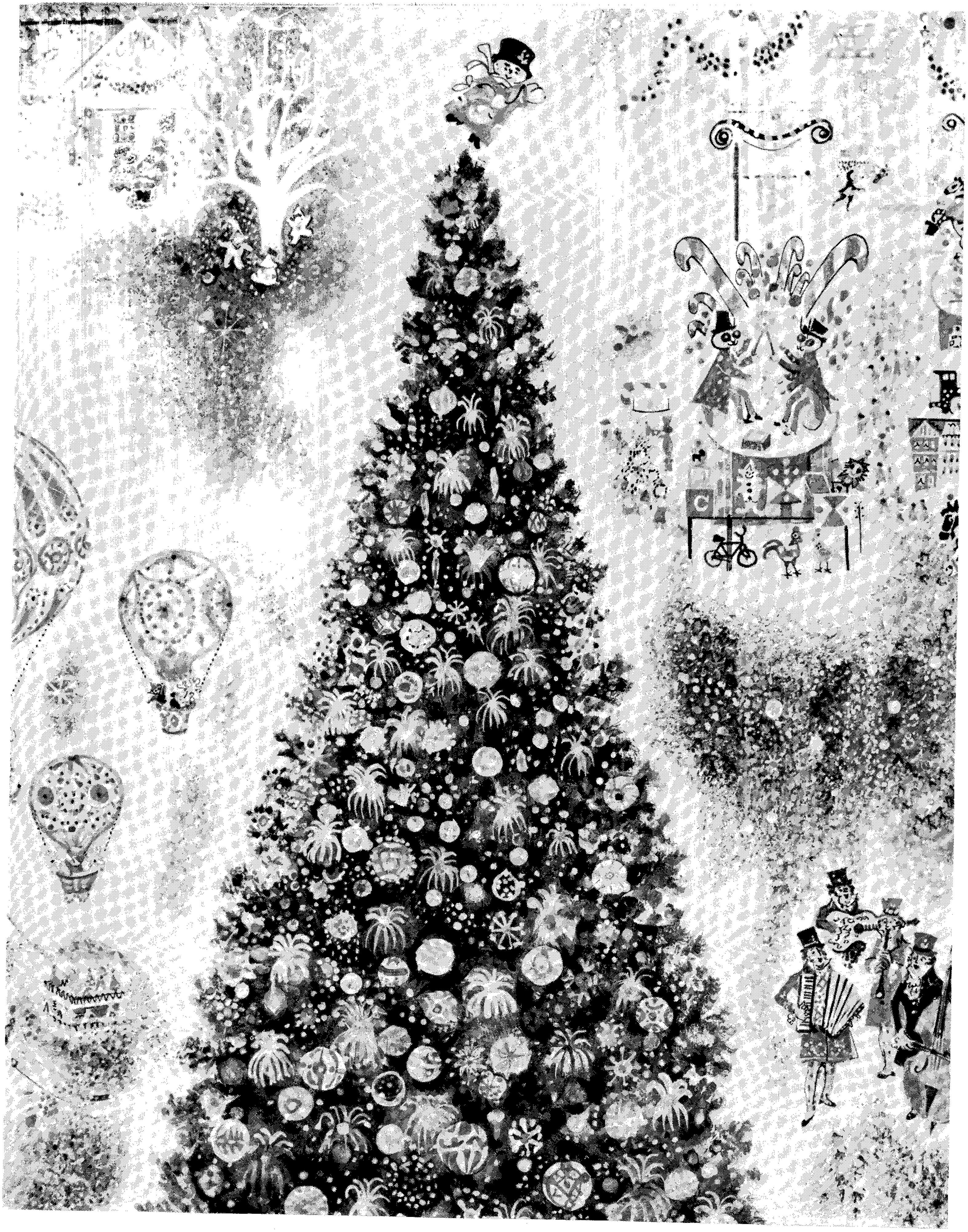
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Italian, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain and piano are wintering this season in a pub that houses a fair quota of *jeunesse dorée* in a *jeunesse* (or even *je-ne-sais-quoi*) state of bliss. He is a late starter, a late finisher. No music Sundays. . . . **HUGH SHANNON'S,** on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): A voice that has been heard halfway round the world, from Bricktop's in Rome to this and that West Indie; i.e., Mr. Shannon, King of the Road. He has a dandy song about this particular character, and plenty of other ballads, with piano to boot. Not before ten, and very likely until three. Sundays are dark. The menu is nonexistent. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Steve Iles plays concert piano that rings not only welkins but some tricky changes. The music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a brand-new round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish. The music—guitar again, and by José Luis Franco—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the nineteenth century. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Moscow Nights are growing long (eight until two). Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups, from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The portion of the Hotel Westbury given over to dining at no more than a trot and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of casual piano from six until midnight, except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Dry sherry is the proper accompaniment for the terse Iberian guitar of Gustavo Lopez, who is in residence from nine-thirty until one, and for the terse Iberian setting of this tiny bar, which is there all the time. No dining at any time, and no music on Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

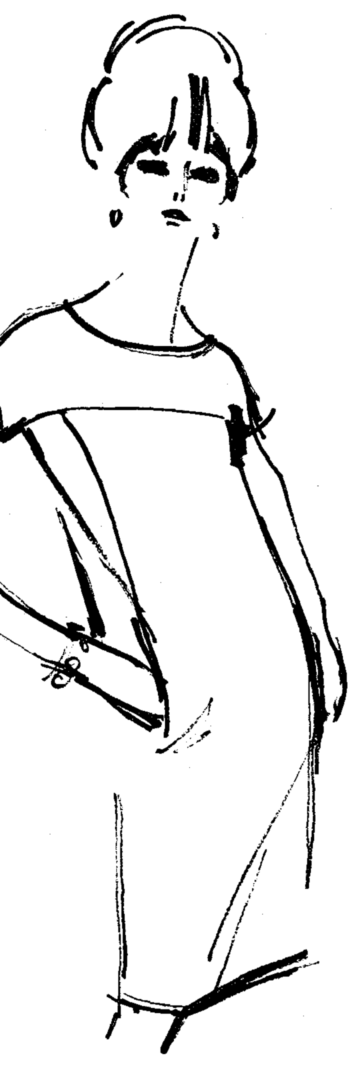
Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best





there's nothing like it at the North Pole

Marshall Field & Company



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation, too, from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven thirty, is issued by computers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks, or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers (chief among them Linda Benter) spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. Saturday and Sunday matinées from one to six. There is a menu, to an extent. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Except on Sundays and Mondays, the patter of tiny feet can be heard (from nine until four) because the music, which comes from a squawk box, is largely forbearing. Supper is served.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a brand-new Never-Never Land, in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. Along with the ballerinas and the apaches and all go Roberta Sherwood, a happy but mailed-fist soprano, and a tawny creature, Betty Jo Alvies, who is sure to be Miss Amazon of 1966. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): An orchestra (the baton belongs to Sam Donahue) large enough to do a small revue, which—with the vigorous chanting of the Pied Pipers and the bland singing of Frank Sinatra, Jr.—it does. Charlie Shavers, that old showoff, is the most celebrated bandsman. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

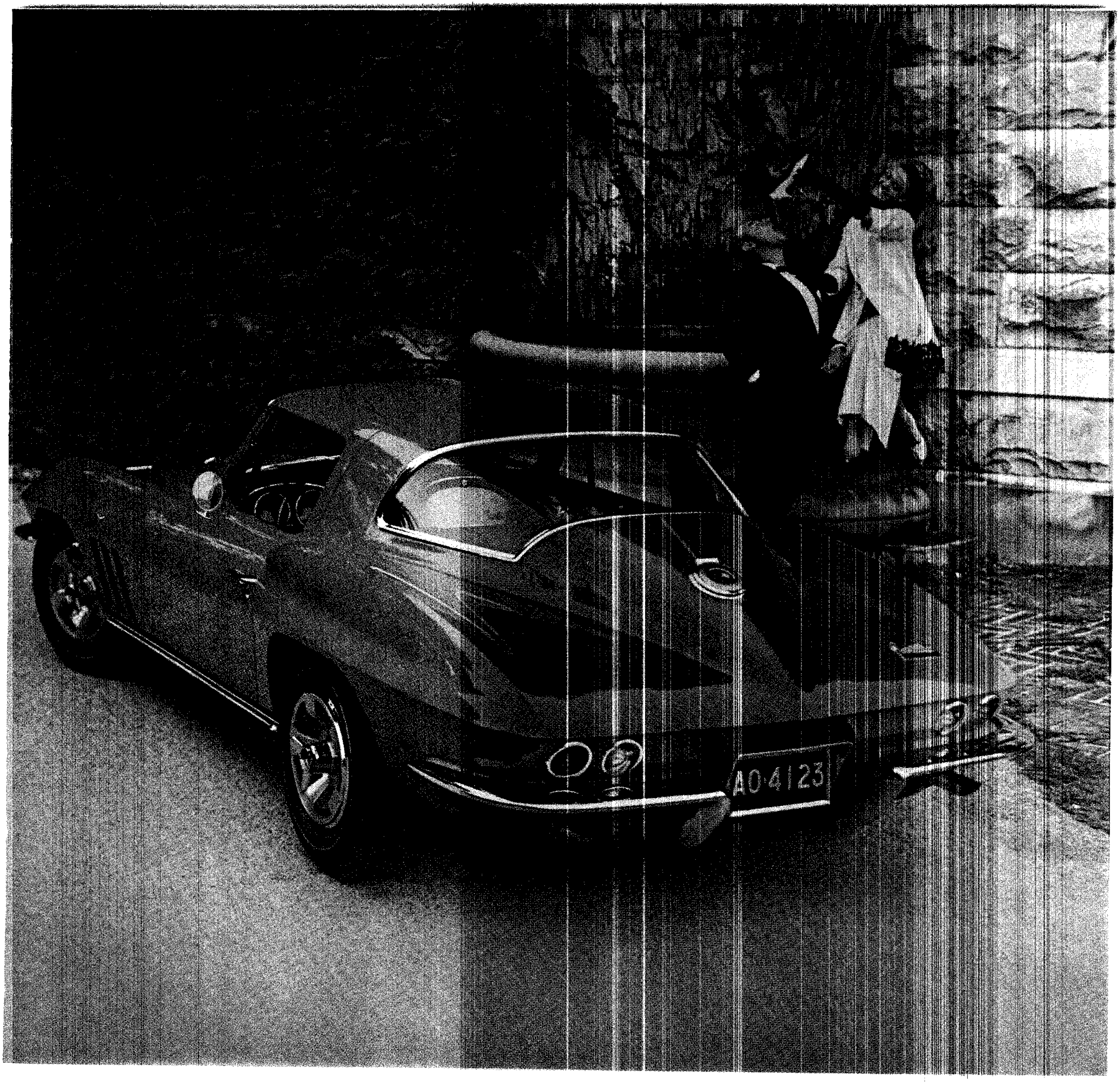
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years, are again keeping up their spirits of mockery, and John Keatts is their new male companion; the ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all new and all noblewomen. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Grand Army of the Spanish Republic, are fit as fiddles (which they ply with fervor) and ready for song, prance, and foolery. Their duenna is Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. The long reign of this troupe ends on Tuesday, Dec. 14, when another Latin regiment bivouacs here. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The second edition of "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," which contains many of the works of the great American philosopher, is in its workshop stage at the moment, but visitors are admitted. In the cast are Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the new pocket-edition revue here, is held scoreless for the first few innings; then R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, Betty Aberlin, and Richard Blair, the leaders of the pack, go on a batting spree. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sonny Rollins states his case firmly, clearly, warmly, with a quartet to say him yea. On Tuesday, Dec. 14, Mose Allison's trio will succeed to the throne. Sundays, the music goes on from five-thirty until midnight; Mondays are in the charge of Alan Grant, a disc jockey without disc-jockey faults, who parades another set of living musicians. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann and his clan are touring the Caribbean. Fridays and Saturdays, Gloria Lynne adds her fevered soprano to the din. On Sunday, Dec. 12, the festivities begin early (at three), with a recital by David Bar-Illan, whose piano was brought up on Schubert, Chopin, and Rameau. Mondays, the play area is always occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. A restaurant of sorts (closed on Mondays) is appended on the ground floor. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. Mike Settle, a young Oklahoma bard, is the main folk musician, and a good one; Marshall Brickman is the monologuist. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer ends its exploration of outer sound on Sunday, Dec. 12; on Tuesday, Dec. 14, Roger Kellaway's trio comes in. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are disturbing the peace. Jaki Byard is usually around, too, as solo pianist. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school clarion music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo pianist. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are conducting an old-fashioned joy-through-living shivaree. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. Peanuts and beer are part of the scene. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . .



Escape mechanism.

Rest assured, our dinner-jacketed escapist explored all the conventional methods beforehand — he fished, he read science fiction, he even tried sky diving—but still his everyday world bound him in.

Then one day he saw it — the Corvette; all red and shiny and hungry-looking—just sitting there. And when its owner took him aside and counseled him on the fact that this was America's only true sports car, what with its independent suspension, disc brakes and all, he was wild to drive it. And when he did, he learned that this one had the new 427-cubic-inch Turbo-Jet V8, and—well, he would order his that way, too. The 425-hp version.

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'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

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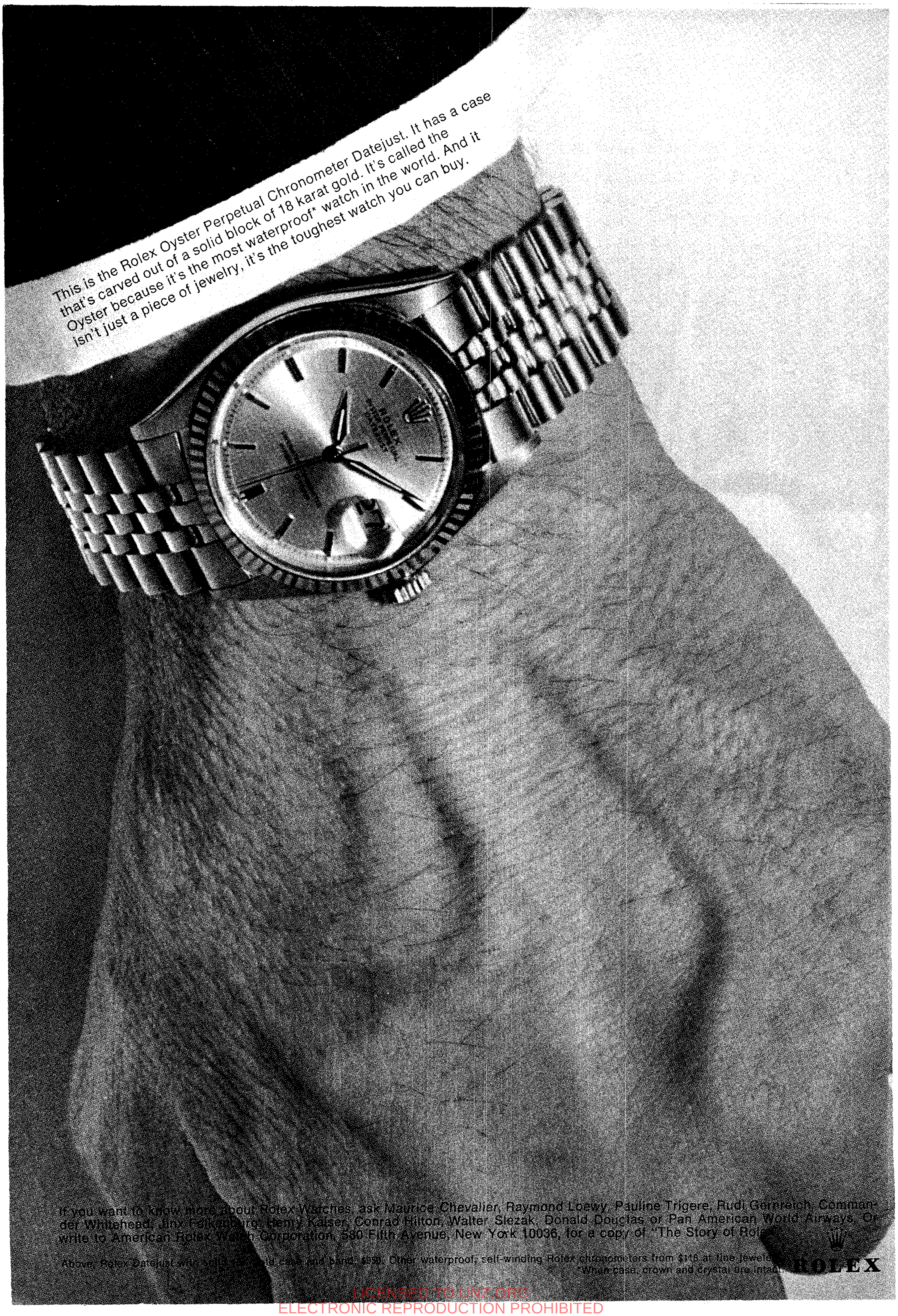

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Above: Rolex Datejust with solid 18K gold case and band, $950. Other waterproof, self-winding Rolex chronometers from $118 at fine jewelers.

*When case, crown and crystal are intact.

ROLEX

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

GORDIAN KNOT, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave, find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): There are times when simon-pure amateurism prevails; there are times when Anita Sheer, completely wound up in and around her flamenco guitar, prevails. She is absent on Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Jack Beal—Paintings, mainly still-lifes and interiors; through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gaston Bertrand—Abstractions by a Belgian painter; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Frank di Gioia—Drawings and watercolors; through Dec. 30. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Feeley—Painted wood sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Gropper—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Childe Hassam—An exhibition of paintings (1904-22) that is running concurrently with his show (ending Wednesday) at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

William P. Katz—Bronze and stone sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tasuhide Kobashi—Sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

John Koch—Interiors with figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Harry Kramer—Kinetic sculptures by a German-born Paris artist; through Dec. 20. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Leonid—New paintings, including landscapes and signs of the zodiac, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Semi-abstract paintings and ceramics; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Erle Loran—Abstractions; through Dec. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronze reliefs for the Door of Saint Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Grandma Moses—Forty previously unexhibited paintings; through Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Paintings of upper New York State; through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ludwig Sander—Abstractions; through Dec. 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Schultze—Objects called "Migofs," by a contemporary German artist; through Dec. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Sugarman—Lithographs; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Alan Tobias—Paintings and drawings, mostly figures; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Tucker—Sculptures by a young British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 31. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Kees Van Dongen—A survey of paintings (1900-25) of Paris life by the Dutch-born artist, who is now eighty-eight; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Esteban Vicente—Abstract collages and paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A Christmas exhibition of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur G. Dove, Ben Shahn, and William Zorach; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: "Pop and Op," a show of paintings and sculptures by the leading exponents of the two movements, including Oldenburg, Marisol, Warhol, and Albers; through Dec. 31. . . . **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: A Christmas show of canvases by Albert Bierstadt, Edward Henry Potthast, Theodore Robinson, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-second annual of the New York Society of Women Artists, comprising works in a variety of mediums by fifty professional artists, most of whom are residents of New York State; through Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **REHN,** 36 E. 61st St.: Oils and watercolors by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Reginald Marsh; through Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Three California painters—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, and David Park; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of decoys and other American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: "Selections for Museum Acquisition," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Sam Francis, Paul Jenkins, Frederick Kiesler, and others; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A Christmas show of drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Robert Goodnough, Lee Gatch, and Emile Gilioli are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show called "Cubism and Contemporary Art;" through Dec. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are three of the artists represented in "The English Eye," a survey of English paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphic works by Picasso, Dubuffet, Laurens, Matisse, and Miró; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); through Jan. 2. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ "Femme Fatale," an exhibit of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Sunday, Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection ranging from two 1906 Pi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "Word and Image," an exhibition of paintings by contemporary Americans (including Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, and Robert Motherwell) in which the written word or symbol is a significant element; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, *an invitation show, consisting of a painting* apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Domenico Puligo's "La Sacra Famiglia" (circa *1520) on loan for the Christmas season from* the Borghese Gallery, in Rome; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," a showing of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; through Sunday, Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros, Marcel Duchamp, and Richard Anuszkiewicz) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the American Impressionist Childe Hassam, and portraits by Earl Hubbard; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, from 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Hassam showing is his exhibition at the ACA Heritage Gallery, 63 E. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Motion" sculptures, drawings, and architectural projects by Nicolas Schöffer and Jean Tinguely; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the *Library's collection; through* Saturday, Dec. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The newly opened permanent installation of the Dutch Galleries, covering all phases of life in the settlement of New Amsterdam and including a panoramic view *of the skyline and harbor as they appeared* in 1660. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Cookies and Breads: The Baker's Art," a showing of the uses made of dough, both edible and non-edible, in various European *and American countries; through* Jan. 9. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty sixteen- to twenty-three-year-old American Indian artists representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office *numbers are included in the listings.)*

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Faust," with Mary Costa, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Robert Merrill, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Anneliese Rothenberger, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Clifford Harvuot, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Ettore Bastianini, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Carlotta Ordassy, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Anneliese Rothenberger, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Clifford Harvuot, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, James McCracken, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, Donald Gramm, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. (A benefit performance, for tickets, call YU 6-6094.)

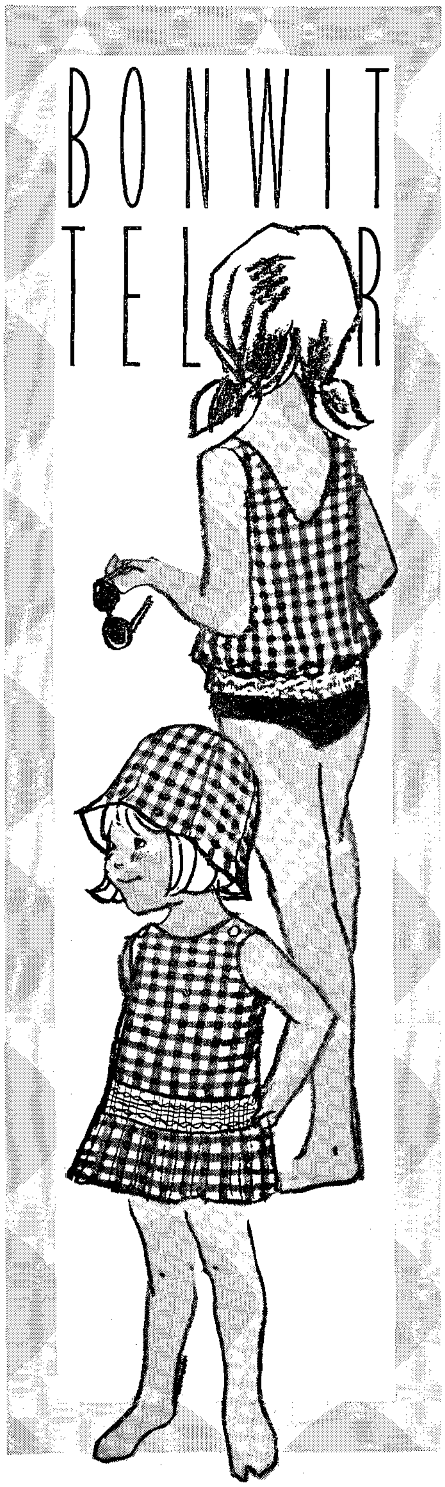
Juilliard Opera Theater—Benefit performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" (in English), *staged by Christopher West and con*ducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Dec. 9, and Saturday, Dec. 11, both at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Mozart Opera Festival—"Don Giovanni," performed in English by the Goldovsky Opera Theatre. The last in a series of productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein directing performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 8, with Ella Lee and Saramae Endich, sopranos; Jennie Tourel and Beverly Wolff, mezzo-sopranos; George Shirley, tenor; John Boyden, baritone; Ezio Flagello, bass; the Westminster Choir; and the St. Kilian Boychoir. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Monday, Dec. 13, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.) After a two-week vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Dec. 29.

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, a Mozart-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30, a Prokofieff-Bruckner program, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Claude Frank, piano.)



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Opera Concert—Alfredo Antonini conducting an orchestra made up of seventy-five members of the New York Philharmonic in a benefit concert, with Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, and Franco Corelli, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 914 BE 5-2700.)

American Opera Society—Carlo Felice Cillario directing performances of Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Juan Oncina, tenor; and Walter Alberti, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 14, and Thursday, Dec. 16, both at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with E. Power Biggs, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a Schütz-Distler program. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the second of two performances of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

Mirella Freni—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 20. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet—A Beethoven-Ravel program. (French Institute, 22 E. 60th St. PL 9-4747. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 9.)

Takako Nishizaki—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Wilhelm Kempff—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Leo Smit—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Beaux Arts Trio. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

New York Pro Musica—Renaissance music of Spain and Colonial Mexico. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Claramae Turner—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3.)

Duke Ellington—Piano, with accompaniment. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Daniel Abrams—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord, in an Italian-Spanish program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8:40.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano, in a Liszt-Bartók program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

John Solum—Flute, in a program called "The Flute at the Court of Frederick the Great," with Louis Bagger, harpsichord; Nancy

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cirillo, violin; and Alexander Kouguell, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of six Haydn-Schubert-Bartók programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8:40.)

MIRIAM MAKEBA—African singer, in a benefit concert, with Hugh Masekela and Letta Mbulo. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Manny Gonzalez, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 11.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 11. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 11.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 19. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at noon. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** "The Pied Piper" (première). (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 11.) . . . **AMERICAN SAVOYARDS:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Sunday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 18. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 18, at noon and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **EXPLORE, INC.:** "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Christmas and the Star." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

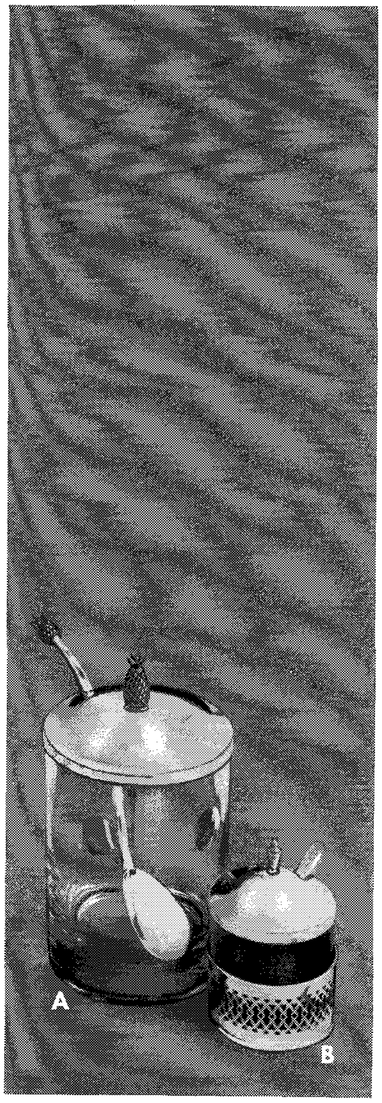
OTHER EVENTS

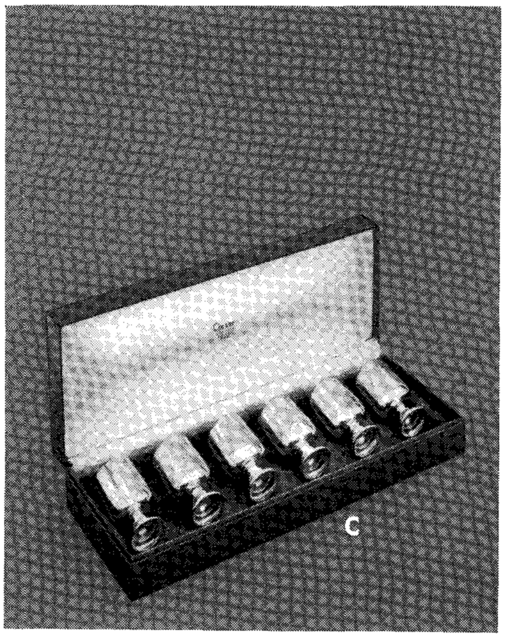
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

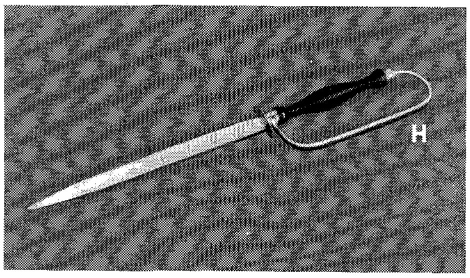
POETRY READINGS—Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ J. V. Cunningham reading from the works of Louise Bogan and from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

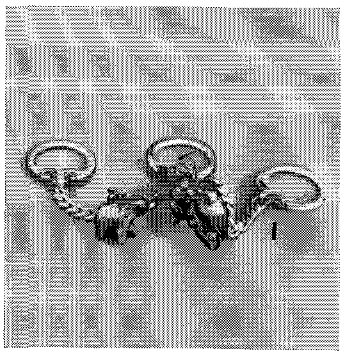
AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 9, at 6:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and bronzes, including works by Braque, Renoir, Gauguin, and Picasso; from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 1:45: Nineteen watercolors of plants on vellum by Pancrace Bessa, a copy of John Gould's monograph on hummingbirds, and a large group of manuscripts and miniatures of Near Eastern origin; the property of Verree Teasdale Menjou and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 1:45: Modern graphics and drawings by such artists as Matisse, Chagall, Rouault, and Cassatt; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 11.

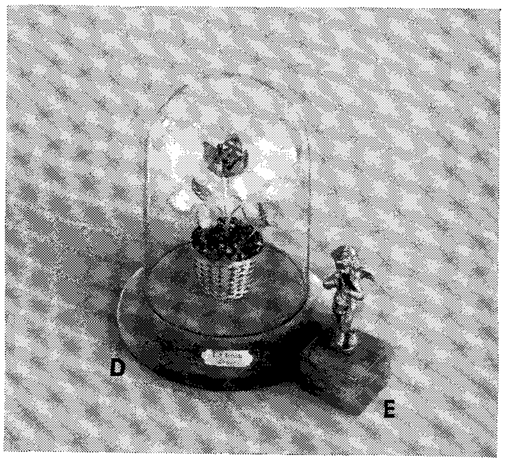
FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." Through Dec. 11: "Shanghai Express" (1932), with Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ Dec. 12-15: "Blonde Venus" (1932), with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and—except Monday, Dec. 13—at 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Dec. 9: "Garden of the Moon" (1938), with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Dec. 10-12: "Varsity Show" (1937), with Priscilla Lane and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 14: "Hollywood Hotel" (1938), with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

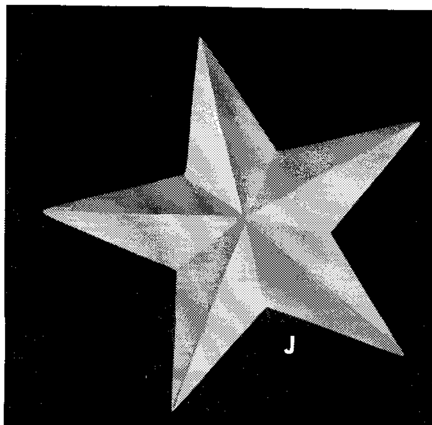












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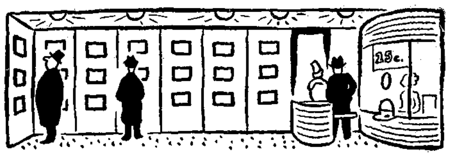
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—A thriller with unusually good dialogue by John and Penelope Mortimer. Laurence Olivier as a Scotland Yard inspector is first-rate; also in the cast are Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward. Otto Preminger directed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 12-14.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 14.)

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players, all of them in good form. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; starting Dec. 10.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Il Federale—Ugo Tognazzi, as a dedicated Army sergeant, and Georges Wilson, as a liberal old professor, make an entertaining pair of adversaries in this quiet but hardly cozy Italian satire set in the country outside of Rome in 1944. Formerly called "The Fascist." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 14.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through Dec. 12. Weekdays at 8 and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Leather Boys—A pair of young lovers, more foolish than star-crossed, and a homosexual friend, who *really* has troubles, grow up to the roaring of innumerable motorcycles. With Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton, and superbly directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—A candid, affecting study of a remarkable American. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 14.)

Il Successo—Vittorio Gassman at his best in an Italian comedy about a businessman on the make. With Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 14.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Variety Lights—The first Fellini, made in 1950 and full of humor and charm. With Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 14.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 15, tentative.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 14.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 10.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Dec. 9.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 13-14.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 10-12.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 12.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 15.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 10-13.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 14.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 13.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 9.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 12.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Dec. 11.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields again, this time on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 11-12.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 9.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. With Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 9.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers again. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 11-12.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 15, tentative.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 14.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 9.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 9.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 10-12.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 9.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 10-13.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Dec. 12.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 9.)

World Without Sun (1964)—Jacques-Yves Cousteau showing the beauty and oddity of life underwater. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 14.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Dec. 10-14.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 14.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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12	13	14	15			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOM JONES, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Dec. 12: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.
From Dec. 13: Theatre closed.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Dec. 9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
From Dec. 10: **CAT BALLOU**; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Dec. 12: **THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.**
From Dec. 13: Theatre closed.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Dec. 14: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 14: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.
From Dec. 15: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar; and "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 14: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Dec. 15 (tentative): **SABRINA**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Dec. 9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
Dec. 10-14: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW**, revival; and "The Amorous General" (formerly called "Waltz of the Toreadors"), revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
From Dec. 15: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 12: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Dec. 13: "A Thousand Clowns," Jason Robards, Barbara Harris.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kwaidan" (in Japanese).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 14: **CAT BALLOU**; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Dec. 9: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE MAGICIAN** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Dec. 10-12: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
Dec. 13: **MACBETH**, revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers.
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 14: "Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."
From Dec. 14, at 8:30: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 14: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Dec. 9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
From Dec. 10: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 14: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.
From Dec. 15 (tentative): "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

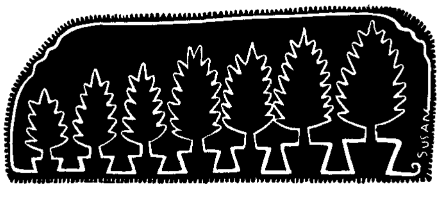
R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 14: "Red Line 7000," James Caan, Laura Devon; and "Beach Ball," Edd Byrnes, Chris Noel.
From Dec. 15: **SABRINA**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
Dec. 10-14: "Mickey One," Warren Beatty; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Dec. 15: "Harum Scarum," Elvis Presley; and "Ghidrah, the Three-Headed Monster."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 9: **SHADOWS**, revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
Dec. 10-13: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (both in French and both revivals).
From Dec. 14: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); **M** (in German), revival; and "Il Grido" (in Italian), revival, Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Dec. 11: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
Dec. 12: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revival.
Dec. 13-14: "Angels with Dirty Faces," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; and "Man of a Thousand Faces," revival, James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 15: "The Fighting 69th," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; and "Each Dawn I Die," revival, James Cagney, George Raft.



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 11: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers; and "China!," a documentary film.
Dec. 12-14: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 14: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN**, revival.
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 9: **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 9 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
Dec. 10-14: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay; and "Winter A-Go-Go," James Stacy.
From Dec. 15: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar; and "The Glory Guys," Tom Tryon, Harve Presnell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 14: **IL SUCCESSO** (in Italian); and **IL FEDERALE** (in Italian; formerly called "The Fascist").
From Dec. 15: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Johnny Nobody," Nigel Patrick, Aldo Ray.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Grand Substitution" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Dec. 13: "Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.
From Dec. 14: "Life at the Top," Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 9: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival.
Dec. 10: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival; and "The Little Minister," revival, Katharine Hepburn, John Beal.
Dec. 11-12: **POPPY**, revival; and **ROOM SERVICE**, revival.
Dec. 13-14: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
Dec. 15: "Shock Corridor," revival, Constance Towers; and "Pressure Point," revival, Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 14: "The Americanization of Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Dec. 15: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar; and "Tiara Tahiti," revival, James Mason, John Mills.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 9: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
Dec. 10-13: "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo; and "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.
From Dec. 14: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 14: **8½** and **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Dec. 15: "Pussycat Alley," Sylvia Syms; and "Eighteen in the Sun," Catherine Spaak.

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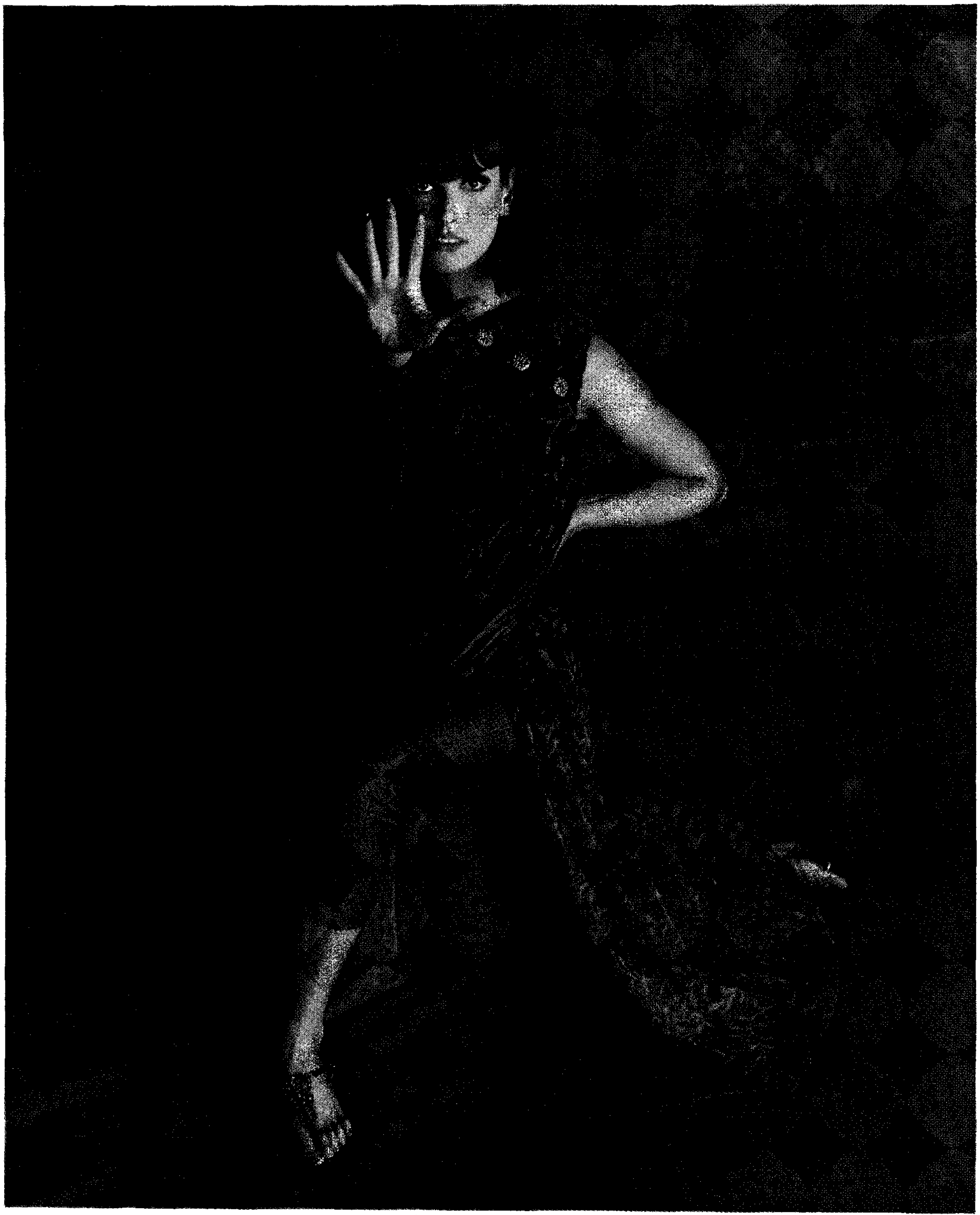
Don't call us for this B.Cohen toga! We only make the fabric.



But what a fabric! It's our rich, thick Martex®, the ultimate in terry. B.Cohen drapes this tantalizing Jacquard print toga in blue willow/verdian green or pink/ripe pomegranate. Sizes 8 to 16, about 45.00, at Bergdorf Goodman.

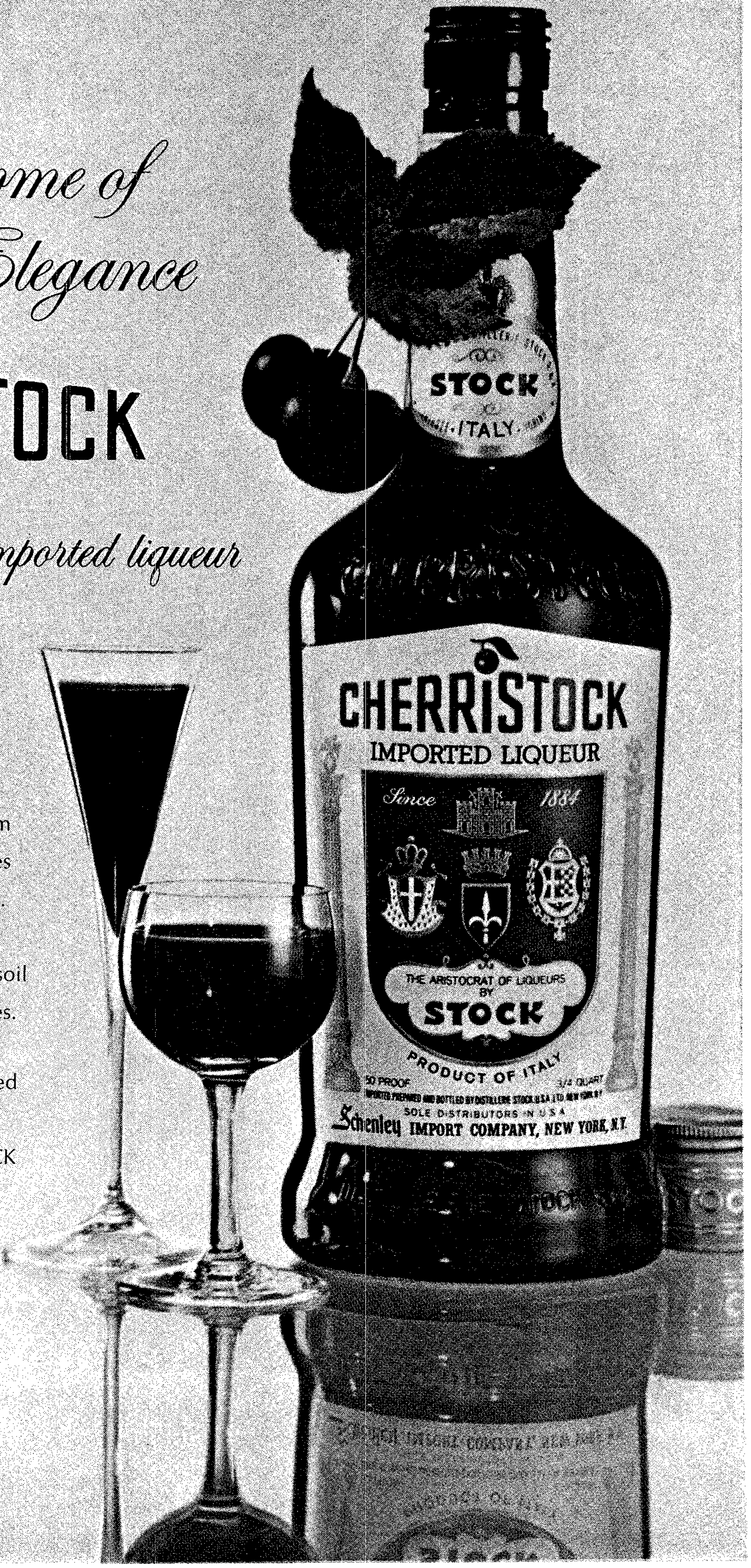
WELLINGTON SEARS COMPANY

A Marketing Subsidiary of West Point-Pepperell, Inc.

The Epitome of European Elegance

CHERRISTOCK

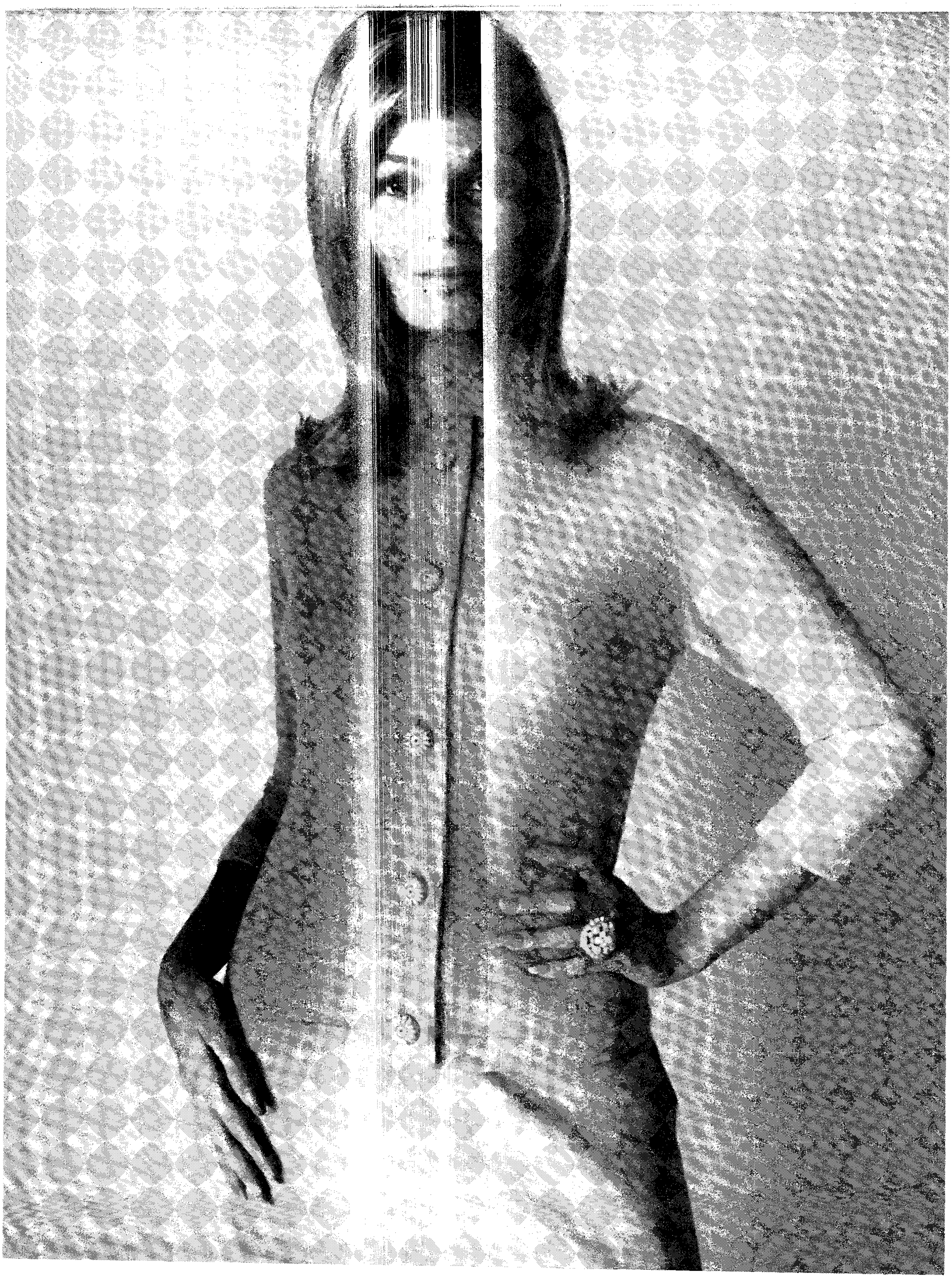
A taste revelation in imported liqueur


STOCK
ITALY
CHERRISTOCK
IMPORTED LIQUEUR
Since 1884
THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS BY
STOCK
PRODUCT OF ITALY
50 PROOF
3/4 QUART
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN U.S.A.
Schenley IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

CHERRISTOCK is bottled devotion —devotion to a great and rare fruit: the Dalmatian cherry. This precious (therefore expensive) liqueur comes from those delicious moisture-swelled cherries whose age is almost as old as Time itself. Their seeds were sown before the age of the Romans in rich Mediterranean soil on magnificent rolling sun-swept hillsides.

Now, thanks to Stock's old and established mastery, a new standard of perfection is achieved in a liqueur . . . CHERRISTOCK

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs



Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

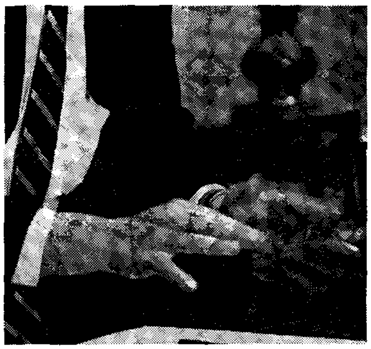
For the holidays: fully fashioned cashmere cardigan with hand-crocheted buttons. White, pink, aqua, lime, lemon, blue, sand. Slender flannel skirt to match. Bergdorf-Goodman, New York; Sakowitz, Houston; Gus Mayer, all stores; Boyd's, St. Louis. The Hadley Corp., 1407 B'way, N.Y. 10018.

Enro shirt company
discusses pajamas with present advertising agency

Mr. M, two weeks before Christmas is awfully **late** . . .

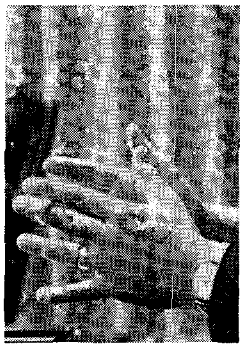
to be talking about our
Faultless pajamas.

It's **three** weeks
till
New Year's, Mr. R . . .



How about a New Years
Resolution
promotion . . .

"I hereby resolve to
wear pajamas
in 1966"



We'll
appeal to the
wives . . .

All right,
you wore me down.
What's the **camel**
all about?

That's a **llama,** Mr. M . . .

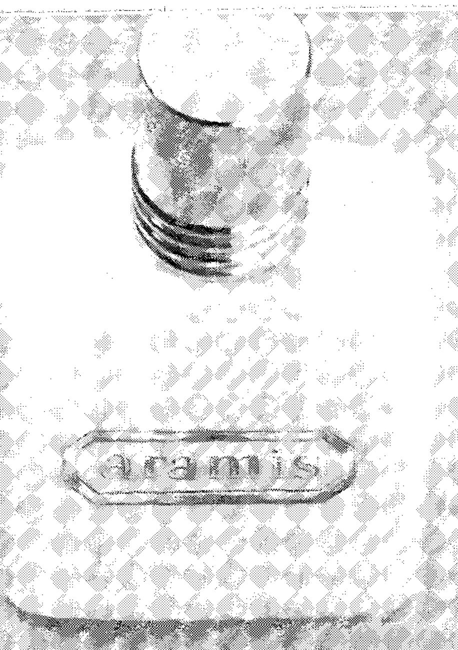
"Even llamas
wear
pajamas"

You
never let **me**
come up with
an idea.

Enro

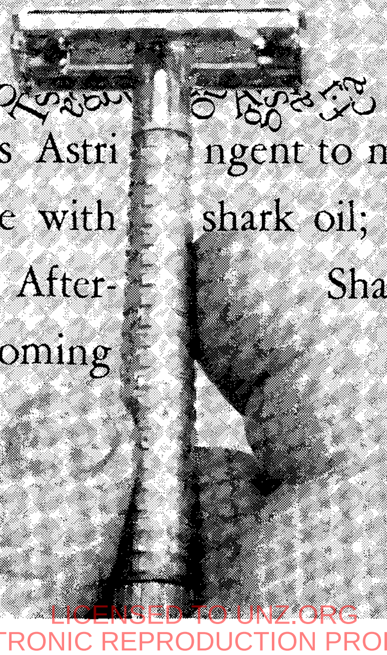
©Copyright 1965, "Even Llamas Wear Pajamas"®
is a registered trademark of
The Enro Shirt Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky.,
a division of Wilson Brothers.

(shirtbuilders)



Grooming Agent No. 2: More Close Shaves.

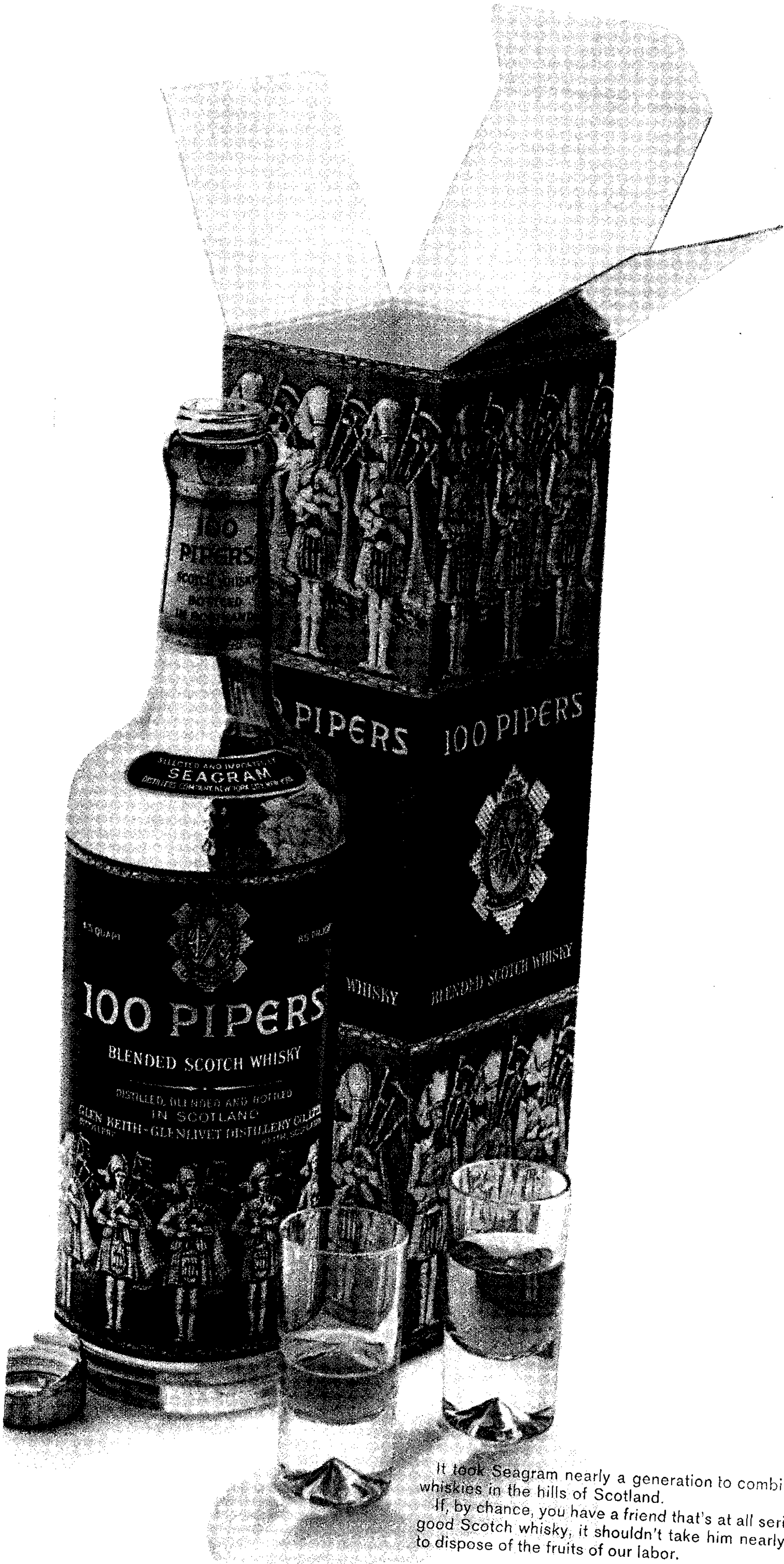
So you'd like to save your own skin? Here's the first shaving agent you can see through, thus avoiding the risk of nicking blemishes and re-nicking nicks. Its name: Aramis Special Shave Formula. Acts as its own pre-shave and after-shave, no rinse-off needed. 3.50 (Great for men-on-the-run!) A different modus operandi is Aramis Shave Foam, which glides a razor on silicones for cheek-to-cheek smoothness. Then there's a ruthless Astringent to make skin come clean; a calming After-Shave Cream made with shark oil; an After-Shave Emulsion for dry skins; and an intriguing After-Shave with the unique Aramis scent. Altogether, 22 new grooming agents stand ready. The Password is: **aramis**



A PRODUCT OF ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.

It's not a very lasting gift

SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF


SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY
SEAGRAM
100 PIPERS
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND
GLEN KEITH-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY
100 PIPERS
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

It took Seagram nearly a generation to combine the best whiskies in the hills of Scotland.

If, by chance, you have a friend that's at all serious about good Scotch whisky, it shouldn't take him nearly that long to dispose of the fruits of our labor.

100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram

MOTOROLA RECTANGULAR COLOR TV

Esperanto styling by Drexel

First with the big rectangular picture in the slim color set

Motorola was first to mass market Color TV with a big rectangular picture in a slim color set in America.

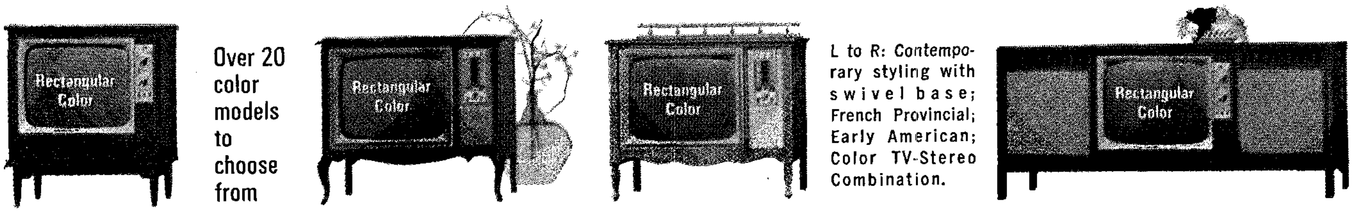
Introduced nearly two full years ago, these beautiful color sets have scored a remarkable sales record—surpassed all previous Motorola achievements in Color TV.

What makes the Motorola rectangular so popular? Well, the pictures are larger, and the sets are slimmer, front to back, than round-tube Color TV.

And for the 1966 models, Motorola has many exciting features. There's a newly added tint control, a push-button demagnetizer, a power transformer chassis, a convenient color indicator light—and many features that contribute to Motorola's famed dependability. Several models have push-button UHF tuning, some have full-function remote control, and a number have cabinets designed by Drexel, exclusively for Motorola. Who else gives you such features in rectangular Color TV? But then, that's leadership. That's Motorola, the people to see for Color TV.

MOTOROLA

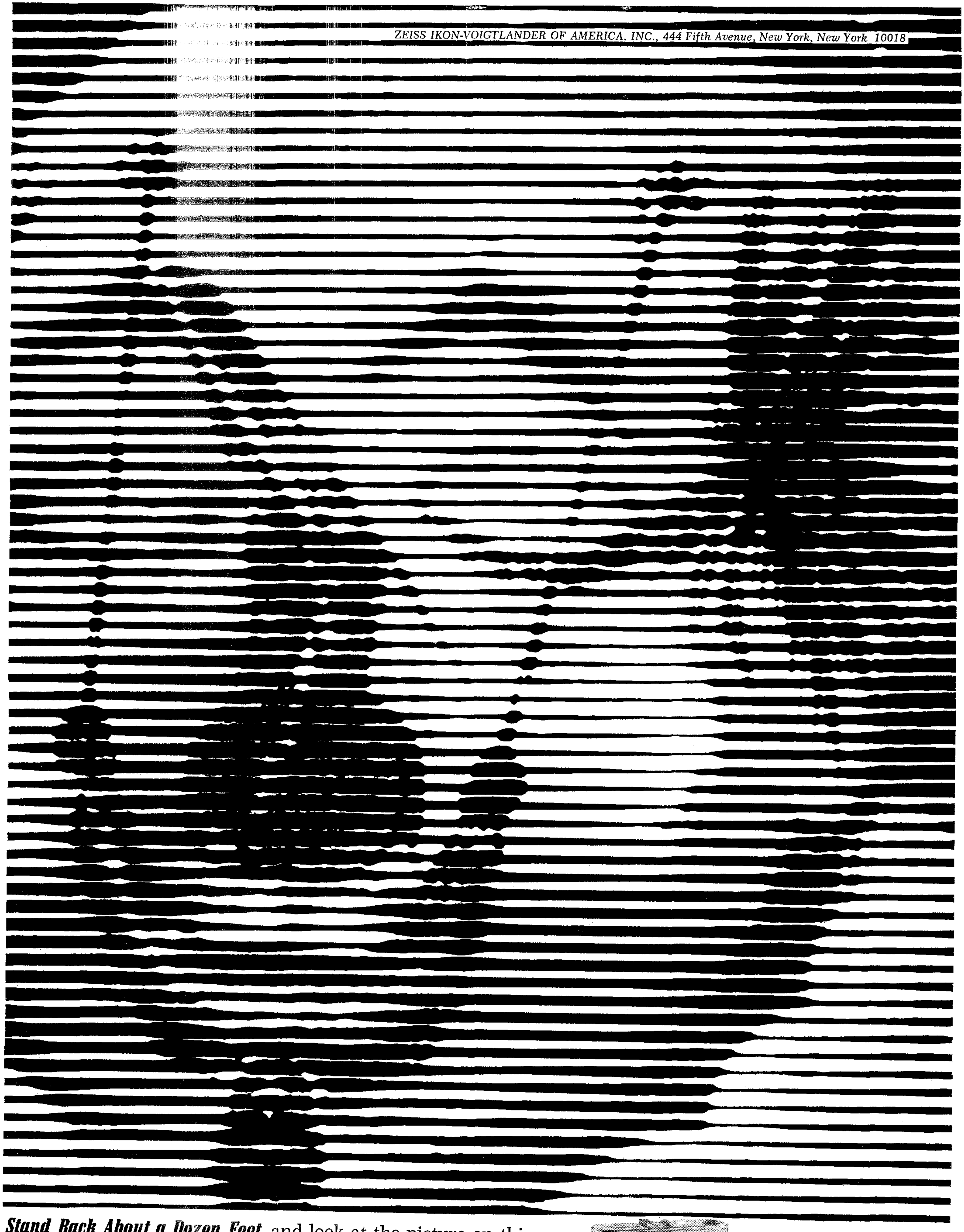
New leader in the lively art of electronics



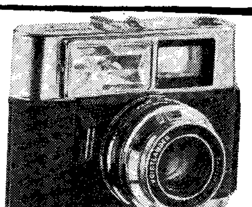
Over 20 color models to choose from

L to R: Contemporary styling with swivel base; French Provincial; Early American; Color TV-Stereo Combination.

ZEISS IKON-VOIGTLANDER OF AMERICA, INC., 444 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10018



Stand Back About a Dozen Feet and look at the picture on this page. See the difference an optical correction makes? And so with Voigtlander cameras, the precision of the lens makes all the difference in the picture. But perfection also seeks innovation. That's why Voigtlander's VITRONA is the first and only 35 mm camera with built-in flash that doesn't need flash bulbs or cubes. If seeing is believing and you believe in seeing, turn this page upside down and look again. We'd like to make the point twice.



This is the Vitrona . . .
with built-in electronic flash.
Aperture and distance settings
coupled for perfect flash exposures.
50 mm f2.8 Lanthar lens.
Shutter speeds from 1/30 to 1/250 sec.
Flash operates from 2 "C" batteries
in camera grip. Priced at $103.00.

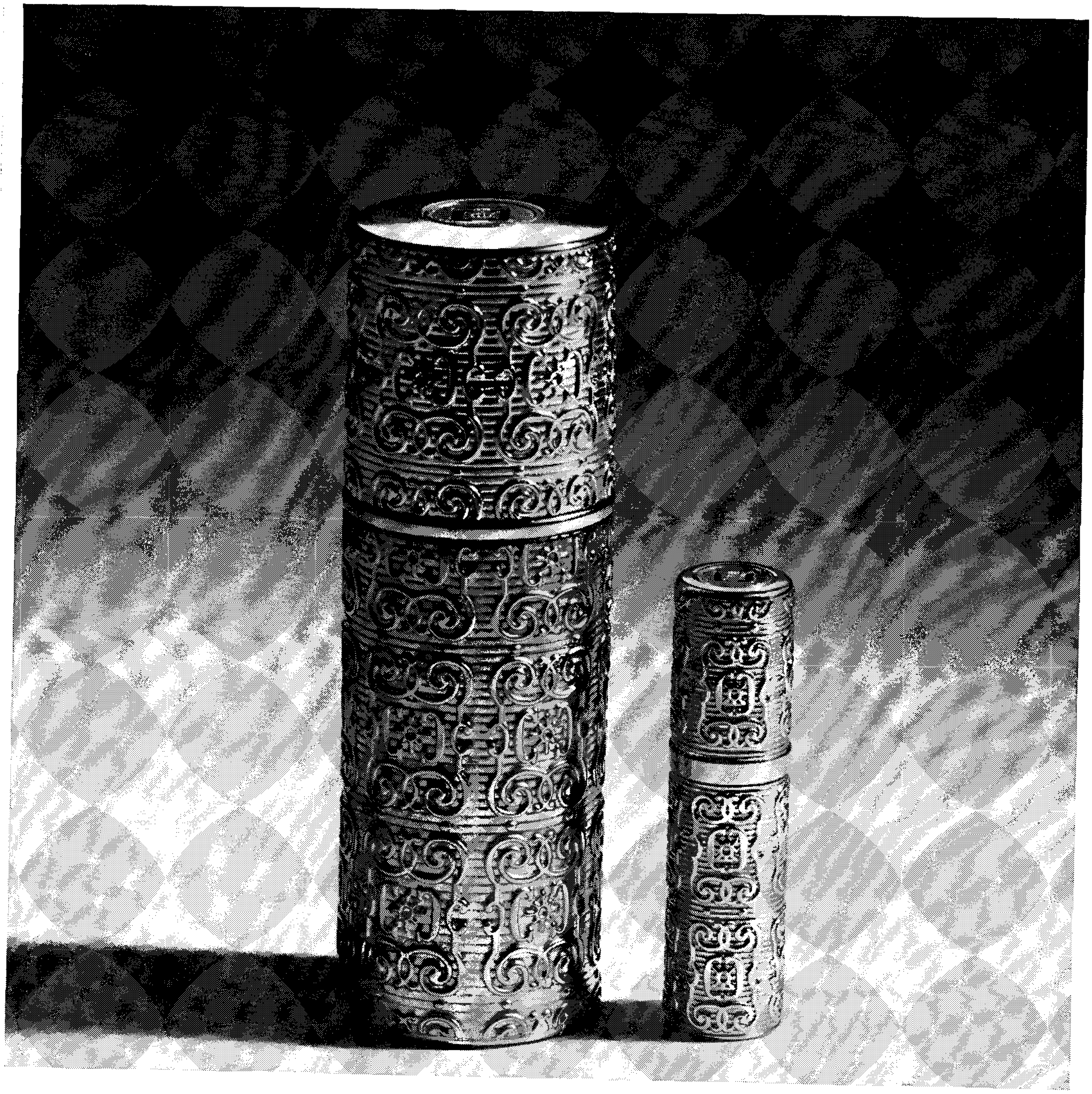
Voigtländer Complete range of precision 35 mm, instant load and rapid cameras.

from somewhere
east of Suez

The Isis idea: sheer poetry in pleats. Radiant sunburst pleats that look too lovely to sleep in (but can't ever be crushed or washed away!). Nylon tricot sparked with glitter embroidery, *exquisitely lined every inch of the way.* Delicate Candleglow over Candleglow, or two wild reds together. 32-36. $50. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

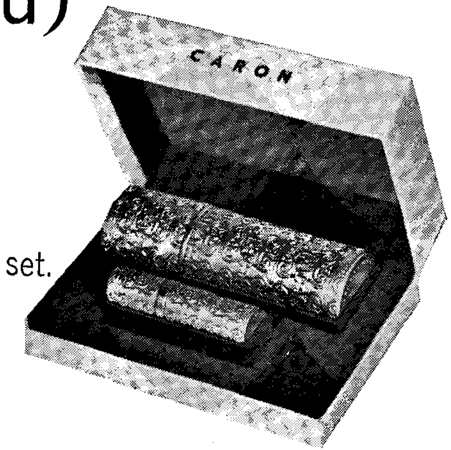
VANITY FAIR
lingerie • girdles • bras

SOKOLSKY



A couple meant for each other
(...and for you)

In a golden tone or silverplate.
Spray Eau de Toilette and Derringer Perfume.
Bellodgia, Fleurs de Rocaille, Nuit de Noel.
Golden tone $12.50 the set; Silverplate $13.00 the set.



CARON
PARIS

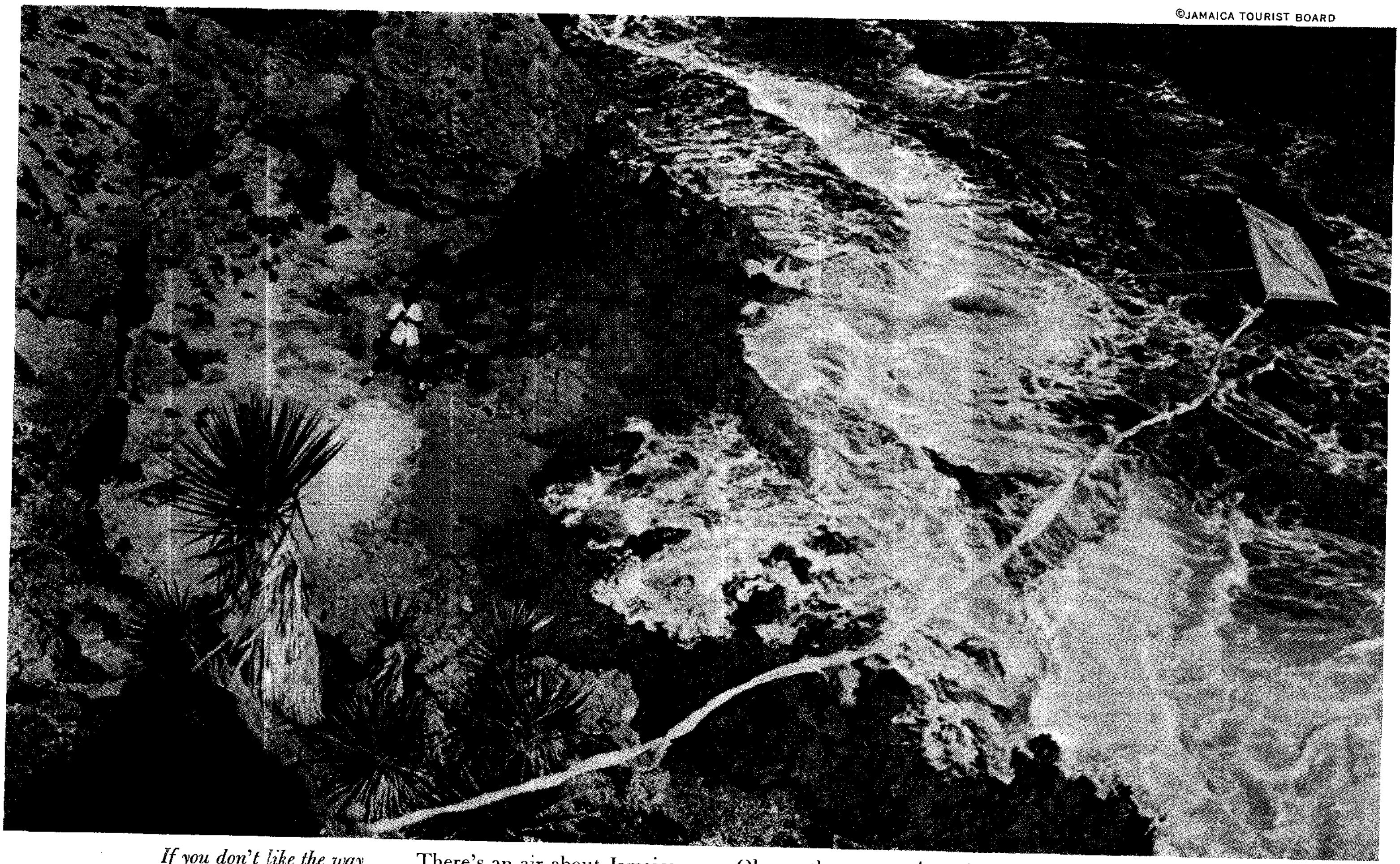
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS
PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD.

Sweaters are casual, but don't take yours lightly—pick a Pringle

Pringle knitted these in Scotland. Every stitch. The cardigan is about $40 in two-ply cashmere, in lambswool $19. The turtleneck shirt of superfine Merino wool is about $14. Ten gallery-pleasing colors: wine, navy, beige, grey, natural, charcoal, blue or green lovat, gold, black. Ask in fine stores and men's shops or write Pringle of Scotland Ltd., 24 W. 40 St., New York 10018.

JAMAICA

©JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



If you don't like the way the world is running, why don't you go fly a kite? (We recommend the updrafts at Robin's Bay.)

There's an air about Jamaica, more a matter of atmosphere than of atmospheric conditions. It's a breeziness of spirit that provides more uplift for the kite-flyer than for the kite; an un-selfconsciousness that sets you to playing kids' games again.

It will get to you soon after you come to our island. And when it does, you'll rediscover the pleasures of doing nearly nothing.

Like loafing along a lonely beach pretending to search for shells. Dozing by a shaded river on a bank of moss like green fur. Standing 7,000 feet high on a mountain top and watching the clouds graze like sheep on the slopes below.

Oh yes, there are active things to do here, too.

Swimming, sailing, golf on championship links, riding, deep-sea and fresh-water fishing, croquet, tennis, skin diving, water skiing and all that.

Very healthful and amusing, no doubt. But a bit formalized.

Go climb a tree instead. (Ackee, almond, avocado, mango, coconut; take your choice.)

Or climb a waterfall. (It's 600 feet up Dunn's River Falls. In nice, cool, easy stages.)

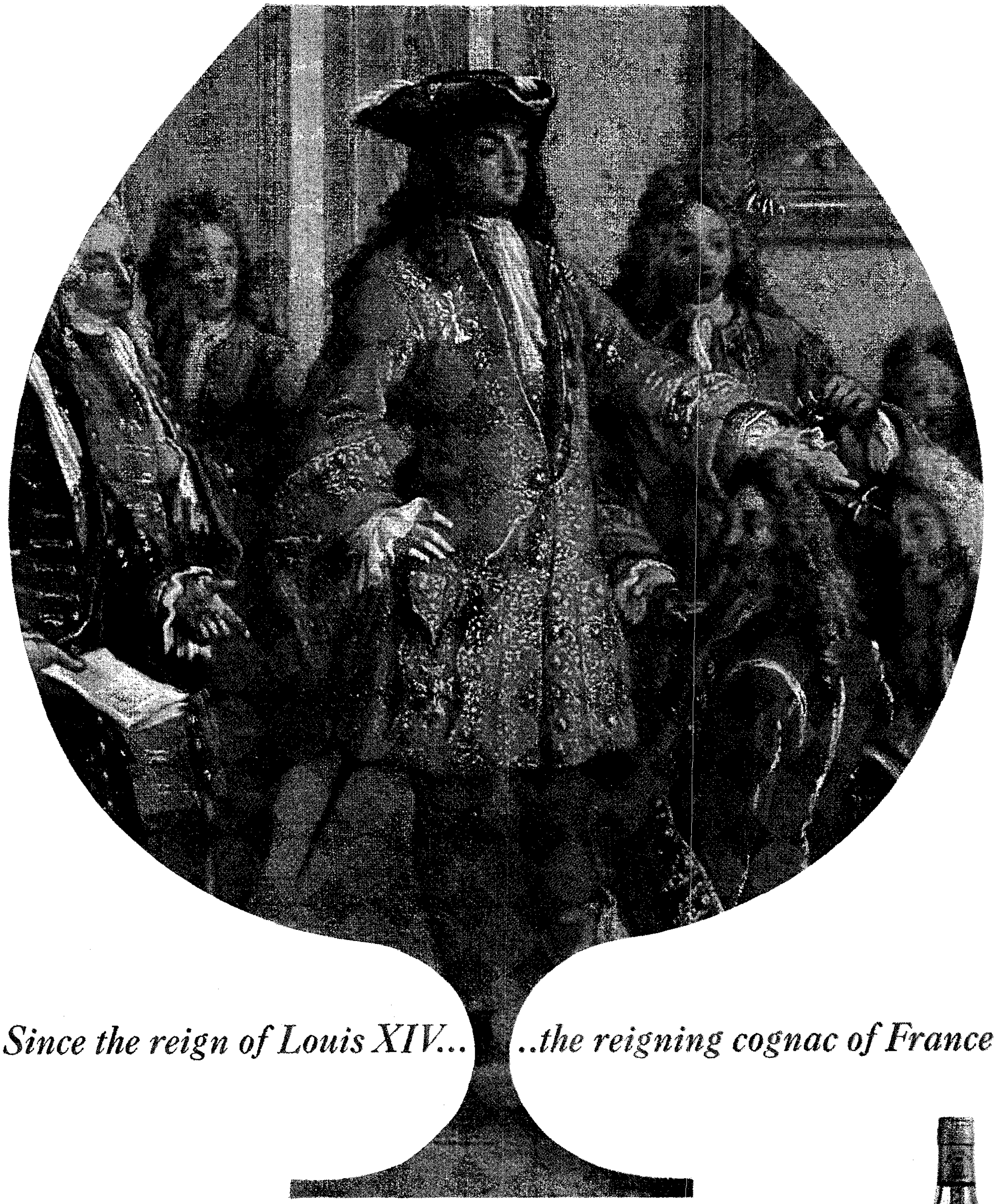
Or climb a donkey and let it climb Blue Mountain Peak for you. (Tourists always look funny on donkeys, but what do you care? Donkeys look funny under tourists, too.)

If you have any inhibitions left after all this, they'll be gone with the first bass beat of a bongo box as the sun sinks slowly into the sea like a cliché falling into place.

Feel the rhythm? It's the Ska. You'll learn how to dance it. Everybody does. You just flap your arms and skip like a kid jumping rope. But gracefully.

And if you can't do it gracefully, do it any old way. That's the Jamaican way. Uninhibited, and as natural as flying a kite.

For information, speak to a travel agent or to us, Jamaica Tourist Board, in New York, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



LOUIS XIV CREATING THE MILITARY ORDER OF ST. LOUIS

Since the reign of Louis XIV... ..the reigning cognac of France

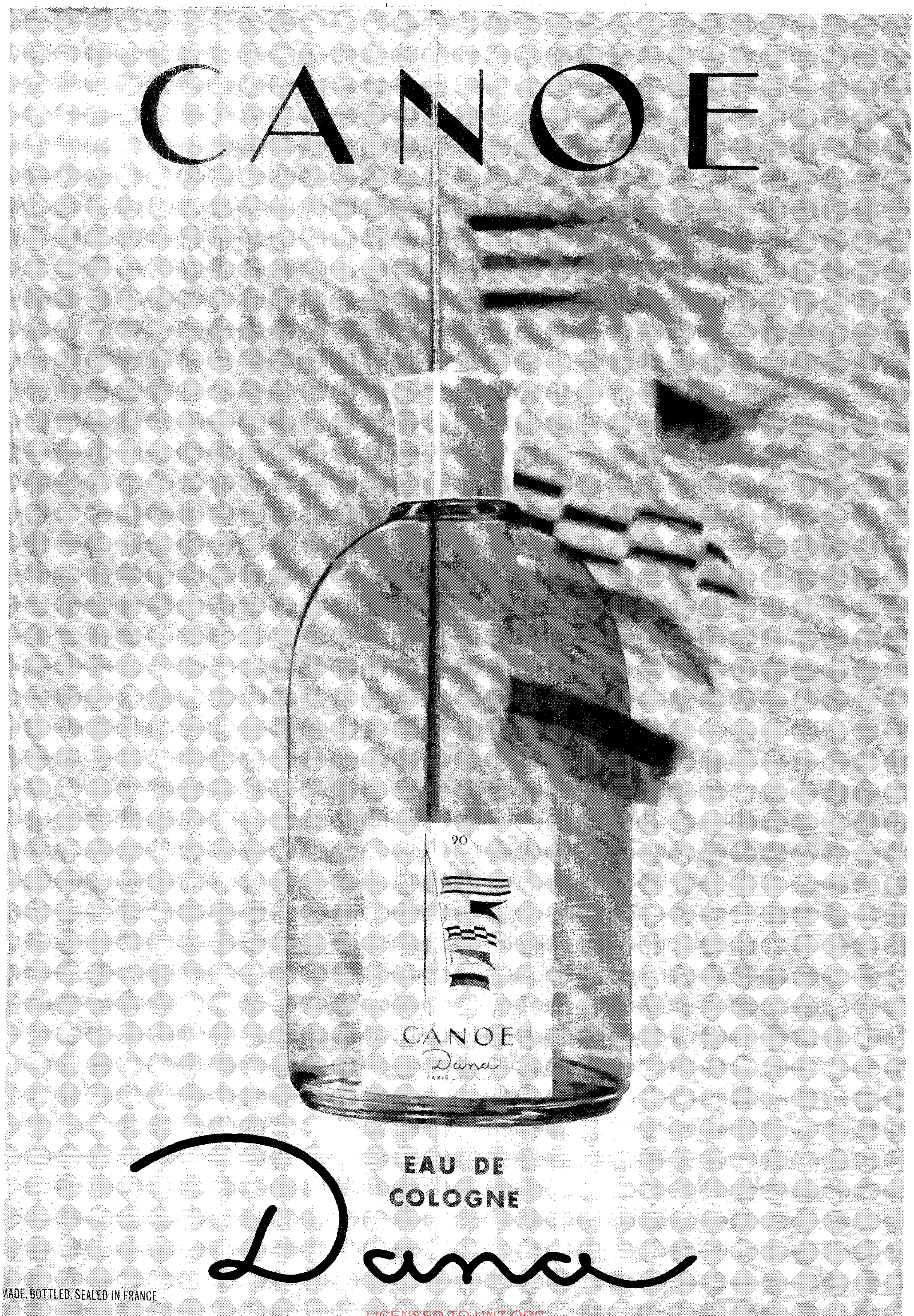
The Martell family has been making fine cognac for 250 years—since Louis XIV reigned over France. Today this smoothest and most rewarding of cognacs is the overwhelming favorite of the French. And who knows more about cognac?

MARTELL

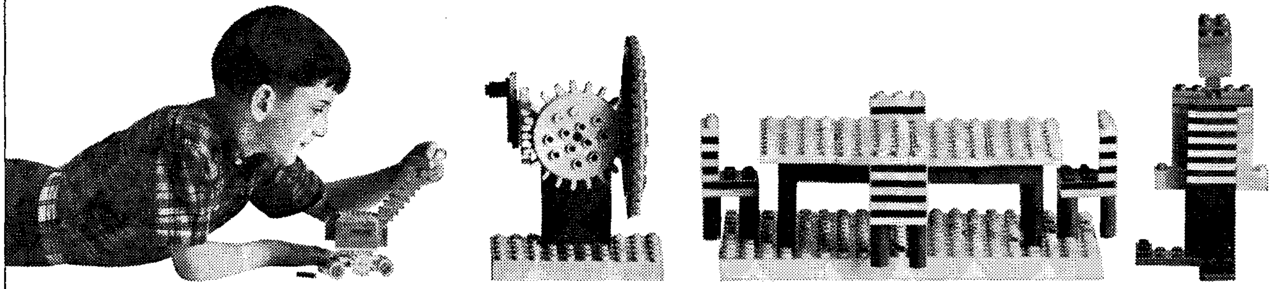
COGNAC BRANDY

A Special Offer—M. Martell's five brandy glasses of fine French Stemware. Send $2 to Martell, Dept. N-1211, P.O. Box 170, Boston, Mass. 02101. V.S.O.P. Cognac Brandy, 80 Proof, Sole U. S. Rep., Browne-Vintners Co., New York.

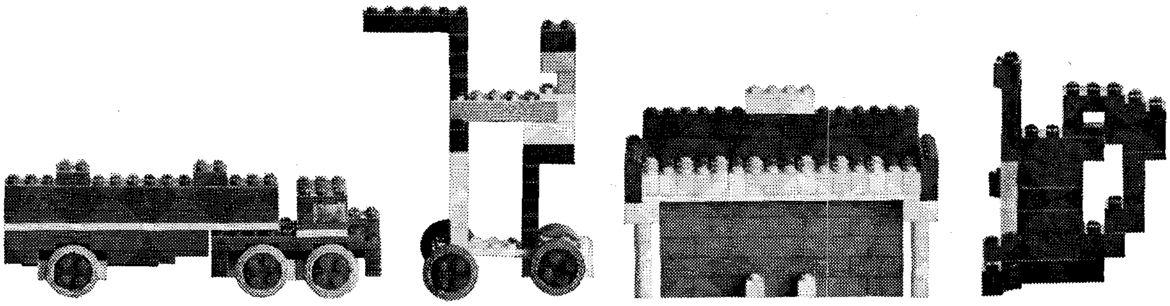
MARTELL
VSOP
MEDALLION
COGNAC


CANOE
90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS – FRANCE
EAU DE COLOGNE
Dana
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

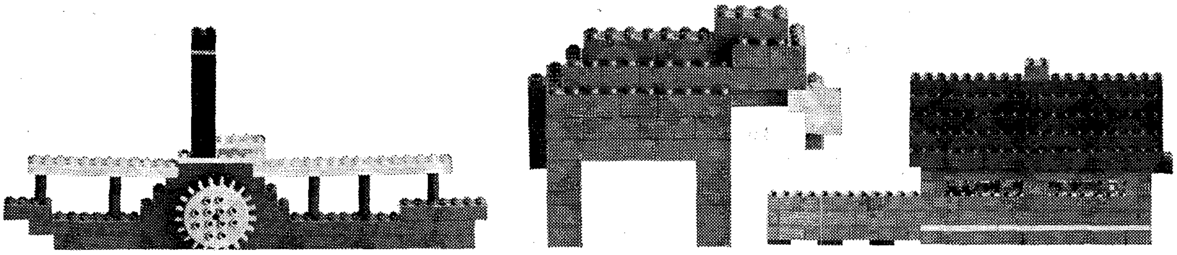
PEACE



There is, in this nervous world, one toy that does



not shoot or go boom or bang or rat-tat-tat-tat.



Its name is Lego. It makes things.

LEGO
TOWN-PLAN

There is a sure and certain place in our children's lives for Lego. Lego is just a box full of little plastic bricks. They snap together and make things. Buildings. Bridges. Animals. Castles. Simple little things like a flower in a pot. Complicated big things like a tractor with moving parts because Lego even has gears and motors. Remember when you were growing up? Remember the tremendously private excitement of making something with your own hands. Something *you* made.
Well, that is what Lego brings to children of all ages. Concentration. Imagination. Patience. Pride. That old tremendously private excitement.
Let somebody else's child get his kicks tracking a little kid through a gun sight. Let somebody else's child build a bomb shelter in the hollow of an old tree. Remember when the hollow of an old tree was just fun? Heck, war isn't very adventurous anymore. We think there's lots more adventure in a medical lab, or at the U.N. That's one reason we make Lego. And that's a great reason to buy it. Lego gift sets from $1.95 to $25.00.

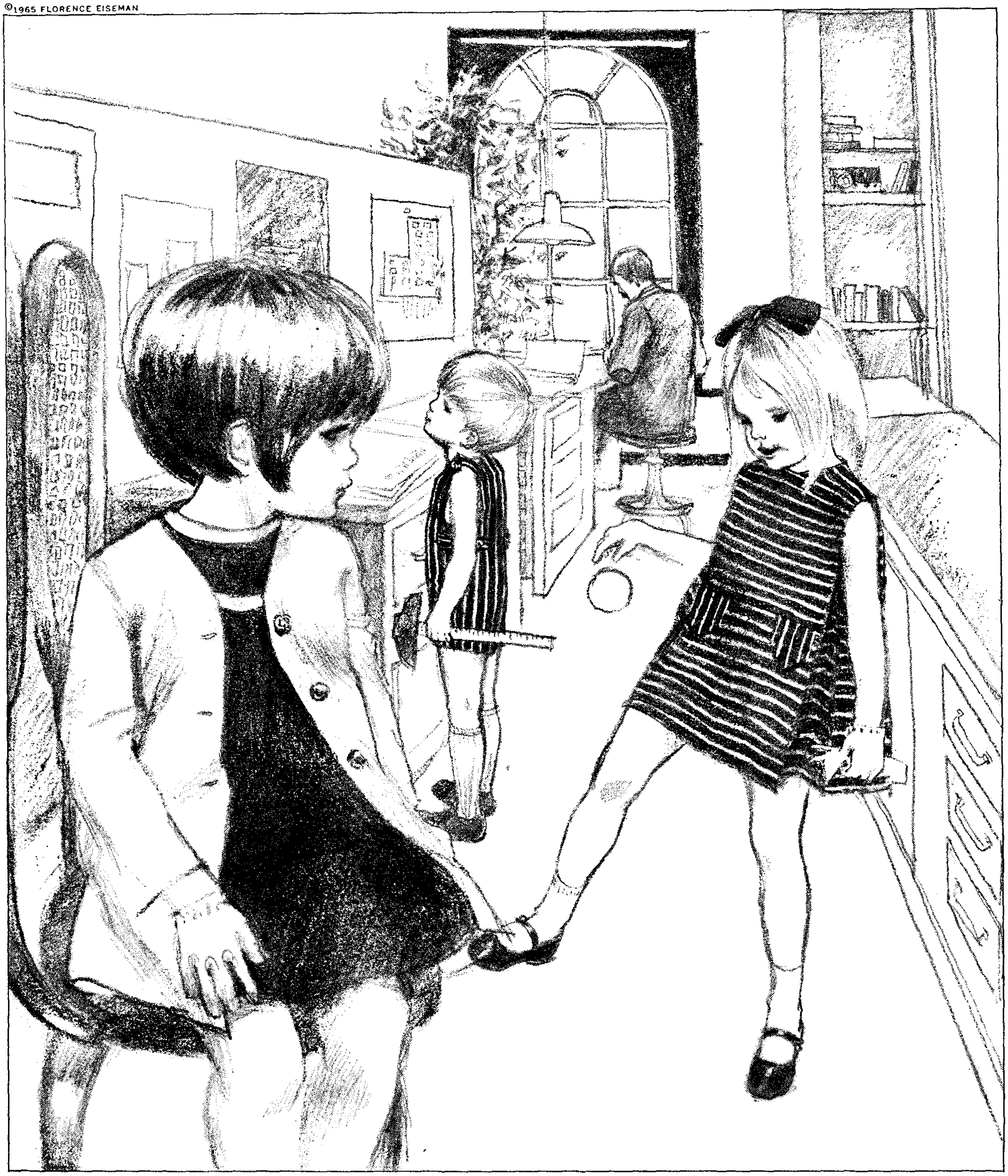
LEGO Building Toy

Lego motor and gear sets from $4.95 each.

A quality product of Samsonite Corporation.

The most creative adventure you can give to a child.
Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217. In Canada, thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario.

©1965 FLORENCE EISEMAN

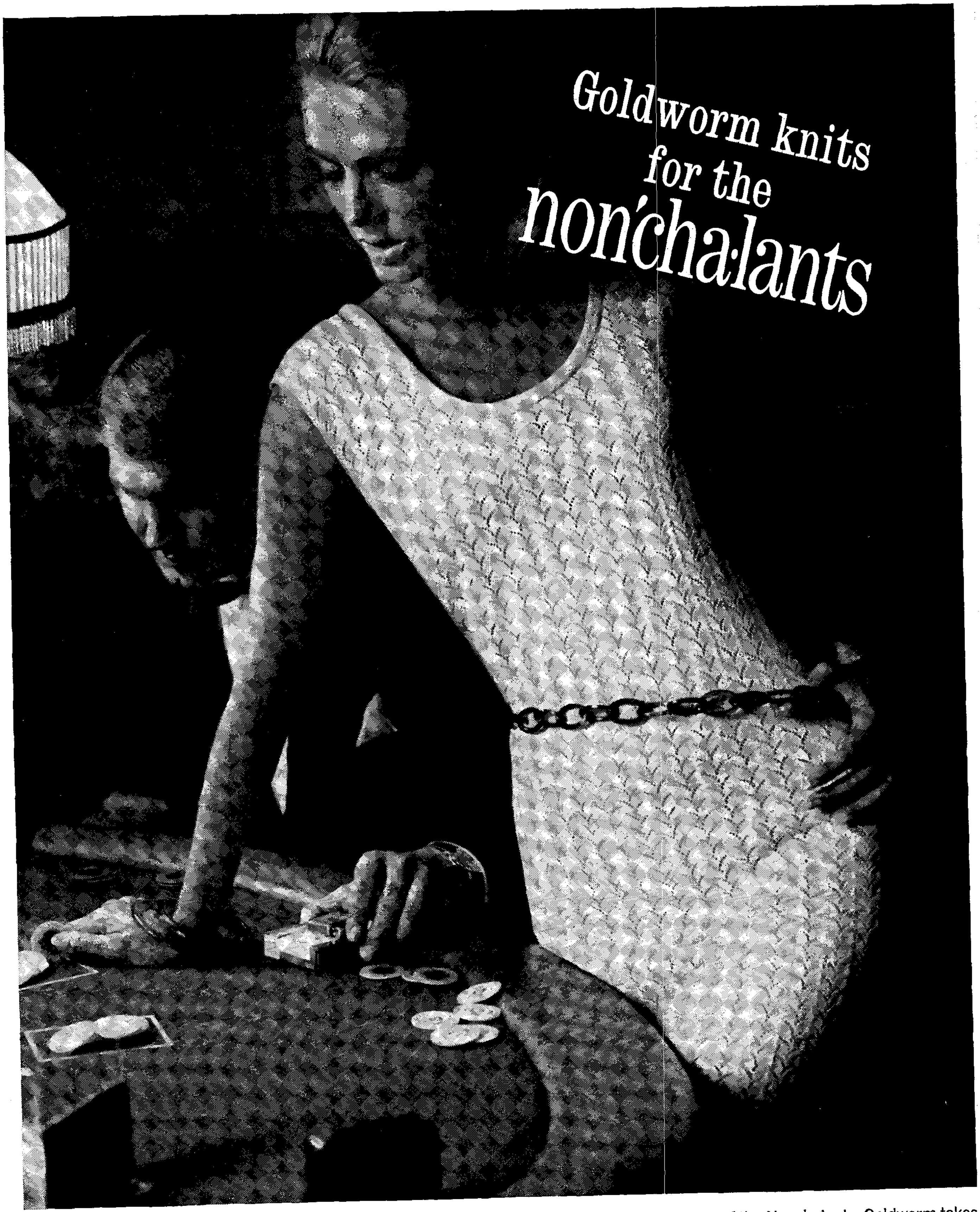


Just because Daddy works at home, don't distract him. He has to pay for your Eisemans.

(IF YOU WANT DADDY TO EVER UNLOCK THE DOOR AND LET YOU IN HIS STUDIO, PLEASE OBEY THE FOLLOWING RULES:)

1. Don't touch anything.
2. Don't move anything.
3. Don't take anything.
4. Don't say anything.
5. Wait until Daddy puts on his jacket, turns off the lights, has his first drink and smiles—then scream.

Naturally, an architect's brood would wear the world's most exquisitely designed clothes. This crop comes in our exclusive Swiss doubleknit, washable cotton, that has the most miniscule amount of shrinkage possible. Blueprint blues and whites. In sizes, toddlers to 12. At Bonwit Teller, Halle Bros., Cleveland and at I. Magnin. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**



Superb. Unperturbed and winning at London's leading gaming club. This is the way of the Nonchalants. Goldworm takes their intrepid texture, without-care ways, to do an unforgettable shift. Tycora yarn of continuous filament Creslan acrylic makes it shun wrinkles and crush, stay serene of shape. White, turquoise, orange sherbet, navy, black. 8-16. About $50.

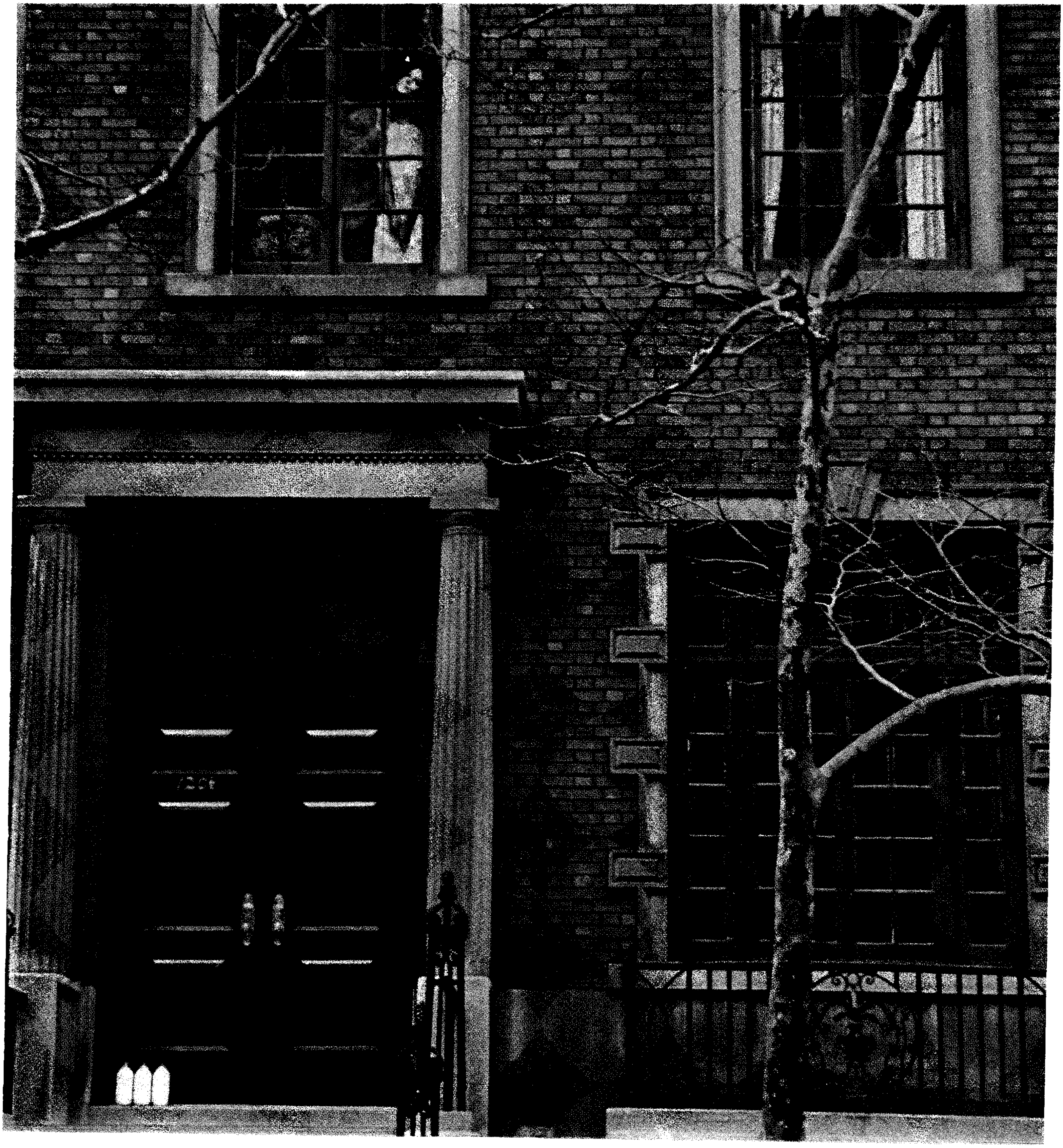
BERGDORF GOODMAN, New York; BLUM STORE, Philadelphia; MEIS BROS., Terre Haute, Indiana; SANDRA POST, Florida

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CROCKFORD'S GAMING CLUB, LONDON.

tycora® YARN OF **Creslan**®

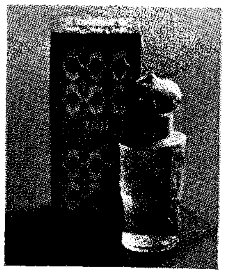
T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC. T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER

Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



© 1965 SHULTON

Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.

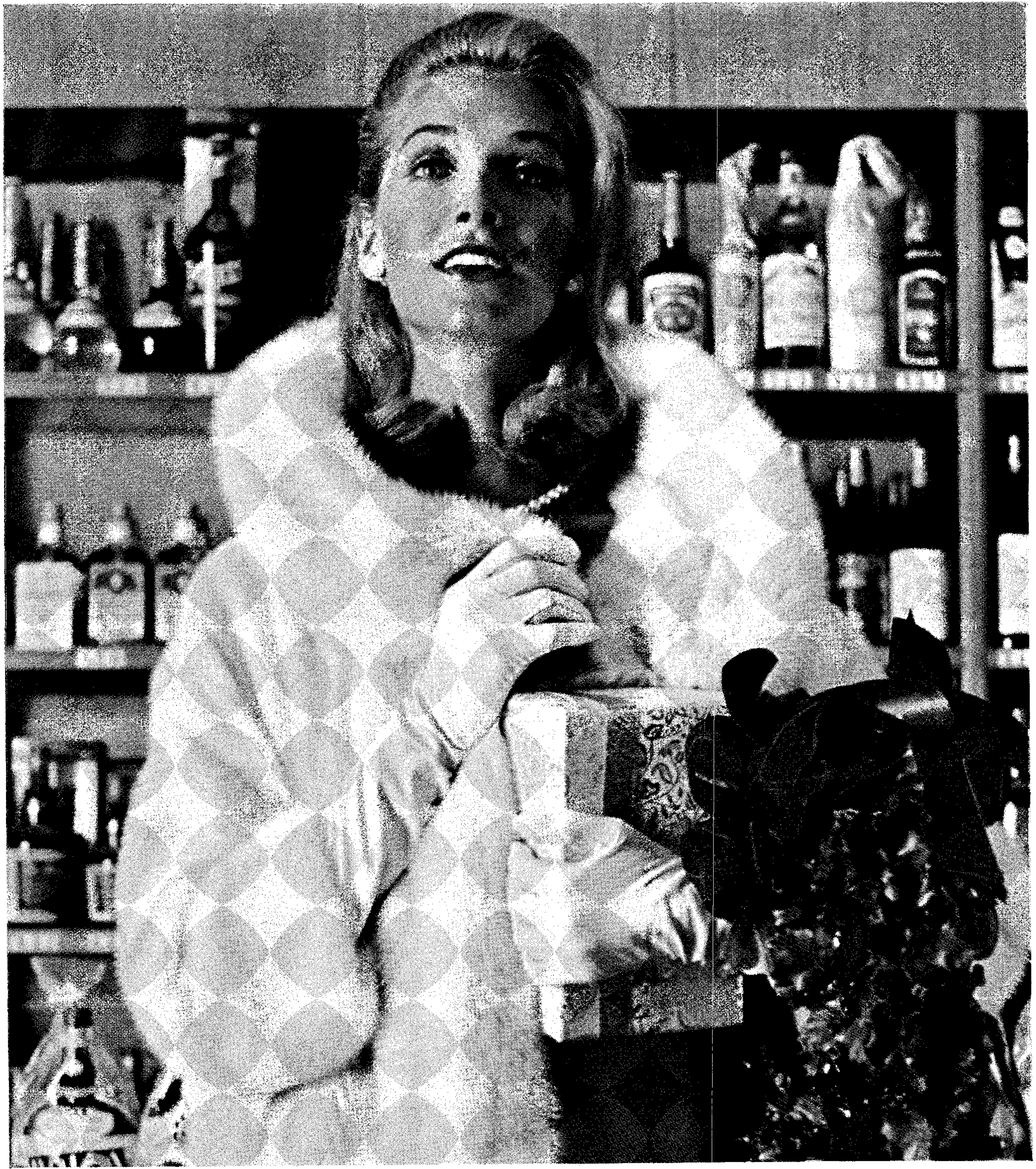


TAji

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

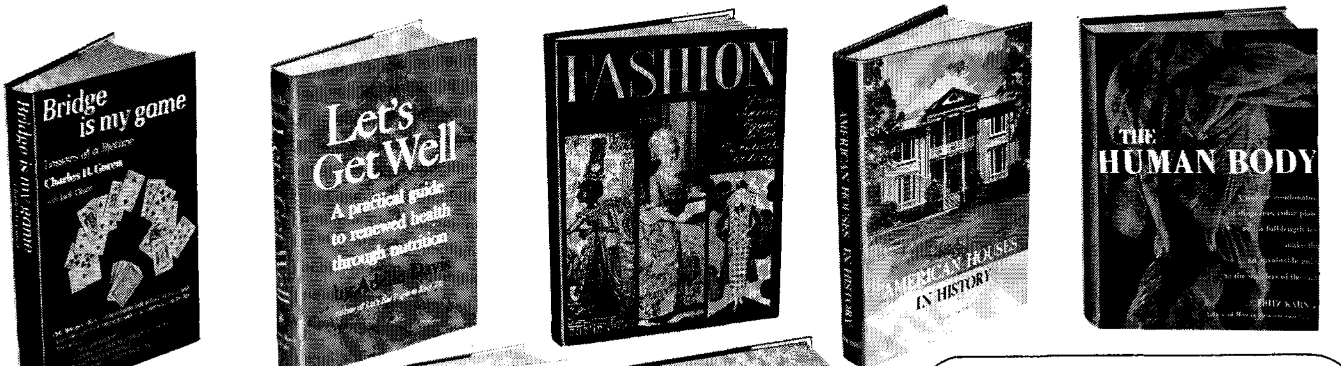
"World's finest Scotch, please."

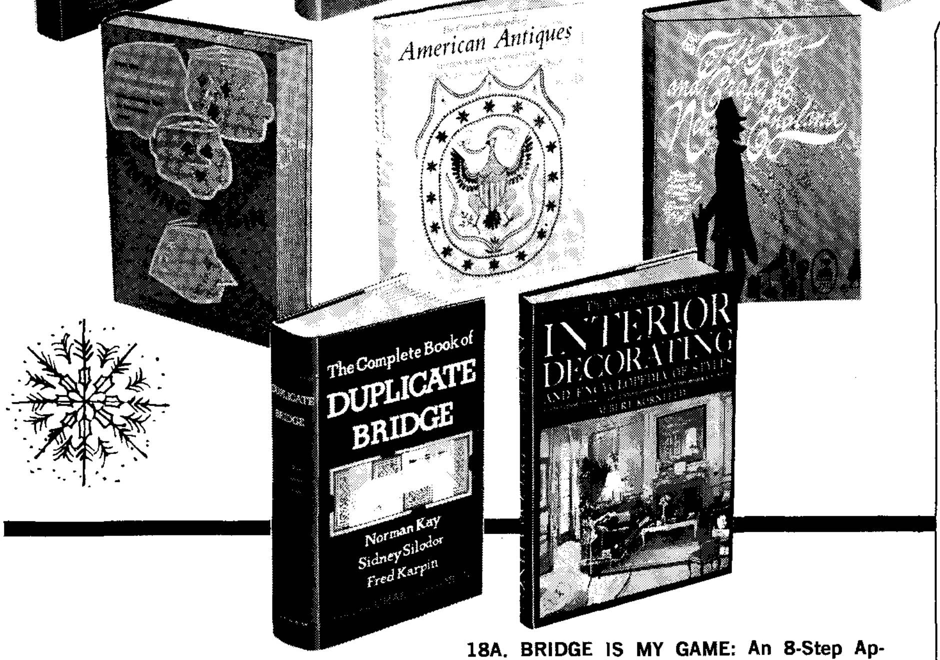
George (the package store proprietor) smiled reassuringly and instantly handed the lady a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label, resplendent in its gift carton.

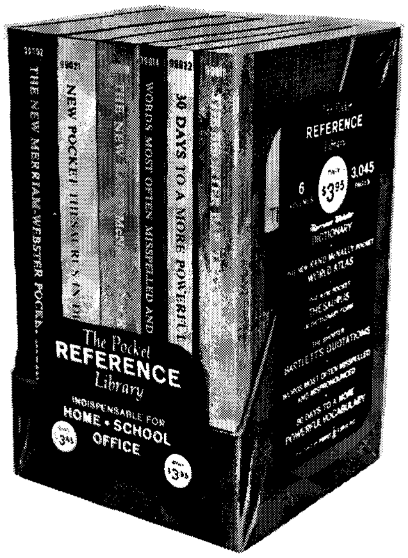


BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

FUR BY MAXIMILIAN


Bridge is my game
Charles H. Goren
Let's Get Well
A practical guide to renewed health through nutrition
by Adelle Davis
FASHION
AMERICAN HOUSES IN HISTORY
THE HUMAN BODY


American Antiques
The Complete Book of DUPLICATE BRIDGE
Norman Kay
Sidney Silodor
Fred Karpin
INTERIOR DECORATING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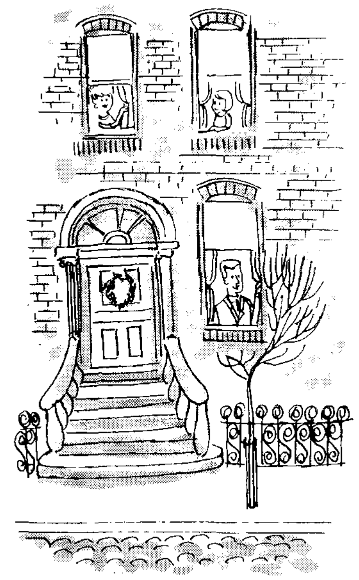
INDISPENSABLE FOR HOME • SCHOOL OFFICE
REFERENCE
6
$3.95
3,045

Pocket Reference Libraries. 4 libraries containing best-selling titles, with special new covers. Handsomely packaged in leathercraft slipcases. **18G. REFERENCE.** 6 books; 3,045 pp., incl. Webster's Pkt. Dictionary. **18H. COOKBOOK.** 7 books; 2,691 pp., incl. Pocket Cook Bk. **18J. HOUSEHOLD.** 6 books; 2,832 pp., with Heloise's Housekeeping Hints. **18K. BABY & CHILD CARE.** 7 books; 2,840 pp., incl. Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care. Trident. Each set $3.95

For Happier Households



18A. BRIDGE IS MY GAME: An 8-Step Approach to Enjoying Better Play. *Charles H. Goren with Jack Olsen.* Astonishingly simple rules for playing contract bridge with new skill. Quizzes. Illustrated hands, tables. Doubleday. $4.95

18B. LET'S GET WELL. *Adelle Davis.* A leading nutritionist tells in simple, non-technical terms, how recuperation can be hastened by natural foods and supplements. Case histories, index, tables of food composition. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50

18C. FASHION: From Ancient Egypt to The Twentieth Century. *Mila Contini. Preface by Emilio Pucci.* 550 full-color illus. trace history of clothes through the arts of each period right up to new Courrèges look. 8 x 11½. Odyssey. $12.95

18D. AMERICAN HOUSES IN HISTORY. *Arnold Nicholson.* A handsome tribute to our heritage. Over 50 famous houses from 1610 to Civil War. Detailed descriptions: interiors, exteriors. Over 200 illus. 8½ x 10½. 6 color plates. Viking. $12.95

18E. THE HUMAN BODY. *Fritz Kahn.* Unique fusion of simple text, illus., reveals workings of your body. 32 full-color plates, hundreds of illus. Genetics, nutrition, health data . . . up-to-date! 8⅜ x 11. Random. $9.95

18F. WINNING AT GIN. *Chester Wander & Cy Rice.* World Champion of Gin Rummy shares his tournament-winning approach. Includes a play-by-play 200 point course, 16 basic principles, test-yourself ideas. Stackpole. $3.95

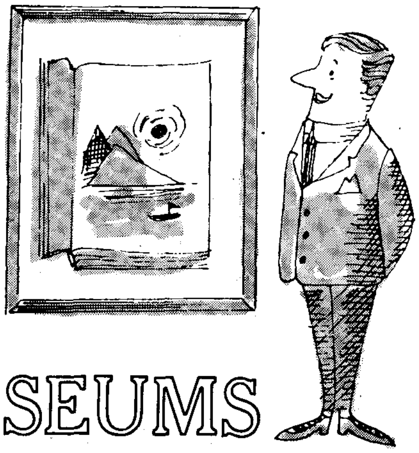
18L. THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES. *Ed.: Helen Comstock.* Over 50 experts give a panoramic sweep of U.S. antiques; history, collections. 864 pp. 160 pp. photos. 7¼ x 9¾. Hawthorn. After Christmas $12.50. Now $9.95

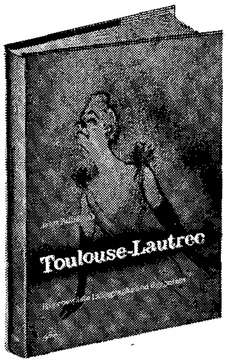
18M. THE FOLK ARTS AND CRAFTS OF NEW ENGLAND. *Priscilla Sawyer Lord and Daniel J. Foley.* Entire panorama of Yankee life: ship figureheads, tavern signs, tombstone designs, needlework, toys. 500 illus., lively text. 9 x 12. Chilton. After 1/1/66, $17.50. Now $15

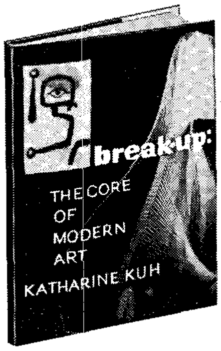
18N. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF DUPLICATE BRIDGE. *Sidney Silodor et als. Intro.: Oswald Jacoby.* The only comprehensive guide to Duplicate . . . for novices and experts. "Tremendously helpful." — Alfred Sheinwold. Putnam. $6.95

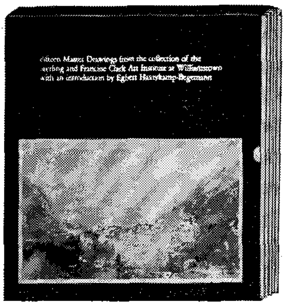
18 P. THE DOUBLEDAY BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATING AND ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STYLES. *Albert Kornfeld.* All-inclusive guide to home decoration by a top American tastemaker. 400 drawings *plus* 127 illustrations in color, 120 in black and white. 8⅜ x 11. Doubleday. $14.95

Doubleday America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops • Where Artistic Interests Meet.









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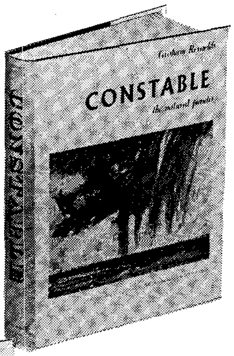

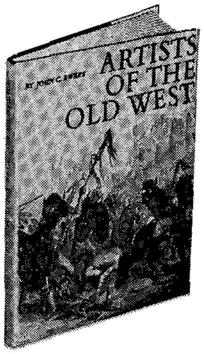

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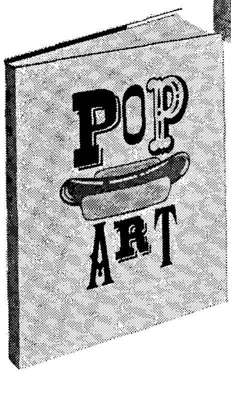

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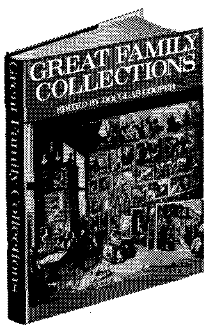

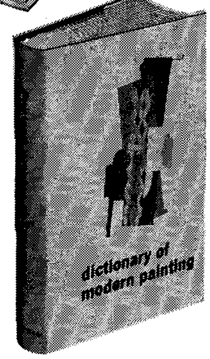

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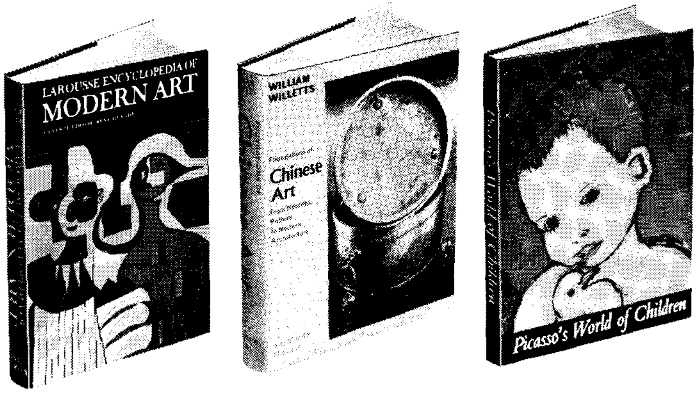
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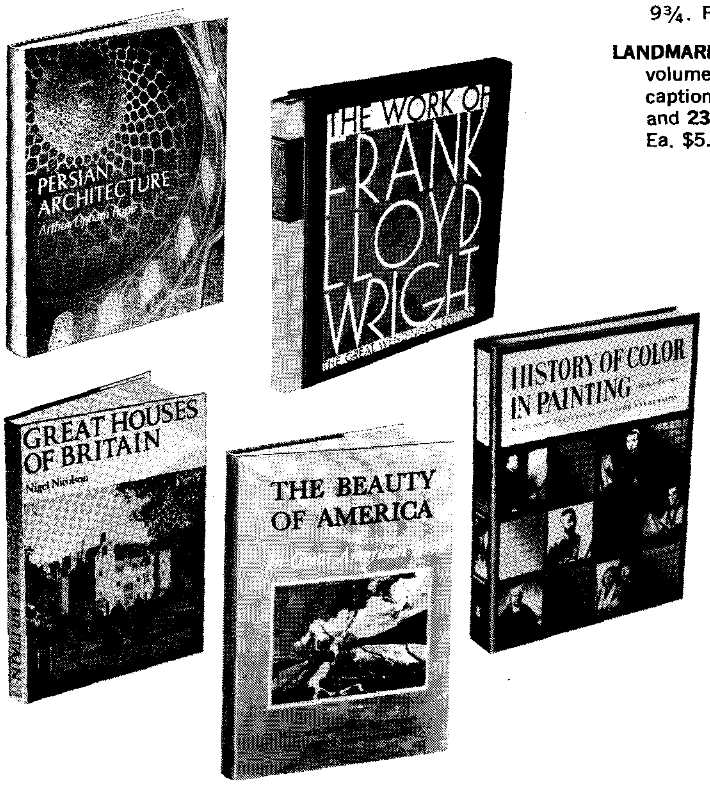
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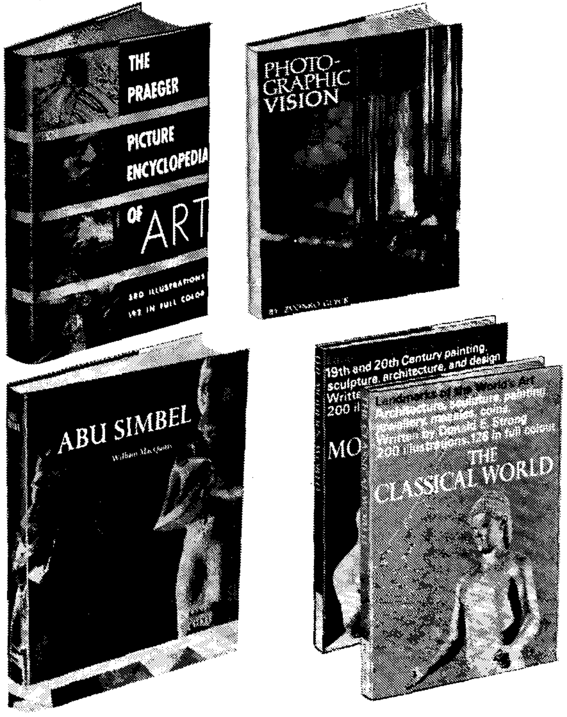
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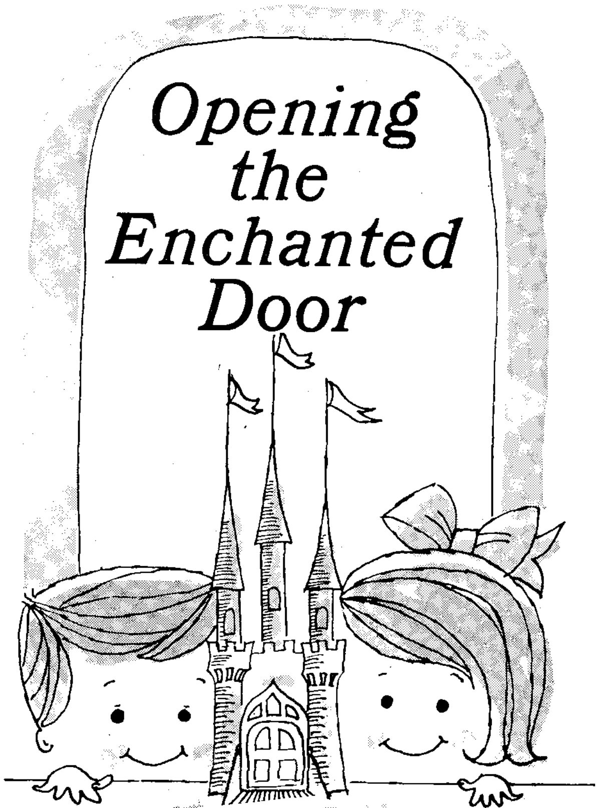
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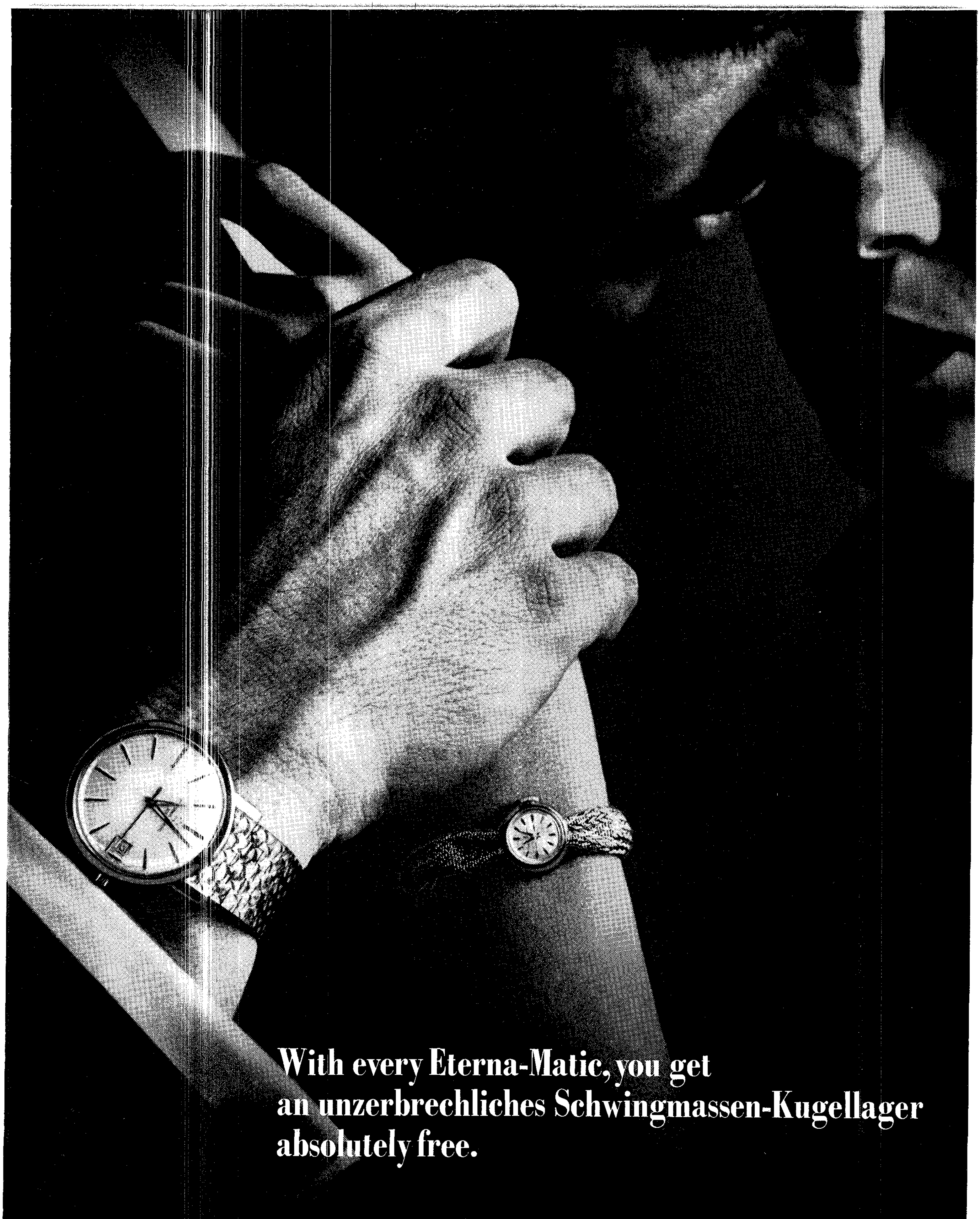

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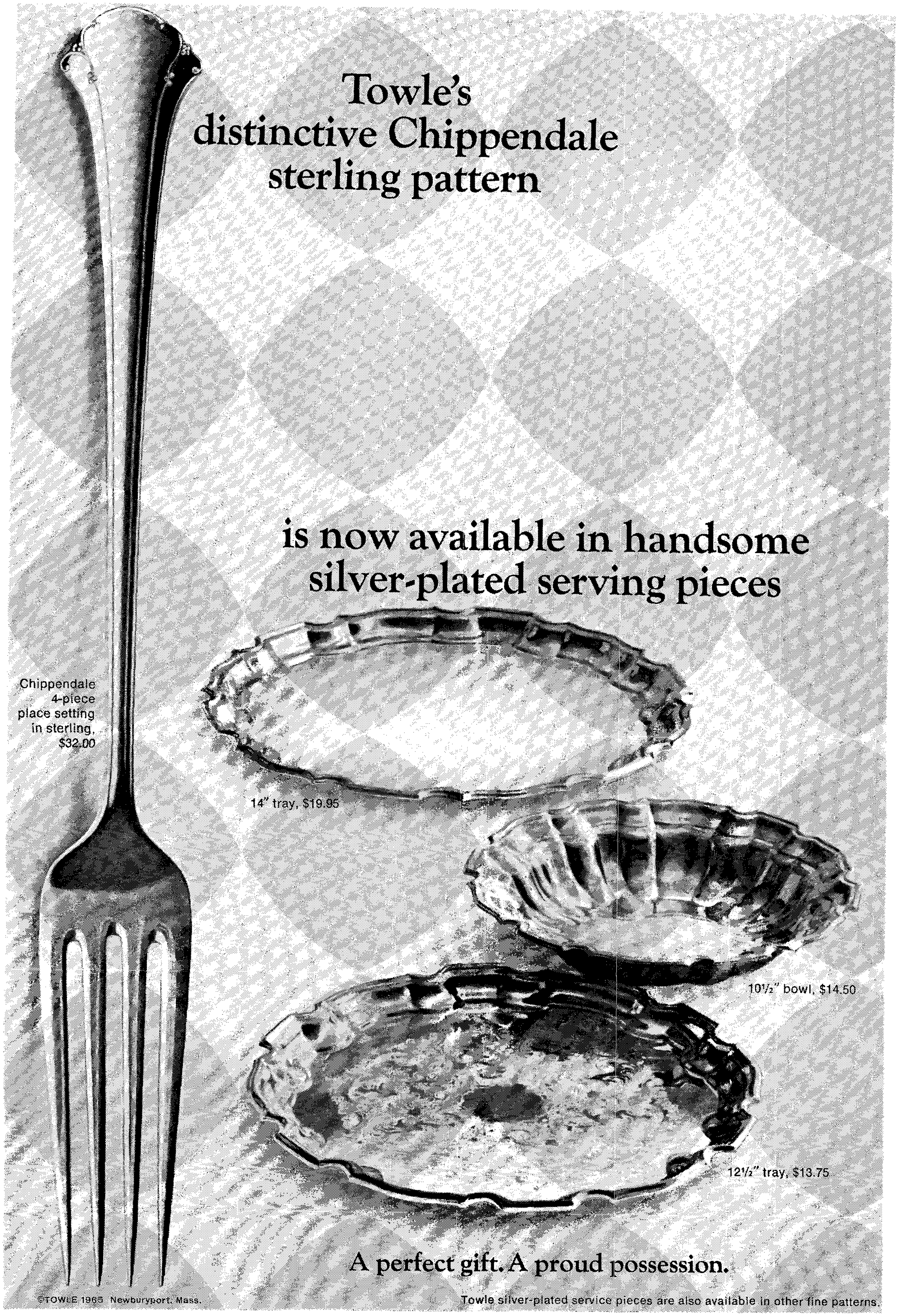

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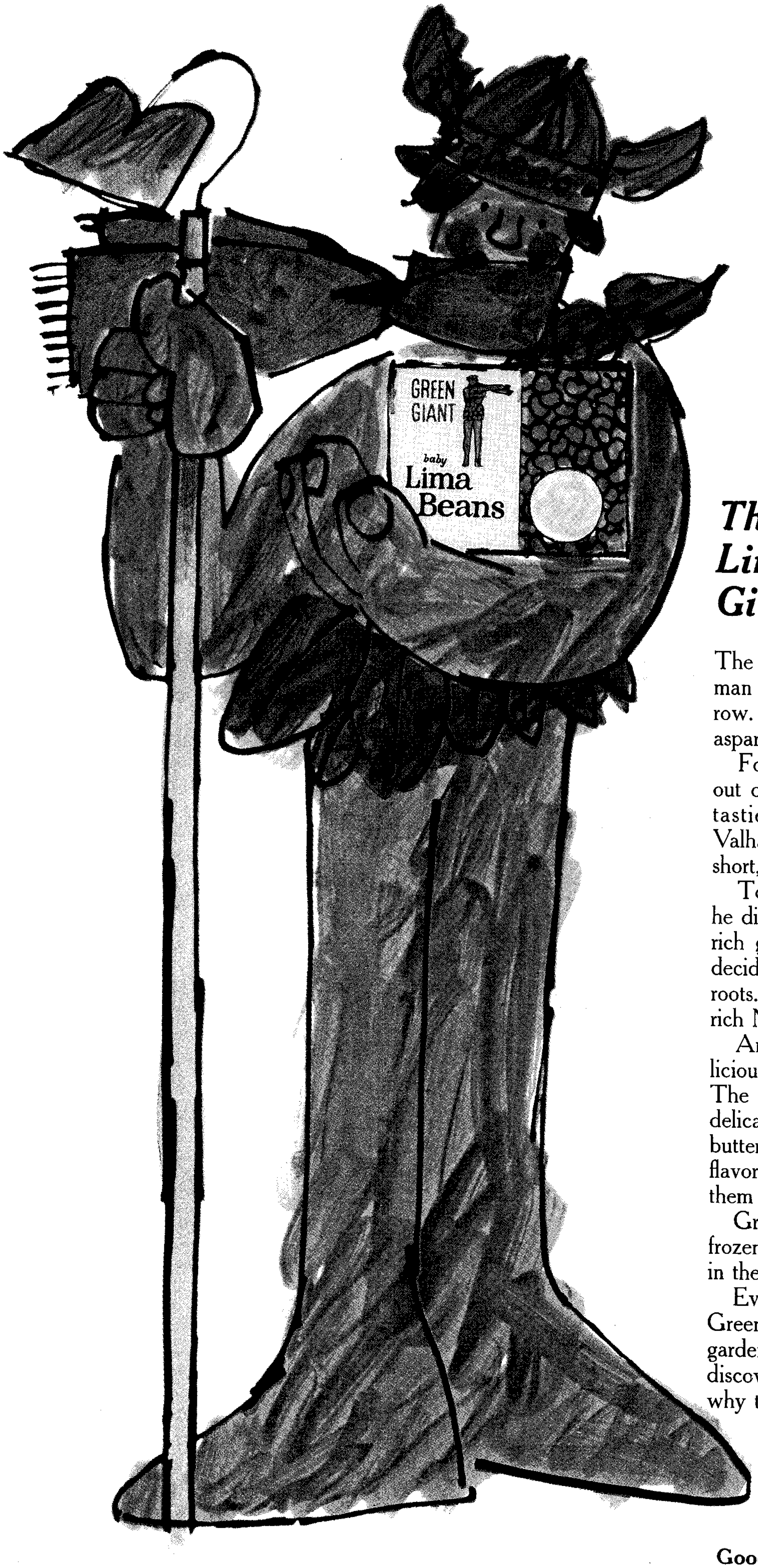

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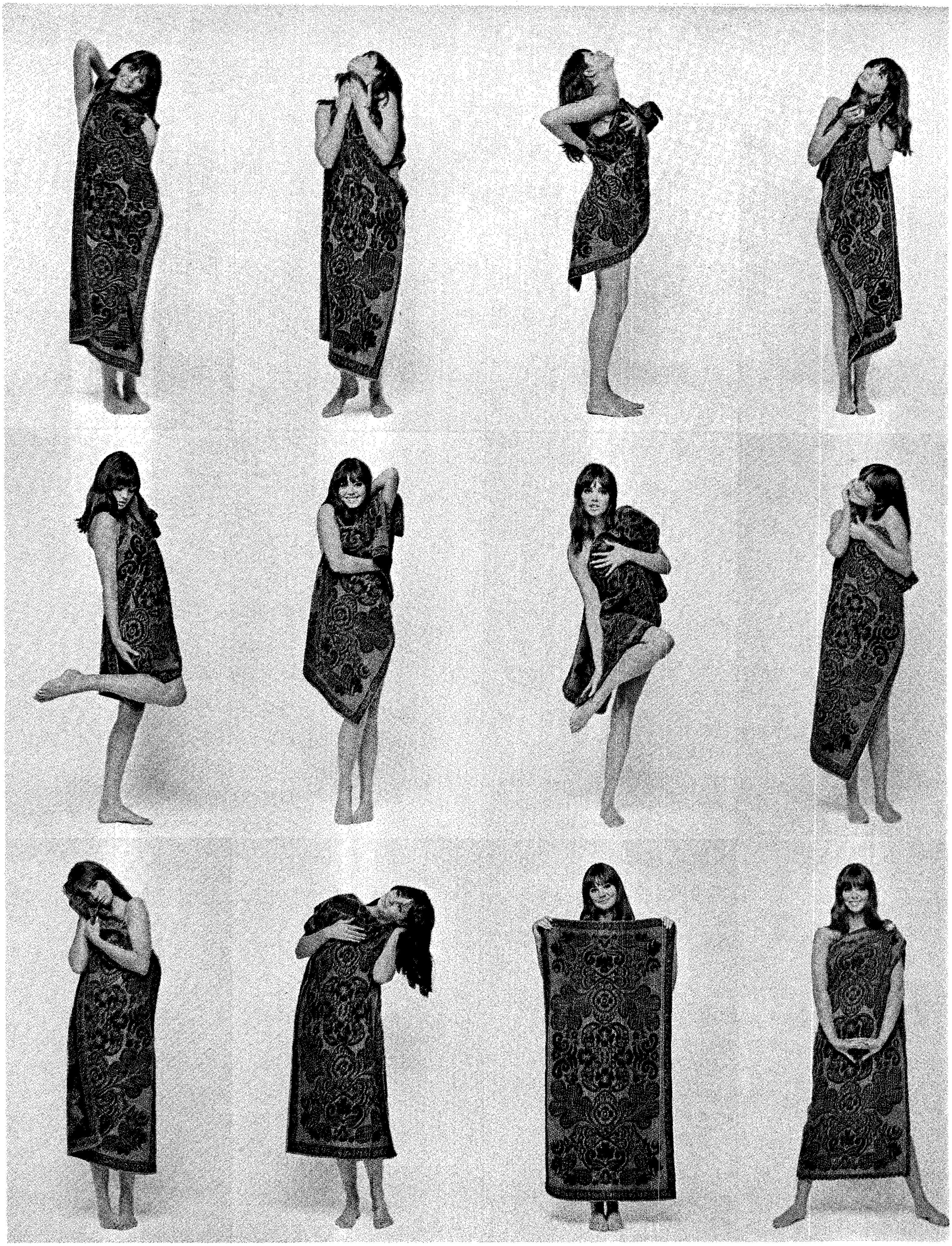

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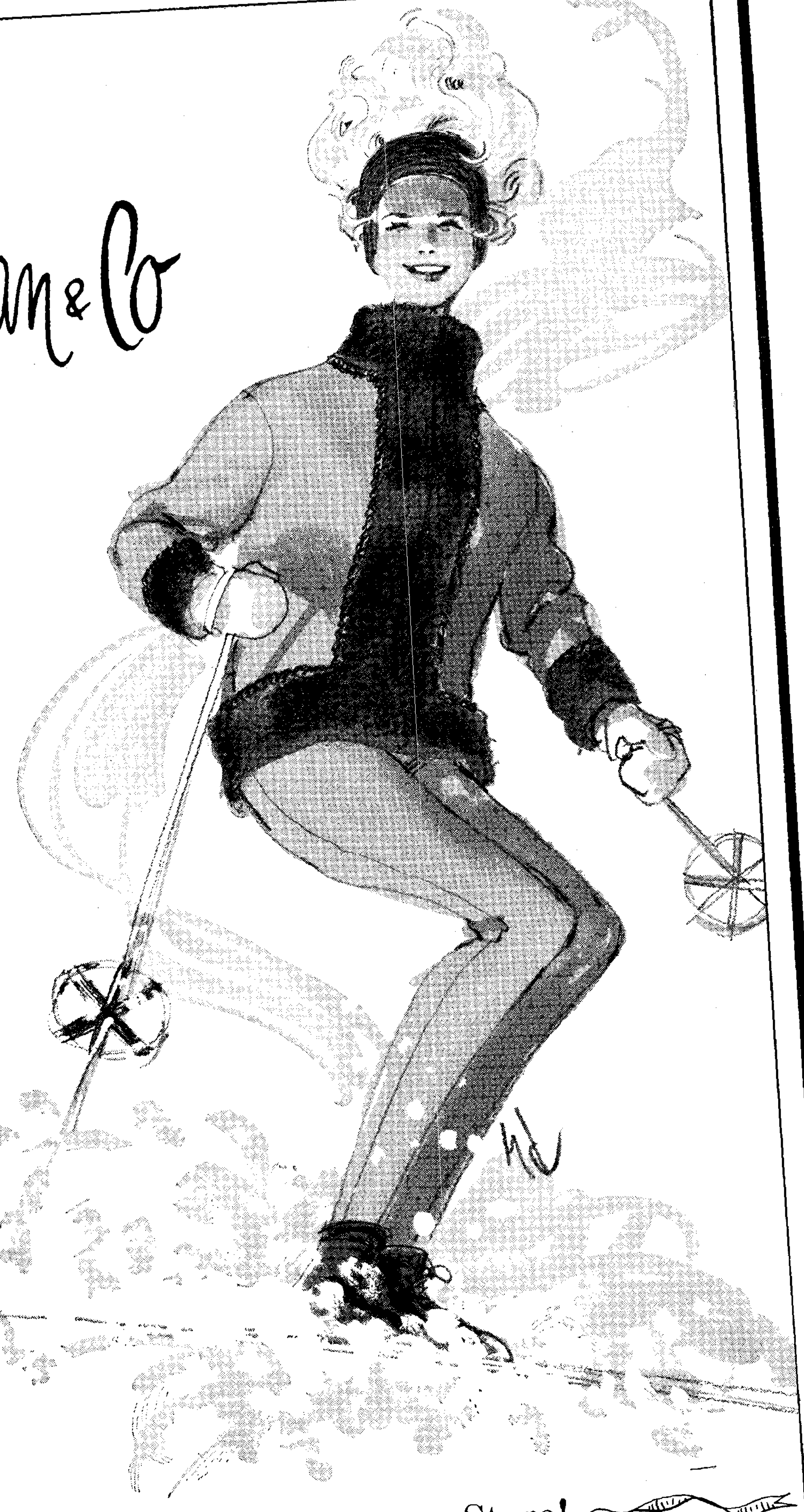

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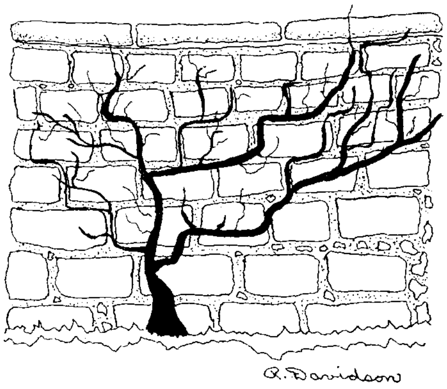
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

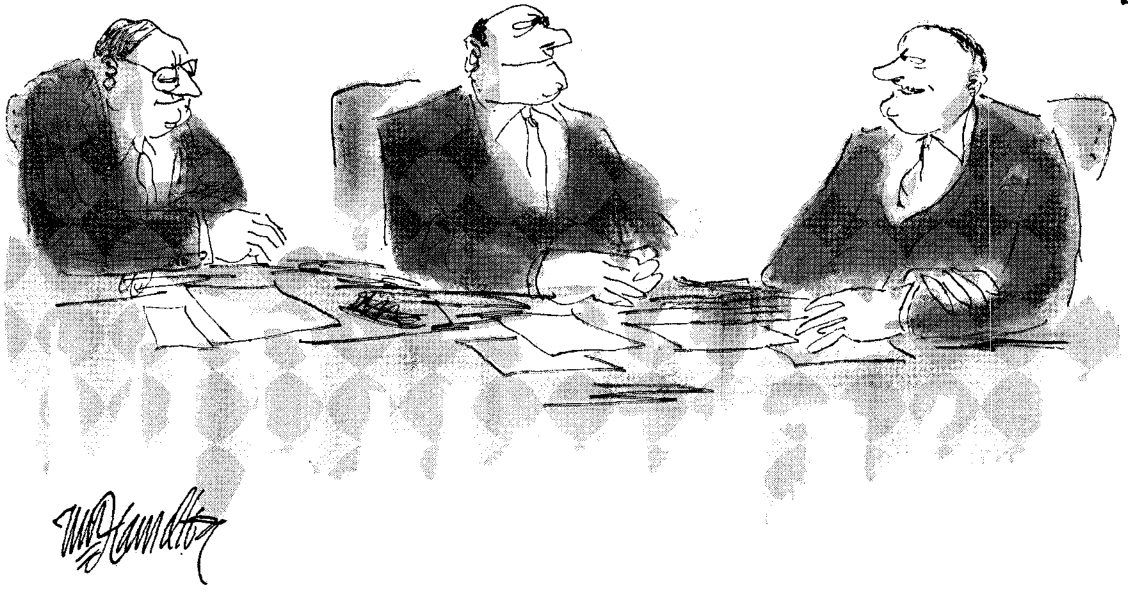
YOU may have assumed, as we did, that Sergeant George E. Smith and Specialist 5 Claude D. McClure, the two soldiers released by the Vietcong the other day, were prisoners of war. They weren't. According to the *Times*, the Army considered the two men "detained personnel." The Army reasons that a man can be a prisoner of war only if his country is at war, that this country can be at war only by act of Congress, and that Congress hasn't acted in the matter of our Vietnam involvement. The Army is by no means doctrinaire about the classification; it admits candidly that the men's status is unclear. We can understand the Army's reluctance to push a neologism; after all, its business is fighting, not writing. Our business, on the other hand, *is* writing, and we hasten to assure the Army that, for a non-professional effort, "detained personnel" is darned snappy phrasemaking. In fact, it has set us off on the invention of other nomenclature suitable for use by a country not at war, and we herewith release our product to the Army's phrasemakers, in case their own invention flags. Right off, let us face the problem of the country not at war that finds it must destroy the bridges and highways of another country. We suggest that the vehicles dispatched on this mission—called "bombers" elsewhere—be designated "route consolidators." The bombs themselves might be called "excess weight," so that any civilians they accidentally fall on could be written off as "weight loss." Next case. Countries not at war usually have a nagging doubt about what to call those of their troops who engage in a gunfight with the enemy, or "oppositional forces." We've noticed in the newsreels and picture magazines that after these pitched battles, or "contacts," a large number of medics move in quickly and efficiently to aid the wounded soldiers and any women, children, and old people who got in the way. Since these popular medics invariably *follow* the combat troops, why not call the boys who do the fighting "*pre*-medics," or "pre-meds"? One last problem. What do you call the peace you negotiate when you haven't been at war? Perhaps this would serve: "the cessation of whatever it is you were not doing."

WE never knew Myra Hess, but her death, we find, claims our attention in a personal way. No performer had more to do with exciting our early interest in music, and we have therefore always associated her with our youth. We hadn't yet attained teen-age status when, as the guest, or captive, of two elderly relatives bent on exposing us to culture, we first heard her, in Carnegie Hall on a Saturday afternoon. What the relatives didn't suspect was that all afternoon, as the concert progressed, we were enjoying ourself immensely; such a confession, it seemed to us then, would have amounted to making an open covenant with adults. We were privileged to hear Dame Myra many times after that, and each time we did, her playing had the effect of returning us to our youth. Her appearances, unlike those of other great pianists, conveyed a sense of welcome and relaxation; it was a source of reassurance merely to watch her rely, unfashionably, on the printed music instead of exhibiting her powers of memorization. No matter how introspective or elevated a mood she might achieve with a Brahms intermezzo or a Beethoven sonata, she maintained an easy and steady connection with her audience. This was especially apparent when she played chamber music, as she liked to do, in one of the smaller auditoriums around town. On those occasions, the other members of the ensemble would look to her for a signal to begin, and almost invariably she supplied it in the form of a smile whose warmth made the auditorium seem no larger than a living room. She gave what proved to be her final Carnegie Hall concert nearly six years ago; the following season poor health confined her to England. We are grateful to have been present at that concert. Once more, we left the big hall feeling as young as we had the day we listened to this rare musician for the very first time.



Tower

WE walked over to Times Square last week, to discover what used to be the Times Tower and is now the Allied Chemical Tower freshly scrubbed and gleaming and all ready for its dedication the next day—a ceremony to be presided over by Governor Rockefeller, who would be assisted by the governors of four other states. Preparations had been completed for the cutting of an enormous red ribbon extending up and around the twenty-three-story building, and for the lighting, by a signal flashed from the satellite Relay II, of a transparency of a Christmas tableau extending a hundred and twenty feet up the building's narrow north face. Some months before undertaking the dedication preparations, Allied had begun making good on a promise to continue, as traditional, the operation of the moving electric news sign that had girdled the old building (and now girdles the new one, with news sponsored by *Life*), and of the electrically lighted metal ball that



"There are ethics and ethics. Right?"

for the past six decades has descended from its flagpole to mark the arrival of the new year. Even with the electric sign and the ball, however, the new building bore only a slight resemblance to its predecessor—a building, identical in size, that had been hailed as an "architectural wonder" when it was opened, in 1905. Noting that the old building "had deteriorated rapidly in recent years, just as the area around it had," Allied took over the tower two years ago, stripped it to its steel framework, and rebuilt it, in the hope, according to company spokesmen, that the renovation of the building would lead to a renaissance in midtown Manhattan.

As we approached the building, the moving electric sign announced, "IN HARLEM BAR: CUSTOMER DID NOT LIKE PIANO PLAYER, SO HE SHOOTS AND KILLS BARTENDER—THEN ESCAPES." It seemed a strange way to begin a renaissance. Nevertheless, we pressed on, and, entering the building from its east side, found on our left a conventional lobby and on our right an archway leading to a three-story World's Fair-type Allied Chemical exhibition that is to be open to the public nine hours a day for an indefinite period. In the lobby, a ten-foot globe of the world hanging from the ceiling directed the eye through the arch, by means of a neon tube, to a sixteen-foot model of the moon, beside which stood Donovan Worland, president of Donovan Worland, Inc., the designers of the first two floors of the exhibit. "We worked with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to get this right," Mr. Worland said as we peered through a porthole in the moon and found ourself watching a motion picture depicting a soft landing on the lunar surface. Then, leaping a couple of generations ahead in time, we entered a hemisphere eighteen feet in diameter to view a four-and-a-half-minute tableau of what life—at least, in Allied Chemical's opinion—will be like on the moon in the year 2000. "We had to write every bit of this copy," another man said, joining us in the hemisphere as a soft recorded voice droned an explanation of how man is going to exist and work on the moon. Introducing himself as Richard A. Klevickis, vice-president of a Chicago firm of designers and film producers called William Henricks Associates, he explained that his company had even been asked to pass on the no-smoking signs scattered through the exhibit. We were pleased to learn that a corporate hassle over whether the signs would read "No Smoking" or "No Smoking Please" was resolved in favor of the latter.

Upon leaving the lunar hemisphere, we found ourself surrounded by five futuristic-looking devices, which, when we peered into them, proved to contain nothing more than old-fashioned stereoscopic slides, each illustrating what a third man—Richard Detrich, of the Worland organization—told us were "vignettes going into the human level of living on the moon." Next, we came to what was called a Spin-Off Wall—an exhibition of benefits for earthlings that scientists have developed as a result of their researches into space. Among them was something called a retrometer, which looks like binoculars, is fired like a gun, and sends words and music over a beam of light. "This was originally designed to beat the ionization barrier that blacks out communications during reëntry of a space capsule," Mr. Detrich told us. "It was never used for that, however, because they came up with something simpler." We asked what the something was, and he said it was an ordinary water pistol, which shot a stream of water out to cool the capsule's radio antenna.

Spinning off from the Spin-Off Wall, we stepped onto a talking escalator, which explained while carrying us to the second floor that we were ascending from "the outer universe to the inner." Sure enough, after leaving the escalator, we came upon a cutaway view of the interior of the earth. The next thing we saw, though, was a garish periodic table of the elements, on which the radioactive elements were indicated by blinking lights. As we turned away, our eyes fell upon the terrestrial warning that "Occupancy by More Than 240 Persons Is Dangerous and Unlawful." Feeling a bit reassured, we hastened toward something that Mr. Klevickis, popping up again, told us was a polymer tunnel. "We tried to avoid the word 'polymer,' because we didn't think anyone would understand it," he said, "but we can't get away from it." We then took the escalator to the third floor, which, the escalator informed us, was the Garden of Color. The first thing that met our eyes when we debarked, though, was the electronic machinery that operates the news sign encircling the building. Forging ahead, we did come to an exhibit of the properties of color. We tackled a device that a sign said would enable us to mix various colors and get green, but in two tries we failed, whereupon a Burns guard came over. "Green is the easiest," he said, and showed us how to get green. Next, we entered a booth that immediately got into conversation with us, asking our favorite color. When we said it was red, the booth told us we liked to be "in the very midst of life, where the living, loving, and laughter is," and also that "unbounded happiness is what you seek—and setbacks hit you harder than others." We thanked the booth, and headed for the first floor and Broadway.

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IN Amsterdam, Holland, there is a small Presbyterian church that has a poor box on each side of its entrance.

On one box is an inscription reading "For the Poor," and on the other is an inscription reading "For the English Poor."

High Commissioner

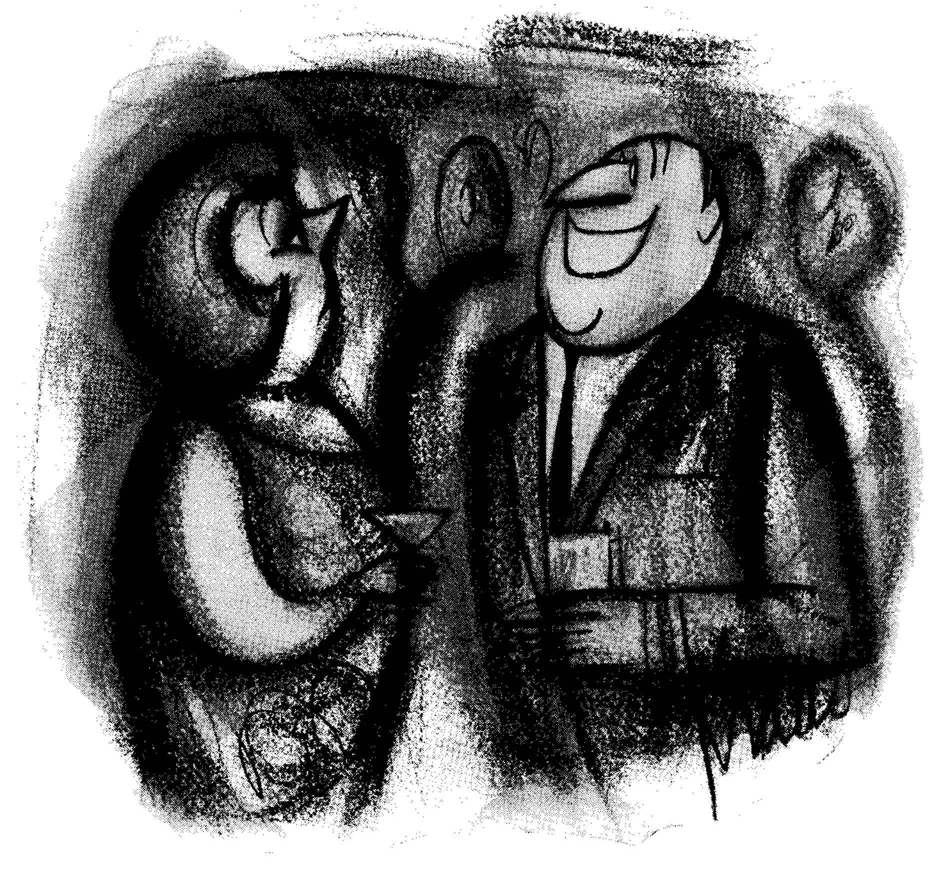
A LITERARY friend of ours who was at Harvard in the early fifties burst into our office the other day waving a clipping from the *Times* and shouted happily, "Say, look! Sadri Khan's been named a High Commissioner over at the U.N.!" Sadri Khan is Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, a son of the late Aga Khan and an uncle of the present one, and he is held in enthusiastic esteem by old Harvard classmates such as our friend for financing and helping to found the *Paris Review* while he was still a student in Cambridge. From the clipping, it appeared that Prince Sadruddin is also held in esteem by the United Nations, which had just unanimously elected him its new High Commissioner for Refugees, an office roughly equivalent in rank to that of an Undersecretary, and later that afternoon we drove across town to congratulate him. We found the Prince, who is a tall, good-looking, cordial, and polished man of thirty-two, on the third floor of the Conference Building, in a modest green office wedged between the offices of the Trusteeship Council and the Economic and Social Council. The office looked out on the East River, and the Prince, who was sitting in a metal swivel chair behind a wooden desk, was watching a long red barge float by.

"Did you know that someone last week called the U.N. a ship?" the Prince said. "It is amusing but true. We are quite literally on the water here, and the life here is very self-contained, just as the life on a ship is. The same people every day, the same rooms, the same food, the same rhythm, the same routine. The Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees is in Geneva—I've been the Deputy High Commissioner for Refugees since 1962, and before that I was a chargé de mission for the High Commissioner—but whenever I report in here at the U.N., I really do feel I'm on shipboard. I've been in New York since the middle of November, and I've barely left this building, except to go back to the Waldorf Towers, where I sleep. I haven't even had time to ring up any of my old friends." The Prince patted his desk affectionately. "Everything that happens to me happens *here*," he said, and then he swivelled away from the window, smiled, and lit a French cigarette.

We asked Prince Sadruddin, who is now responsible for the protection and placement of some two million refugees the world over, how he came to join the Office of the High Commissioner in the first place.

"I'm a perfectionist, you see," he said. "I want to do what I can do well. I may *publish* the *Paris Review*, but I have never had the unreasonable pretension to want to write for it. *My* field is international relations. It was my field when I was an undergraduate and when I was in graduate school. In 1957, while I was working toward my doctorate at Harvard, my father died, and I went home to Switzerland, where my family lives. My father had played an important role in our family—he was the chief, he held it together—and when he died, and then my brother Aly, I was really needed at home. It was then, in Europe, that I met Felix Schnyder, the former High Commissioner. Mr. Schnyder felt that because of my background—my mother is French and my father was from Iran, and consequently I am at home in the East *and* the West—and because of the rather special position my family has, I would be useful in promoting the U.N.H.C.R.'s cause. Well, Mr. Schnyder made me his chargé de mission, and all during 1959—which had been designated World Refugee Year—I travelled around the world, speaking, raising money, and trying to talk governments into issuing World Refugee Year commemorative postage stamps. You see, at that time there were still war refugees in camps all over Europe, and it was vital that the world at large be made to feel its responsibility for emptying those camps. After that year, I was a special consultant to UNESCO for a while. Then, in 1962, I went to work for Mr. Schnyder again, as his Deputy High Commissioner. People sometimes ask me 'Why are you doing this? What's in it for you?' Now, *that* depresses me. The answer is actually very simple. I was brought up with the idea of my own responsibility to the world—the idea that, being independent, I had a duty to serve, to do the things that people who were not independent couldn't do. My father, you see, had been President of the League of Nations, and that, together with the fact of my strange East-West background, made working for the United Nations seem the most logical—and the most natural—thing for me to do."

After a pause to light another cigarette, the Prince went on, "My first assignment as Deputy Commissioner was with the Algerian refugees. For several months, I was in Tunisia one day and Morocco the next. Almost two hundred thousand refugees had poured into those



"Once I turn on the old charm, it's hard as hell to turn it off."

two bordering countries. At first, I was busy setting up a program for simple relief; Tunisia and Morocco were both developing countries, and they needed our help just to feed and clothe the refugees. Then came repatriation, which was the most difficult part of the job. It was 1962, during the Algerian independence struggle, and the Secret Army Organization had made what should have been the uncomplicated job of physically moving people back into Algeria an extremely dangerous one. We had to work out intricate repatriation plans with the help of the National Liberation Front in Algeria, the French government, and the Red Crescent—that's the North African equivalent of the Red Cross. What we did in Algeria, in effect, was to play doctor. We hadn't been able to prevent the war situation that created the refugee problem, but we *were* able to treat the problem when it arose. Before my office gets involved in a refugee situation, we look to see if some permanent solution will be possible. That's because we're a humanitarian operation, not a political one. If a refugee problem becomes a political issue, then that problem can't really be handled by the U.N.; it can have no permanent humanitarian solution separate from a political solution by the member states involved. The U.N., after all, is not one government—it's a conglomeration of governments. People who want help often misunderstand that fact. Our basic responsibility, however, is clear. It is to grant legal protection to people who have lost the protection of their own governments. In effect, we serve as a replacement for the governments they have lost. We try to insure their right to work, their right to welfare, where it exists, and their right to protection in the courts in the countries giving them asylum. Our ultimate aim, of course, is either the naturalization of a refugee in his new country or, where it is possible and desirable, repatriation in his old country. Now, some countries, by being extremely lenient, legally, to refugees, discourage naturalization. Take Australia, the United States, Canada, and Argentina, where refugees have practically the same rights as citizens. Often a refugee there will not want to become naturalized. He'll want to hold on to his old citizenship as a kind of sentimental last link with his homeland, and so his situation, ultimately, will be precarious. Then, there are situations in which a refugee population presents an immediate economic problem. There are the Tibetan refugees in India, the Chinese refugees in Hong Kong and Macao, the Ruandese refugees in Burundi, the Congo, and Tanzania, and the refugees all over Africa from the Portuguese African colonies. Often, in such situations, all we can do is to make sure that the refugees are able to support themselves, so that they are no longer a burden on the international community."

The Prince told us that he had just been in Ghana, at a summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity, discussing the problem of new African refugee populations with the African heads of state. "From Ghana I flew straight to New York, and I must say I don't know how the diplomats here keep up their pace," he said, laughing. "Why, the man I had lunch with today—he was from the American delegation—had three diplomatic cocktail parties to attend tonight. *Three!* I'm looking forward to Geneva. In my house in Geneva, I can relax. Switzerland, you see, is really my home. I've lived there since 1957. Weekends, I ski—I love to ski—and during the week I can leave the office at a decent hour and go home."

The Prince's phone was ringing, and we got up to say goodbye.

"I can *work* well, too, back home," he said, shaking our hand. "And I am extremely anxious to begin. You see, I know I would collapse in a minute if I had to sit around with nothing to do."

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ITEM observed on the menu of Kee's Chinese Restaurant, in Brooklyn:

Egg Foo Young
(Chinese Style)

Success

RECENTLY, we received the following invitation, which we accepted at once:

Mr. Nicolas Darvas
The Bobbs-Merrill Company
take pleasure in inviting you as
an outstanding member of your profession
to a success party
in honor of their forthcoming new book
THE ANATOMY OF SUCCESS
Monday evening, November 29th, 1965
at nine o'clock
Trade Bank & Trust
592 Fifth Avenue, at 48th Street

R.s.v.p.
3 West 57th St.
New York, N.Y.
MU 8-6350

Black Tie
or
Dress appropriate
to your profession

Kindly present this invitation at the door

Dressed in our usual undistinctive professional way, we arrived at the Trade Bank & Trust shortly after nine and duly presented our invitation at the door. Then, having left our coat with a successful hat-check concessionaire, we went to order a drink from an appropriately dressed bartender, who was working at a table set up in front of three violinists and a zither player. Drink in hand, we rested an elbow on a handy piece of marble bank furniture and read a regular-checking-account deposit slip. "To Insure Clear Copy, *Press Firmly on Pen*," it said.

The party had just begun, and our fellow-guests were clinging aimlessly to the edges of the room, uncertain of their places in the hierarchy of success. A tall blonde swathed in sea-blue chiffon leaned stiffly against the tellers' ledge and gazed over the head of the man she was talking with, whom we recognized as an N.B.C. newsman, off duty. The newsman had on an appropriate blue shirt.

Two men in dinner jackets were complaining.

"What's happening to gastronomy in this country, damn it?" one of the men said.

"What's happening to art?" the other said. "This is merely an act that we all play."

"*Évidemment*," said the first man.

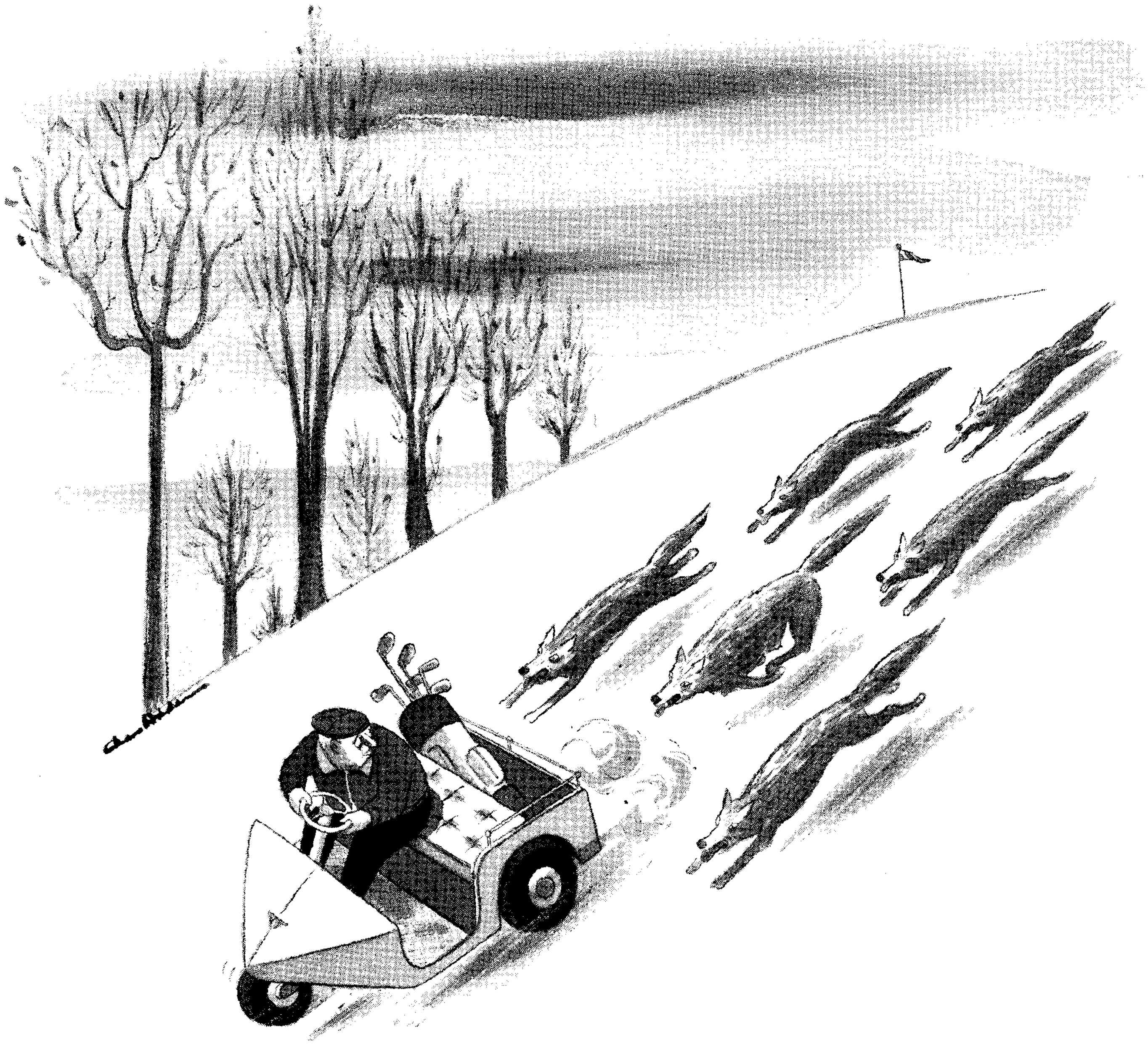
They parted.

"Who is *that*?" the guests whispered to each other, and "Look at *her!*"

"That man makes wigs," a girl wearing a long black dress and a camera confided to us, indicating a passing couple. "A lot of the top models get his hair."

An airline hostess and a trained nurse stood looking blankly at a jovial tweed-suited man. "I'm here as a failure," he said. They looked at each other. The airline hostess spilled champagne on the jovial man's trousers. A man in black tie and a Superman cape wandered in, wandered back toward the door, and disappeared.

As more and more successful people arrived, everyone relaxed, and soon the red carpet was speckled with whiskey and ashes. Guests began to elbow one another out of the way, each trying to get as close as possible to the spot where a cluster of photographers were photographing Mr. Darvas as he embraced a series of successful people in front of a poster advertising his book. A cartoonist wearing a sporty shirt strode in the direction of the photographers, inadvertently picking up several ladies in party dresses along the way. He was followed by a famous painter, wearing a dinner jacket and brandishing a walking stick, and then



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by an illustrious millionaire with his entourage. An elderly lady in a chinchilla coat fought her way to the front of the crowd and stood her ground there. There wasn't a copy of the Darvas book in sight, but then who needed one? Everyone was a success, and all success was equal. Superman reappeared without his cape.

Confidently we edged forward, circling two bare-legged ladies in boots and gracefully sidestepping a chortling Santa Claus arm in arm with a white-haired man in a kilt, then nudging our way past a television weatherman, who was holding a drink and a hatbox. With a smile and a slight bow, we raised our glass in a toast to a small lady in a long white dress and a gold veil, who we had been told was a sculptress. "Madam," we said.

"And who are you?" she asked graciously. A moment later, she turned to a nearby man in a dinner jacket and asked him, "Are you a computing man?"

"God, no!" he said. "I'm a newspaperman."

"Do you want to interview me? I have a lot to say," the lady said, and led him away.

A successful pop dancer confronted us, smiling brightly. "Hello!" he said, but before we could answer him, he stepped past us and threw his arm around Mr. Darvas for the cameras.

We sat down on a carpeted ledge nearby to reconsider our status.

A grinning man rushed at us. "Would you move over, please?" he said. "We're trying to take a picture here."

The next morning, we walked past the bank and peered through a slit in its curtains. The bank officials were sitting at their desks, and people who had not been invited to the party were applying for loans, cashing checks, and making deposits. Everyone there seemed to be dressed in a manner appropriate to his profession.

Problem

THE twelve-year-old granddaughter of a woman we know brought some history homework along on a recent visit and asked her grandmother to help her with it. The first question was about Vasco da Gama, and it completely stumped the matron. She admitted that Vasco da Gama was not one of her stronger subjects but said she would embark on some quick research. She thereupon telephoned the Explorers Club and explained that she was seeking some basic information on Vasco da Gama. There was a long pause, followed by the stern announcement that since Mr. da Gama was not a member of the club no information on him could be given.

FURTHER TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

I

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had no eye for those small details and dainty effects that most women love to spend their time on—curtains and doilies, and the chairs arranged so, and the rugs so, and a small picture here, and a large mirror there. She did not bother with all this because, in the first place, she lived alone and had no one but herself to please, and, anyway, she was not interested in material objects. So her house was rather bare, and, to tell the truth, not very comfortable. She lived very much in her mind, which fed upon books: upon what Erasmus and Darwin and Gautama Buddha and Pascal and Spinoza and Nietzsche and St. Thomas Aquinas had thought; and what she herself thought about what they thought. She was not a homely woman. She had good bones and beautiful heavy hair, which was very long, and which she wore in a braided crown around her head. But no man had ever courted her, and at her present age she did not expect this to happen. If some man had looked at her with interest, she would not have noticed it, and this would, of course, have been enough to discourage further attentions.

Her house was the last house on a narrow dirt road, deep in the country, and if she heard the sound of a horse and buggy or a wagon, it was somebody coming to see her, which didn't often happen. She kept peculiar hours, and ate when she was hungry, and the mirror over the dressing table was sometimes shocked at her appearance, but since she almost never looked in it, she was not aware of the wisps of hair that needed pinning up, the eyes clouded by absent-mindedness, the sweater with a button missing, worn over a dress that belonged in the rag bag. A blind man put down in her cottage would have thought there were two people, not one, living in it, for she talked to herself a great deal.

Birds in great number nested in the holes of her apple trees and in the ivy that covered her stone chimney. Their cheeping, chirping sounds were the background of all that went on in her mind. Often she caught sight of them just as they were disappearing, and was not sure whether she had seen a bird or only seen its flight—so like the way certain thoughts again and again escaped her just as she reached out for them. When the ground was covered with snow, the birds closed in around the house and were at the feeding stations all day long. Even the big birds came—the lovely gentle mourning doves, and the pheasants, out of the woods, and partridge, and quail. In bitter weather, when the wind was like iron, she put pans of warm water out for them, and, in a corner sheltered from the wind, kept a patch of ground swept bare, since they wouldn't use the feeders. And at times she was as occupied—or so she told herself—as if she were bringing up a large family of children, like her sister.

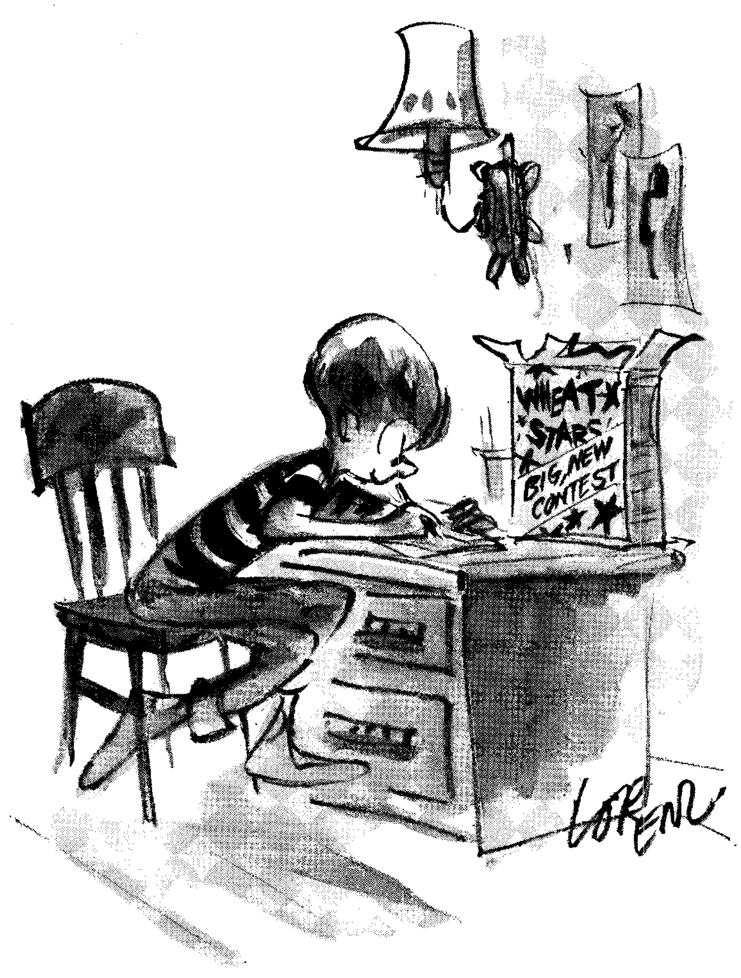
Her sister's children were as lively as the birds, and even noisier, and they were a great pleasure to the woman who lived all alone, when she went to visit them. She played cards with them, and let them read to her, and listened to all that they had to say, which their mother was too busy to do. While she was there she was utterly at their disposal, so they loved her, and didn't notice the wisps of hair that needed pinning up, or that there was a button missing from her sweater, or the fact that her dress was ready for the rag bag. Looking around, she thought how, though her sister's house was small and the furniture shabby, everything her eye fell upon was there because it served some purpose or because somebody loved it. The pillows were just right against your back, the colors cheerful, the general effect of crowdedness reflected the busy life of the family. Their house was them, in a way hers was not. Her house, to be her, would have had to be made of pine boughs or have been high up in some cliff. The actual house sheltered her, and that was all that could be said for it.

Her nieces and nephews would have been happy to have her stay with them forever, but she always said, "I have to get back to my little house," in the tone of voice grownups use when they don't intend to discuss something.

"Your house won't run off," her sister would say. "Why do you worry about it so? I don't see why you don't make us a real visit."

"Another time," the woman said, and went on putting her clothes in her suitcase. The real reason that she could not stay longer she did not tell them, because she knew they would not take it seriously: she could not bear the thought of the birds coming to the feeders and finding nothing but dust and chaff where they were accustomed to find food. So home she went, promising to come back soon, and never outstaying her welcome.

BUT no woman—no man, either—is allowed to live completely in her mind, or in books, or with only the birds for company. One day when she opened her mailbox,



"Dear Sirs: I like Wheat Stars because they turn me on."

which was with a cluster of other mailboxes at a crossroads a quarter of a mile away, there was a letter from her sister. She put it in her pocket, thinking that she knew what was in it. Her sister's letters were, as a rule, complaining. Her life was hard. Her handsome, easygoing, no-good husband had deserted her, and she supported herself and the children by fine sewing. She worried about the children, because they were growing up without a father. And though they were not perfect, their faults loomed larger in her eyes than they perhaps needed to. In any case, she was tired and overworked and had no one else to complain to.

Hours later, the woman remembered that she had not read the letter, which turned out to be only three lines long: "I am very sick and the doctor says I must go to the hospital and there is no one to look after the children. Please come as soon as you can get here."

All the time the woman was packing, she kept thinking now about her poor sister and now about the poor birds. For it was the middle of the winter, there was deep snow on the ground, and the wind crept even into the house, through the crack under the door, through closed windows. She filled the feeders to overflowing with seeds and suet, and sprinkled cracked corn on the ground, knowing that in two days' time it would all be gone. It was snowing again when she locked the door behind her and started off, with her old suitcase, to the nearest farmhouse. She would have to ask the farmer to hitch up his horse and sleigh and drive her to the station in the village, where she could take a train to the place where her sister lived. Fluffed out with cold, the birds sat and watched her go.

WHEN she came back she was not alone. The farmer's sleigh was full of children with sober, pale faces. They climbed down without a word and stood looking at their new home. The woman had left at the beginning of February, and it was now nearly the end of March. The snow on the roof, melting, had made heavy cornices of ice along the eaves, and the ice, melting, had made long thin icicles. The woman got down, and thanked the farmer, and stood looking around, to see if there were any birds. The trees were empty, there was no sound in the ivy, and the cold wind went right through her.

"Come, children," she said, as she searched through her purse for her door key. "Let us go in out of the cold. You can help me build a fire."

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

Inside it seemed even colder, but the stoves soon made a difference. She was so busy feeding the children and warming their beds that she scarcely had time to go to the door and throw out a handful of seed on the snow. No birds came. The next day, she swept a bare place in the sheltered corner, and put out corn for the pheasants and quail, and filled the feeders. But she did all this with a heavy heart, knowing that it was to no purpose. And her sister's death had been a great tragedy and she did not see how she could fill her sister's place in the children's hearts or do for them what their mother had done. The corn on the ground, the sunflower seeds in the feeders were untouched when night fell.

Inside the house there was the same unnatural quiet. The woman did not talk to herself, because she was not alone. The children said, "Yes, please," and "No, thank you," and politely looked at the books she gave them to read, and helped set the table, and brought in wood and water, but she could see that they were waiting for only one thing—to go home. And there was no home for them to go to now but here. They did not quarrel with one another, as they used to, or ask her riddles, or beg her to play Old Maid with them. In the face of disaster they were patient. They could have walked on air and passed through solid walls. They looked as if they could read her mind, but theirs were no longer open to her. Though they cried at home, they did not cry here—at least not where she could see them. In their beds at night, she had no doubt.

The next morning, exhausted, she overslept, and when she came into the kitchen the children were crowded at the window. Something outside occupied their attention so they could hardly answer when she said good morning to them.

"Your birds have come back," the oldest nephew said.

"Oh surely not!" she cried, and hurried to the window. On the ground outside, in the midst of all the whiteness and brightness, it was like a party. The cardinals, the chickadees, the sparrows, the juncos, the nuthatches, the jays were waiting their turn at the feeders, pecking at the corn in the sheltered place, leaving hieroglyphs in the snow. Somehow, mysteriously, deep in the woods perhaps, they had managed without her help. They had survived. And were chirping and cheeping.

"We got our own breakfast," the children said. Though they didn't yet know it, they would survive also.

The tears began to flow down her cheeks, and the children came and put their arms around her. "So silly of me," she said, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, only to have to do it again. "I thought they were all— I didn't think they'd survive the cold, with nobody to feed them, for so long." Then more tears, which kept her from going on. When she could speak, she said, "I know it's not— I know you're not happy here the way you were at home." She waited until she could speak more evenly. "The house is not very comfortable, I know. I'm different from your mother. But I loved her, and if you will let me, I will look after you the best I can. We'll look after each other."

Their faces did not change. She was not even sure that they heard what she had said. Or if they heard but didn't understand it. Together, they carried warm water in pans, they swept off a new place for the quail, they hung suet in bags from the branches of the hemlock. They got out the bird book, and from that they moved on to other tasks, and the house was never quite so sad again. Little by little it changed. It took on the look of that other house, where everywhere about you there were traces of what someone was doing, as sharp and clear and interesting as the footprints of the birds in the snow.

THE AUGSBURG ADORATION

Mozart, Goethe, and the Duke of Wellington
Spent the night at the Drei Mohren; so did we.
Did the Duke of Wellington find by his bed
Two bananas and two sugar-cubes, as we did?
Did the sparrows cheep, cheep, cheep to get the sugar?

And did Mozart sleep, next night, beside the highest
Spire in all the world—unfinished then? Ulm's emblem
Is a sparrow holding in its beak a straw.
You can buy it, in chocolate, at the bakeries.

Did Goethe see, among the cobblestones, the Roman
Manhole-covers marked SPQR? For the breath
Of those letters, the Senate and the People
Lived for us, indomitable as the sparrows
The bread-eating cats stalked in the ruins of Rome.

Travellers, we come to Rome, Ulm, Augsburg,
To adore something: the child nursing at the stone
Breast beside a stone ox, stone ass, a flesh-and-blood
Sparrow who nests in the manger. The Three Kings
Bring him stones and stones and stones, the sparrow
Brings a straw. The years have worn away the stone,
But the bird cramming food into the beseeching
Mouth in its nest of rubbish, is as perfect
As when the child first said of Mozart, Goethe,
And the Iron Duke: *One of them shall not fall*
On the ground without your Father. They have fallen
And the sparrow has not fallen. The straw-bearing
Sparrow at Ulm, at Augsburg, is indistinguishable
In its perfection from the sparrow who brought straw
To its nest, food to its young, in Rome, in Nazareth—
The green Forum's sparrows are the sparrows of home.

—RANDALL JARRELL (1914-1965)

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II

ONCE upon a time there was a man who took his family to the seashore. They had a cottage on the ocean, and it was everything that a house by the ocean should be—sagging wicker furniture, faded detective stories, blue china, grass rugs, other people's belongings to reflect upon, and other people's pots and pans to cook with. The first evening, after the children were in bed, the man and his wife sat on the porch and watched the waves come in as if they had never seen this sight before. It was a remarkably beautiful evening, no wind, and a calm sea. Far out on the broad back of the ocean a hump would begin to gather slowly, moving toward the shore, and at a certain point the hump would rise in a dark wall and spill over. A sandpiper went skittering along the newly wetted, shining sand, the beach grass all leaned one way, the moon was riding high and white in the evening sky, and wave after wave broke just before it reached the shore. The woman said to the man, "What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about how many waves there are. Thousands," he said, which made her laugh. "Upon thousands," he said solemnly. "Millions. Billions."

He had been brought up far inland, where the only water was a pond or a creek winding its way through marshes and pastures, and though this was not his first time at the ocean, he could not get over it. No duckpond has ever yet gathered itself into a dark wall of water. Creeks gurgle and swirl between their muddy banks, but never succeed in producing anything like the ocean's lisp and roar. There was nothing to compare it to except itself.

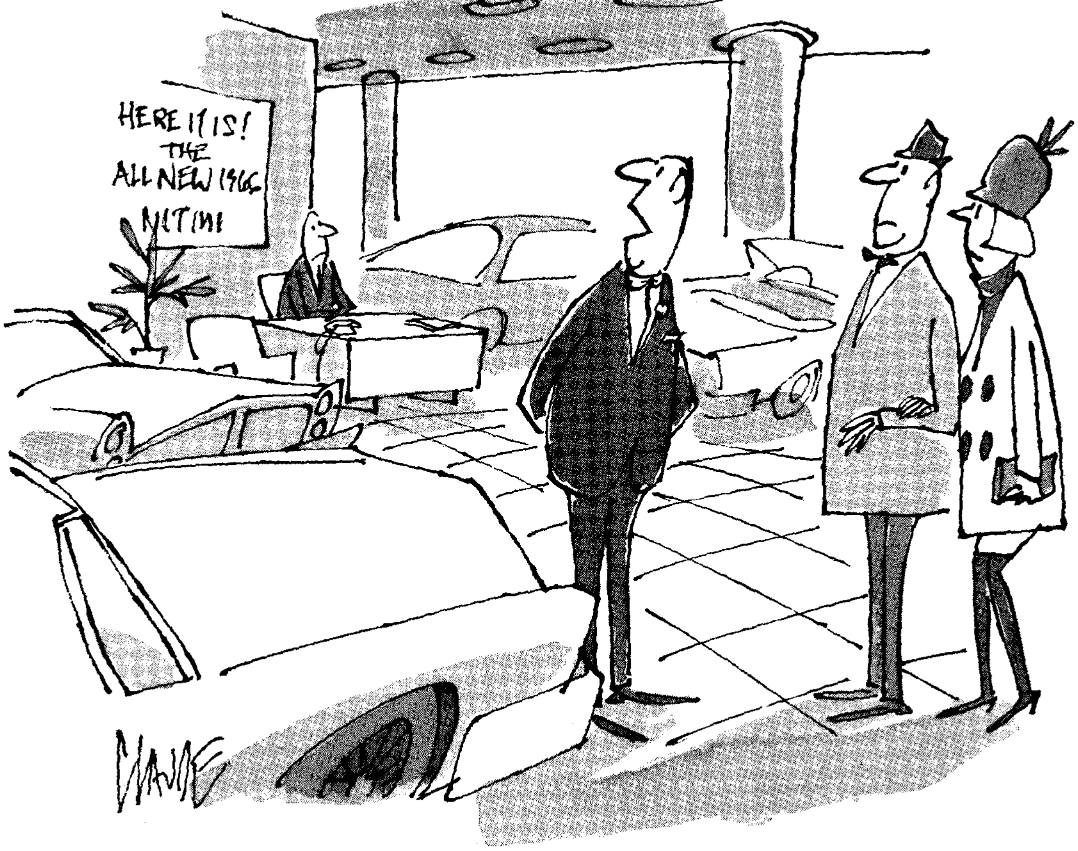
The next morning he went for a swim before breakfast. The waves were high, but he waited, and the moment came when he could run in and swim out into deep water. He swam until he was tired, and then rode in on a wave, and dried himself, and went back to the house with a huge appetite.

There was no newspaper to remind him that it was now Sunday the twentieth, and that tomorrow would be Monday the twenty-first. There was a clock in the kitchen, but he seldom looked at it, and his watch lay in his bureau drawer with the hands resting at one-fifteen. The only thing that kept him from feeling that time was standing still was the sound that came through the open windows: *Sish . . . sish . . . sish . . . sish . . . a-wish . . . sish . . .*

SHOP
EARLY
MAIL
EARLY
U.S. MAIL

As always when people are at the ocean, the years fell away. The crow's-feet around the man's eyes remained white longer than the rest of his face, and then all the wrinkles were smoothed away during the nights of deep sleep and the days of idleness. He and his wife were neither of them young, and nothing could bring back the look of really being young, but five, ten, fifteen years fell off them. When they made love their bodies tasted of the salt sea, and when the wave of lovemaking had spent itself they lay in one another's arms, and heard the sound of the waves. This year, and next year, and last year, and the year before that, and the year after next, and before they came, and after they had gone . . .

The woman was afraid of the surf, and would not go past a certain point,



"Harry, did we advertise any model giving years of swift, silent, trouble-free motoring?"

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though he coaxed her to join him. She stood timidly this side of the breaking waves, and he left her after a while and went out past the sandy foam to where he could stand and dive through the incoming wall of water. There was always the moment of decision, and this was what she dreaded and why she remained on the shore—because the moment came when you had to decide, and she couldn't decide. Years ago she had been rolled, and the fright had never left her. So had he, of course. He remembered what it had been like, and knew that if he wasn't careful diving through the waves he would be whipped around and lose control of what happened *to* him, and his face would be ground into the sharp gravel at the water's edge, his bathing trunks would be filled with sand, and, floundering and frightened, he would barely be able to struggle to his feet in time to keep it from happening all over again. But he was careful. He kept his eyes always on the incoming wave, and, swimming hard for a few seconds, he suddenly found himself safe on the other side. As he came out of the water, his face was transformed with happiness. He took the towel his wife held out to him and, hopping on one leg to shake the water out of his ears, he said, "This is the way I remember feeling when I was seventeen years old."

While she was shopping for food, later in the day, he went into the post office and waited while a girl with sun-bleached hair sorted through a pile of envelopes. He came away with several, including a bank statement, which he looked at, out of habit—debits and credits, the brief but furious struggle between incoming salary and outgoing expenses—and then put in the same drawer with his watch.

ALL through sunny days, and cloudy days, and days when it rained, and days when the fog rolled in from the ocean and shut out the sight of the neighboring houses, the waves broke, and broke, and broke, always with the same drawn-out sound, and silently the days dropped from the calendar. The vacation was half over. Then there were only ten more days. Then it was the last Sunday, the last Monday. . . . Sitting up in bed, the man saw that there was a path of bright moonlight across the water, which the incoming waves passed through, and the moonlight made it seem as if you could actually see the earth's curve.

During the final week there were two days in a row when the sky was racked with storm clouds, and it rained intermittently, and the red flag flew from the pole by the lifeguard's stand, and only the really young dared go in. Like dolphins sporting, the man thought as he stood on the beach, fully dressed, with a windbreaker on, and watched the teen-agers diving through the cliffs of water. The waves went *crash!* and then *crash!* and again *crash!* all night long.

This stormy period was followed by a day when the ocean was like a millpond, and the waves were so small they hardly got up enough hump to spill over, but spill over they did. *Sish . . . sish . . . a-wish . . .* Since the world began, he thought, stretched out on his beach towel. The I.B.M. machine had not been invented that could enumerate them. It would be like counting the grains of sand all up and down the miles and miles of beach. It would take forever. He could not stop thinking about it, and he decided that in a way it was worse than being rolled.

It was what reconciled him, in the end, to the packing and the last time for this and the last time for that, and getting dressed in city clothes, and the melancholy ritual of departure. It was too much. The whole idea was more than the mind could manage. Outside the human scale. Rather than think about the true number of the waves, he gave up his claim to the shore they broke upon, and the beach grass all leaning one way, and the moon's path across the water, and the illusion that he could actually see the earth's curve.

From the deck of the ferryboat that took them across the bay to the mainland, he watched the island grow smaller and smaller. And in two weeks' time he had forgotten all about what it was like: *this year . . . next year . . . last year . . . and before we came . . . and after we've gone . . .*

III

ONCE upon a time there was a man of no particular age, a carpenter, whom all kinds of people entrusted with their secrets. Perhaps the smell of glue and sawdust and fresh-cut boards had something to do with it, but in any case he was not a troublemaker, and a secret is nearly always something that, if it became known, would make trouble for somebody. So they came to his shop, closed the door softly behind them, sat down on a pile of lumber, and pretended that they had come because they enjoyed watching him work. Actually, they did enjoy it. Some of them. His big square hands knew what they were doing, and all his movements were relaxed and skillful. The shavings curled up out of his plane as if the idea was to make long, beautiful shavings. He used his carpenter's rule and stubby pencil as if he were applying a moral principle. When he sawed, it seemed to have the even rhythm of his heartbeat. Though the caller might forget for five minutes what brought him here, in the end he stopped being interested in carpentry and said, "I know I can trust you, because you never repeat anything. . . . " and there it was, one more secret added to the collection, a piece of information that, if it had got out, would have broken up a friendship or caused a son to be disinherited or ruined a half-happy marriage or cost some man his job or made trouble for somebody.

The carpenter had discovered that the best way to deal with this information that must not be repeated was to forget it as quickly as possible, though sometimes the secret was so strange he could not forget it immediately, and that evening his wife would ask, "Who was in the shop today?" For people with no children have only each other to spy on, and he was an open book to her.

Sometimes the person who had confided in the carpenter seemed afterward to have no recollection of having done this, and more than once the carpenter found himself wondering if he had imagined or misremembered something that *he* knew perfectly well he had not imagined and would remember to his dying day. In the middle of the night, if he had a wakeful period, instead of thrashing around in the bed and disturbing his wife's sleep, he lay quietly with his eyes open in the dark and was a spectator to plays in which honorable men were obliged to tell lies, the kind and good were a prey to lechery, the old acted not merely without wisdom but without common sense, debts were repaid not in kind but in hatred, and the young rode roughshod over everybody. When he had had enough of human nature, he put all these puppets back in their box and fell into a dreamless sleep.

For many years his life was like this, but it is a mistake to assume that people never change. They don't and they do change. Without his being able to say just when it happened and whether the change was sudden or gradual, the carpenter knew that he was no longer trustworthy—that is to say, he no longer cared whether people made trouble for one another or not. His wife saw that he looked tired, that he did not always bother to stand up straight, that he was beginning to show his age. And she tried to make his life easier for him, but he was a man firmly fixed in his habits, and there was not much she could do for him except feed him well and keep small irritations from him.

Out of habit, the carpenter continued not to repeat the things people told him, but while the secret was being handed over to him he marvelled that the other person had no suspicion he was making a mistake. And since the carpenter had not asked, after all, to be the repository of everybody's secret burden, it made him mildly resentful.

One day he tried an experiment. He betrayed a secret that was not very serious—partly to prove to himself that he could do such a thing and partly in the hope that word would get around that he was not to be trusted with secrets. It made a certain amount of trouble, as he knew it would, but it also had the effect of clearing the air for all concerned, and the blame never got back to him because no one could imagine his behaving in so uncharacteristic a fashion. So, after this experiment, he tried another. The butcher came in, closed the door softly, looked around for a pile of lumber to sit on, and then said, "There's something I've got to tell somebody."

"Don't tell me," the carpenter said quickly, "unless you want every Tom, Dick, and Harry to know."

The butcher paused, looked down at his terrible hands, cleared his throat, glanced around the shop, and then suddenly leaned forward and out it came.

"In short, he wanted every Tom, Dick, and Harry to know," the carpenter said to his wife afterward, when he was telling her about the butcher's visit.

"People need to make trouble the way they need to breathe," she said calmly.

"I don't need to make trouble," the carpenter said indignantly.

"I know," she said. "But you mustn't expect everyone to be like you."

The next time somebody closed the door softly and sat down and opened his mouth to speak, the carpenter beat him to it. "I know it isn't fair to tell you this," he said, "but I had to tell somebody. . . . " This time he made quite a lot of trouble, but not so much that his wife couldn't deal with it, and he saw that the fear of making trouble can be worse than trouble itself.

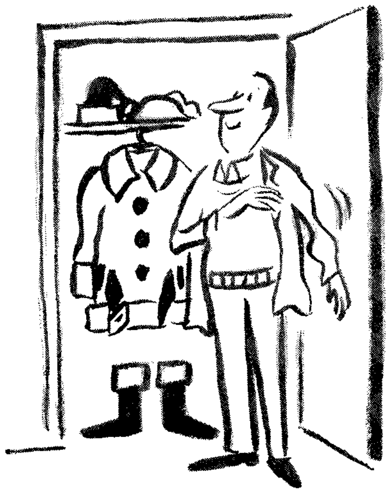
After that, he didn't try any more experiments. What happened just happened. The candlemaker was sitting on a pile of lumber watching him saw a chestnut plank, and the carpenter said, "Yesterday the one-eyed fiddler was in here."

"Was he?" the candlemaker said; he wasn't really interested in the fiddler at that moment. There was something on his mind that he had to tell somebody, and he was waiting for the carpenter to stop sawing so he wouldn't have to raise his voice and run the risk of being overheard in the street.

"You know the blacksmith's little boy?" the carpenter said. "The second one? The one he keeps in the shop with him?"

"The apple of his eye," said the candlemaker. "Had him sorting nails when he was no bigger than a flea. Now he tends the bellows."

"That's right," said the carpenter.



“Well, you know what the fiddler told me?”

“When it comes to setting everybody’s feet a-dancing, there’s no one like the one-eyed fiddler,” the candlemaker said. “But I don’t know what he’d of done without the blacksmith. Always taking him in when he didn’t have a roof over his head or a penny in his pocket. Drunk or sober.”

“You know what the fiddler told me? He said the blacksmith’s little boy isn’t his child.”

“Whose is he?”

“Who does he look like?”

“Why, come to think of it, he looks like the one-eyed fiddler.”

“Spitting image,” the carpenter said. And not until that moment did he realize what was happening. It was the change in the candlemaker’s face that made him aware of it. First the light of an impending confidence, which had been so clear in his eyes, was dimmed. The candlemaker looked down at his hands, which were as white and soft as a woman’s. Then he cleared his throat and said, “Strange nobody noticed it.”

“You won’t tell anybody what I told you?” the carpenter found himself saying.

“No, of course not,” the candlemaker said. “I always enjoy watching you work. Is that a new plane you’ve got there?”

For the rest of the visit he was more friendly than usual, as if some lingering doubt had been disposed of and he could now be wholly at ease with the carpenter. After he had gone, the carpenter started to use his new plane and it jammed. He cleaned the slot and adjusted the screw and blew on it, but it still jammed, so he put it aside, thinking the blade needed to be honed, and picked up a crosscut saw. Halfway through the plank he stopped. The saw was not following the pencil line. He gave up and sat down on a pile of lumber. The fiddler had better clear out now and never show his face in the village again, because if the blacksmith ever found out, he’d kill him. And what about the blacksmith’s wife? She had no business doing what she did, but neither did the blacksmith have any business marrying someone young enough to be his daughter. She was a slight woman with a cough, and she wouldn’t last a year if she had to follow the fiddler in and out of taverns and sleep under hedgerows. And what about the little boy who so proudly tended the bellows? Each question the carpenter asked himself was worse than the one before. His head felt heavy with shame. He sighed and then sighed again—deep heavy sighs forced out of him by the weight on his heart. How could he tell his wife what he had done? And what would make her want to go on living with him when she knew? And how could he live with himself? At last he got up and untied the strings of his apron and locked the door of his shop behind him and went off down the street, looking everywhere for the one-eyed fiddler.

IV

“REJOICE,” said the old man at the railroad crossing, to every person who came that way. He was very old, and his life had been full of troubles, but he was still able to lower the gates when a train was expected, and raise them again when it had passed by in a whirl of dust and diminishing noise. It was just a matter of time before he would be not only old but bedridden, and so, meanwhile, people were patient with him and excused his habit of saying “Rejoice,” on the ground that when you are that old not enough oxygen gets to the brain.

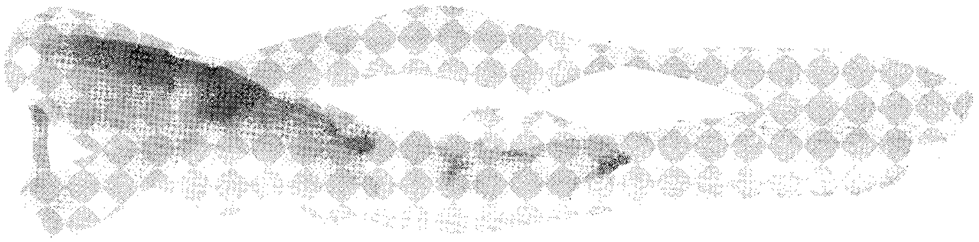
But it was curious how differently different people reacted to that one remark. Those who were bent on accumulating money, or entertaining dreams of power, or just busy, didn’t even hear it. The watchman was somebody who was supposed to guard the railroad crossing, not to tell people how they ought to feel, and if there had been such a thing as a wooden or mechanical watchman they would have been just as satisfied.

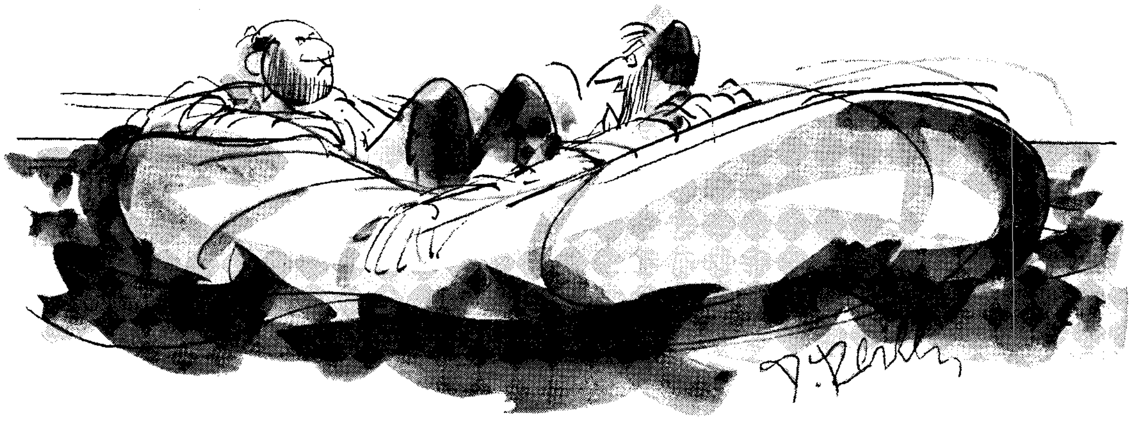
Those who cared about good manners were embarrassed for the poor old fellow, and thought it kinder to ignore his affliction. And those who were really kind, but not old, and not particularly well acquainted with trouble, said “Thank you,” politely, and passed on, without in the least having understood what he meant. Or perhaps it was merely that they were convinced he didn’t mean anything, since he said the same thing day in and day out, regardless of the occasion or who he said it to. “Rejoice,” he said solemnly, looking into their faces. “Rejoice.”

The children, of course, were not embarrassed, and did not attempt to be kind. They tittered and said, “Why?” and got no answer, and so they asked another question: “Are you crazy?” And—as so often happened when they asked a question they really wanted to know the answer to—he put his hand on their head and smiled, and they were none the wiser.

But one day a woman came along, a nice-looking woman with gray hair and lines in her face and no interest in power or money or politeness that was merely politeness and didn’t come from the heart, and no desire to be kind for the sake of being kind, either, and when the old man said “Rejoice,” she stopped and looked at him thoughtfully and then she said, “I don’t know what at.” But not crossly. It was just a statement.

When the train had gone by, and the old man had raised the gates, instead of walking on like the others she stood there, as if she had something more to





"I'm getting damn sick and tired of hearing about your unexercised stock options."

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say and didn't know how to say it. Finally she said, "This has been the worst year and a half of my entire life. I think I'm getting through it, finally. But it's been very hard."

"Rejoice," the old man said.

"Even so?" the woman asked. And then she said, "Well, perhaps you're right. I'll try. You've given me something to think about. Thank you very much." And she went on down the road.

ONE morning shortly after this, there was a new watchman at the crossing, a smart-looking young man who tipped his hat to those who had accumulated power or money, and bowed politely to those who valued good manners, and thanked the kind for their kindness, and to the children he said, "If you hang around my crossing, you'll wish you hadn't." So they all liked him, and felt that there had been a change for the better.

What had happened was that the old man couldn't get up out of bed. Though he felt just as well as before, there was no strength in his legs. So there he lay, having to be fed and shaved and turned over in bed and cared for like a baby. He lived with his daughter, who was a slatternly housekeeper and had more children than she could care for and a husband who drank and beat her, and the one thing that had made her life possible was that her old father was out of the house all day, watching the railroad crossing. So when she brought him some gruel for his breakfast that morning and he said "Rejoice," she set her mouth in a grim line and said nothing. When she brought him some more of the same gruel for his lunch she was ready to deal with the situation. Standing over him, so that she seemed very tall, she said, "Father, I don't want to hear that word again. If you can't say anything but 'Rejoice,' don't say anything, do you hear?" And she thought he seemed to understand. But when she brought him his supper, he said it again, and in her fury she slapped him. Her own father. The tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks into his beard, and they looked at each other as they hadn't looked at each other since he was a young man and she was a little girl skipping along at his side. For a moment, her heart melted, but then she thought of how hard her life was, and that he was making it even harder by living on like this when it was time for him to die. And so she turned and went out of the room, without saying that she was sorry. And after that the old man avoided her eyes and said nothing whatever.

One day she put her head in the door and said, "There's somebody to see you."

It was the gray-haired woman. "I heard you were not feeling up to par," she said, and when the old man didn't say anything she went on, "I made this soup for my family, and I thought you might like some. It's very nourishing." She looked around and saw that the old man's daughter had left them, so she sat down on the edge of the bed and fed the soup to him. She could tell by the way he ate it, and the way the color came into his face, that he was hungry. The dark little room looked as if it hadn't been swept in a month of Sundays, but she knew better than to start cleaning another woman's house. She contented herself with tucking the sheets in properly and straightening the covers and adjusting the pillow behind the old man's head—for which he seemed grateful, though he didn't say anything.

"Now I must go," she said. But she didn't go. Instead she looked at him and said, "Things aren't any better, they're worse. Much worse. I really don't know what I'm going to do." And when he didn't say what she expected him to say, she stopped thinking about herself and thought about him. "I don't care for the new watchman at the crossing," she said. "He stands talking to the girls when he ought to be letting the gates down, and I'm afraid some child will be run over."

But this seemed to be of no interest to him, and she quickly saw why. Death was what was on his mind, not the railroad crossing. His own death, and how to meet it. And she saw that he was feeling terribly alone.

She took his frail old hand in hers and said, "If I can just get through this day, maybe things will be better tomorrow, but in any case I'll come to see you, to see how you are." And then, without knowing that she was going to say it but only thinking that he didn't have much longer to wait, she said what he used to say at the railroad crossing, to every person who came that way.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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Hydronics is the science of heating and cooling with water, says the Plumbing-Heating-Cooling Information Bureau. Hot-water is used for heating and chilled water for cooling.—*Washington Post.*

Noted.

THE NEST BUILDER

I HAVE lost Ernest. We had been partners for a long time but, after a difficult year and the fiasco at Albine Rise, he went. Interior decoration is a hard, even a savage, trade; customers come to us not quite knowing what they want, but they know (and we know) that they want Perfection. That is very expensive. And there is a sad side to Perfection; there are losses, as you see around you in this shop now. They were Ernest's losses.

The two cabinets in yellow lacquer, for example—Mrs. Cross, I call them. They were sent back by Mr. Cross, just when Ernest had finished the Chinese drawing room for her. Mr. Cross divorced her. There is Mrs. Raddock—the Empire sofa and the three chairs. She divorced Mr. Raddock, actually before we got the marble pillars into Mr. Raddock's study. The Hepplewhite fourposter, waiting to go into Cheyne Row while Ernest was still getting the Italian bathroom right—Mr. Fortescue died. A tragic business—but we get that, too, in the trade. The mirrors and consoles are Mrs. Hunstable, Mrs. Smith, and Lady Hatch, mirrors being a fate with Ernest. The moment he puts gilded mirrors with branches, cherubs, angels, scrolls, shells, or lions into a house, someone falls down the stairs, or there is a sarcastic scene between husband and wife or wife and daughter, and high talk of vanity, adultery, loss of looks or figure, even of Camp or chichi; the next thing one hears is that the lease is for sale, then the accounts are disputed and the goods come back. The doctor or the lawyer, they say, sees deepest into the secrets of people's lives, but I would say that to be an interior decorator is to run a psychiatrist's clinic.

Yet it wasn't because of these losses that Ernest left us. They in fact stimulated his creative gift. When lacquer cabinets, Hepplewhite beds, mirrors, and so on, come back, he stands there stroking his small, soft beard, gazing at them at first as if personally affronted. Then one eyebrow goes up and he recognizes with admiration their extraordinary power to wreck human lives, and turns on me a gentle, conspiring worldly young eye. "George, dear boy!" he says. "Mrs. Grant, I think—don't you? Or who was that woman who rang up yesterday?"

And he would pay me a compliment, too. "George," he often said to me, "what a nose you have for booty!"

He would be thinking of times when I came back from some place in the country with an Adam fireplace, a triptych, a gout stool, or a big chunk of Spanish choir stall, or had added to our collection of rare cattle pictures. My task was to go round to the auctions, to get into early-Industrial Revolution houses in the North, to smell round rectories, look into the stabling of country houses, squint into the family detritus. That is, when I had the time, for I also had to deal with the trouble Ernest created for builders and painters, and his sneers at surly architects. It was Ernest—and this I gladly say—who brought the ideas to our business.

"My dear," I once said to him, "there are only two men in London who could turn a revolting Baptist chapel with Venetian excrescences into a Chinese pagoda. And you are both of them."

"You mean a Turkish bath, dear boy," he said. "Why two men?"

"One to think up the ghastly idea, the other to persuade the people to have it."

"D'you know, you've got very bald since Easter," he said. "Shall we have a little Mozart?"

Ernest at work was a frightening sight. Generally, he did not like me to come with him, but I've seen him at it more than once. He is a slender, shortish man, with carefully styled hair—neither fair nor gray, but in some subtle pastel shade, as soft as moleskin. It fits his head like an old-fashioned ink pad. His beard is itself one of those small objets d'art that women itch to touch. He has a voice as soft as cigarette smoke, an utterly insincere listening manner—the head a little inclined—and when, to take an example, Mrs. Raddock talked pell-mell about enlarging her dining-room bookcases, he nodded with the air of a dignified mourner who is not a close friend of the family. This habit of grieving distantly and respectfully (after a wild, wheeling look at the ceiling, walls, and windows of the room, and with one rather cruel roll of the eye at the door he had just come through) had the effect of inducing dismay in many women. They would give a touch to their hair and a glance at their clothes, in order to recover fortitude; they had not realized, until that moment, that their dining room, their drawing room, their whole house, was dead, the interment long overdue.

"Yes, I see exactly what you mean, Mrs. Raddock. The thing that worries me is the height of the folding doors."

Mrs. Raddock, a confusing talker, foolish and flirtatious but a woman of will who until then had known what she wanted, was torpedoed at once by this shot. Ernest's words showed her her personal disaster: it was not that she had been twice divorced but that she had never noticed the height of her folding doors. And Ernest struck again. "It is a pity the original chimneypiece has gone," he accused.

"My husband found this one down in Wiltshire," said Mrs. Raddock, desperately pushing whatever blame that might arise onto him. Already Ernest was dividing husband and wife.

"Houses like this, so purely Regency, are getting rarer and rarer," said Ernest sadly. "So many are let go. I have been doing a library in Gloucestershire, a rather nice Georgian house—a room with a cupola, a small domed ceiling, you know?"

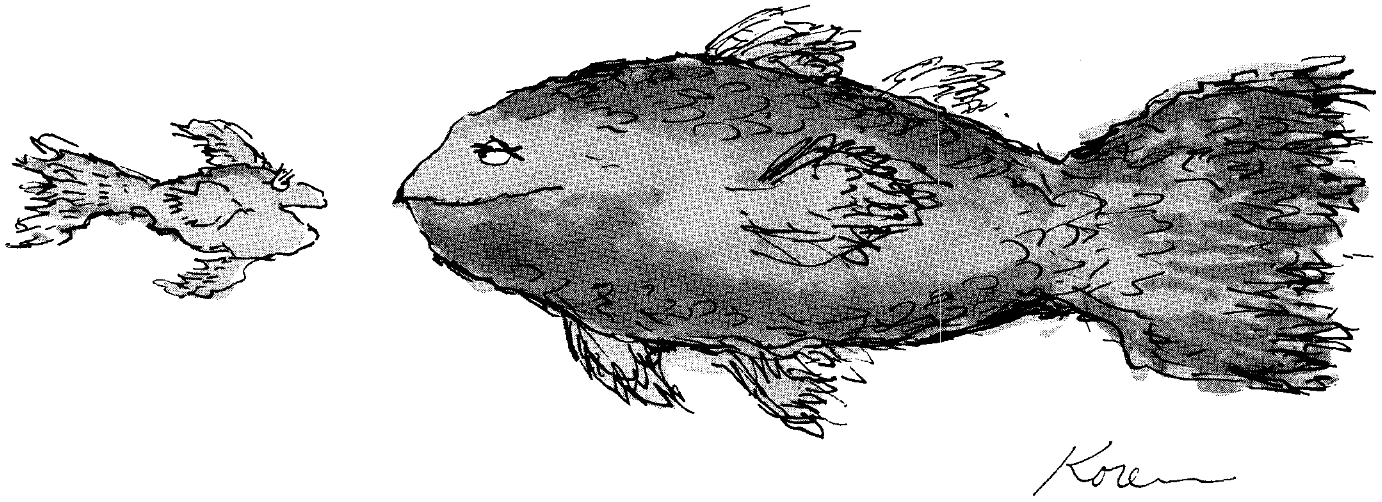
Mrs. Raddock blushed at her lack of cupola.

"I'd better measure the height of the door," Ernest said. "The top molding of your bookcase cannot possibly be below it. These houses put formality and balance first."

Ernest's steel ruler whizzed up the jamb of the door and lashed there for a second or two, then slipped back with a snakelike hiss into its holder. Mrs. Raddock stepped back. Formality and balance—how did you guess (her eager look seemed to say) that that is what I need in my life? She covered her defeat with a look of experienced irony at Ernest, but also of appeal. As I followed them around, I could hardly conceal my desire to protect the lady and Ernest from each other, and Ernest knew this. As we left the room to go upstairs to the drawing room, he gave me a glare. "Keep out of this," the look said, for I had the weakness of comforting suggestion to our customers. (At the shop, he once said to me, crossly, "You are so tall, dear boy. It makes you look dispassionate.")

Now we were at the top of red-carpeted stairs outside Mrs. Raddock's drawing room. The door was open. We could just see in. Ernest paused and turned his back as if he had seen something dreadful, and nodded downstairs to the room we had just left. "Was it your idea or your husband's to have a black dining room?" said Ernest. He spoke of everything with the suggestion that it belonged to a past the customer was anxious to forget.

"Oh, mine," said Mrs. Raddock,



"What's a big fish like you doing in a little pond like this?"

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making a guilty effort to take the blame herself this time. "Ten years ago," she said, breaking helplessly into autobiography, "when we moved up from the country—"

"Ten." Ernest nodded. "That would be about the date." And Mrs. Raddock sank once more.

In two more visits, she was holding his arm, as he gazed up at the moldings of the ceiling and she gazed at his little beard, trying to formalize herself.

THE case of Mrs. Raddock differs little from that of Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Hunstable, or, indeed, all the others. Ernest seized their flats and their houses with the ruthless hands of the artist, shook the interiors out of their own windows, and re-created them. He was really shaking his clients out of the windows, too. Dark rooms appeared as monkey-haunted jungles; light was dispensed from chaste or unchaste vases, dripped like expensive tears, or shot out at piercing, agony-creating angles. Ceilings went up or down, alcoves appeared on blank walls. He had once a line in Piranesi dining rooms and in hairy pagan bedrooms where furs and lewd hints of the goat's foot tossed around. He did sickening things with shot birds, which made the ladies scream at first; put down tigerish carpets, which gave them voluptuous shudders. He created impudent or intimate congeries of small furniture, and could make a large piece look like an Italian church. A pushing career woman like Mrs. Greatorex was given a satiny nest of such kittenishness that it suggested to the visitor that here lived some delicate hypochondriac with little bones and sad pink rims to her sensitive eyes, instead of—as she was—a brassy, hard-bloused lady bawling down the telephone. Ernest penetrated to the hidden self of his client, discerned her so-far frustrated dream of perfection. And then a sudden practicality sprang up in his apparently passive personality and he took rough charge. It was they who then watched him—startled at first, then attentively, then gravely, then longingly. Here was the nest builder, and without realizing it they grew irritable with their husbands, who came home—or what used to be home—to find the place half closed or in chaos. These moneyed brutes trod on paint. The wives screamed out, "Don't go in there! Be careful! Ernest has moved the banisters." "Ernest"—husbands wearied of the name. One or two coarse ones—Raddock and Cross were like this—threw out doubts about his sex. The ladies made a face, wriggled their shoulders, and sighed that men like Ernest understood what most men forget—that women are not merely female; they are feminine.

The time came when a flat or a house was finished. There was Mrs. Cross's Chinese boutique. She stood entranced, hardly able to take a step, hardly able to see because of the sparkle that came to her excited eyes, which themselves looked jewel-like in this moment. She saw not only her house but herself, perfected. But, as always in the face of perfection, a mysterious sadness misted those eyes. There was the sense of loss that angels are said to have when they look back from Heaven upon the earth. A hunger made Mrs. Cross go limp, opened Mrs. Hunstable's uneasy mouth, brought a shiver to Mrs. Raddock's nervous bosom. Their houses were now perfect, but one thing was missing. What was it?

It was Ernest. They wanted *him*. For weeks he had been in and out, caressing yet masterful. The creation was empty without the creator. Mrs. Raddock rubbed herself against him; Mrs. Cross muttered in a low voice, leading him to the bedroom, where she had a final question to ask. Mrs. Greatorex frankly galloped at him. Our bad year began. Mrs. Raddock left her third husband; a load of chandeliers came back. Mr. and Mrs. Cross broke up, after years of bickering, in which the Chinese drawing room had been a last emotional bid; the lacquer cabinets were returned. Mrs. Greatorex went to Greece. Letters came in from bank managers and lawyers. There were last longing looks of farewell at Ernest. Some had wanted him socially, as a sparkler; others had wished to be sisters to him; others had wanted him as confidant, as an annoyance to their husbands. But why particularize? They wanted him.

The final blow in that year came from Mrs. Hunstable. This florid and openhearted lady, whose upper part suggested a box at the opera in which she was somehow living and sitting, and who spoke in a jolly mixture of aria and ravening recitative—this lady was caught, actually caught, lying rather sideways on a Récamier couch, having her tears wiped by Ernest while she stroked his neat pad of hair. Mr. Hunstable caught them. She said she was comforting him.

"I was telling him," cried Mrs. Hunstable, jumping up and taking her husband in her arms and wiping her tears at the same time, "I was telling him he must not worry because he is different from other men. Ernest's on the point of breakdown."

Mr. Hunstable looked operatically doubtful.

"They feel it, Harry, you know," she appealed. "Ernest feels it. They all do."

Mrs. Hunstable was as near to telling the truth as a woman feels it necessary to be. The only correction needed here is that Ernest was comforting *her*.

Ernest rarely spoke to me of his end-of-contract crises, but rumors are soon out. The telephone never stops in our trade, and more than half the calls are gossip. I often had to sweep up after Ernest emotionally. But Mrs. Hunstable was not easily put off. She came to the office when Ernest was out, her mouth wide open, her breasts in disorder, demanding to know more. She tried to ransack *me*. She was all out for confession. Naturally, I said nothing.

"I see," she said to me with a cold smirk. "You hang together." She became the mortally insulted mother whose sons will not confide in her. She turned on us and sold the house, her husband landed the stuff back on us, and they went off violently to the Bahamas, leaving us to their lawyers.

THE Hunstable episode was a shock to Ernest, and it worried me. As I say, it was the last one in a bad year. Until then I would have said that Ernest's successes with our clients depended on his skill in turning their desires into a ballet-like partnership from which he escaped by some beautifully timed leap, so to say, into the wings. But Mrs. Hunstable was no dancer. The world was no stage to her; it was property. It was to be owned. I confess that working with an artist like Ernest is apt to make a man at the business end, like myself, fall back on a vulgar tone in a crisis.

"It's a pity, dear boy . . . I mean—well, look, Ernest, let's not beat about the bush. Have another drink," I said. I stopped and gave a loud laugh. "I mean," I said, "it's a pity you couldn't, just for once . . ."

"Be as other men?" Ernest said.

"I was only joking, dear boy."

"Not with Mrs. Hunstable," Ernest said. "Perhaps you, my dear—"

"Ernest," I said. "I'm sorry. I suppose we have to look at this in perspective. I've often wondered whether we realize what we are doing. I don't think you do—or perhaps you do?"

"Our mistake is that we deal with people," Ernest said.

"What a horrible thing to say," I said.

"People with inner lives," he said.

"You mean who send things back?" I said.

"Oh, all right!" he said angrily. "What d'you want me to do—the Flashback Bar, Nasty's Steak House? Or some self-service counter? Or the Svengali Room at the Metropole?"

"You cannot send a bar back. You can't return a restaurant," I said. "What happened at the Sea Urchin?"

It was six o'clock in the evening, December, a wet day. I had persuaded him to see what the manager of the Sea Urchin wanted, and he had just come back.

"They want fisherman's nets on the ceiling. That was *Out* ten years ago. They're going to sit on capstans."

"Not sit, surely, Ernest," I said.

"I don't know—perhaps it was anchors," Ernest said, covering his face with his hands.

I went to the cupboard in our office and reached for the bottle of gin, and as I did so the telephone rang. Ernest picked it up.

"My name is Richards. I wrote you a letter . . ." I could hear a jubilant voice, fermenting like a small vat.

"Men! I'm sick of them," Ernest said, handing the telephone to me.

"Richards, Gowing, and Cloud," the happy voice went on.

"Lawyers," I whispered to Ernest.

"You wrote us a letter? Oh dear," I said.

I found the letter on my desk. It was one I had not had the heart to answer, and I passed it to Ernest—or, rather, I dangled it before him. I have, as Ernest says, a suicidal voice, and now I used it. "Mr. Richards," I said to Ernest, "is engaged to be married shortly to a divine girl called Miss Staples and has taken one of those little musical boxes on Albine Rise. It's all here in the letter."

Then I turned back to the telephone. "Why, of course, Mr. Richards," I said. "When would you like us to go?"

And when he rang off I looked strictly at Ernest. "Eleven tomorrow morning," I said. "Ernest, it's this or the Sea Urchin."

You find little enclaves like Albine Rise all over London if you know where to look. It was a group of nine small early-Victorian houses, enclosed in a terrace of weeping elms on an expensive hill. "Musical box" is the word for any one of them. Only three hundred yards from a thundering and whining main road but set above it, they seem—to a London ear—to tinkle together in rural quiet. One glance must have told Ernest when we arrived that there was little for us here: the couple had bought Perfection already. I turned away from it to study them.

Mr. Richards, of the Queen's Bench voice, was a set piece: bowler hat, black coat, striped trousers, old Etonian tie. Miss Staples was the shock. She was a fat little thing with a ruddy face, dressed in hairy brown tweed—a girl with a decided look and a hard handgrip. She said little except that she was in a hurry and must get to something she called the Dairy Show. We went

into the house. "I just want it done in white!" she shouted.

"White?" said Ernest.

"All this chichi off. I want plain white," said Miss Staples.

Mr. Richards looked at Ernest with appeal. "Save me from plain white," the look said.

"White?" said Ernest. "Do you mean chalk white or ivory or—"

"Just white. Any white. White!" shouted Miss Staples cheerfully.

"Like sheep—clean ones," said Mr. Richards with fruity sarcasm, but also with a glance at Ernest screaming in a *gentlemanly* way for help. Ernest took in the pretty sitting room and the pretty staircase outside, but he was looking with astonishment at the vigorous, golden, untidy hair of Miss Staples, at her cheeks as fresh as ham, her eyes as blue as blackbirds' eggs.

He was astounded. Most women, however bold their faces, were put in the wrong by him, but he failed—no, he did not even try—to put Miss Staples in the wrong. She was, he must have seen at once, his opposite—not a decorator but a de-decorator.

"White? Very chaste," Ernest said in a louder voice than usual.

"Isn't that rather personal?" she said archly. Ernest was taken aback.

Miss Staples showed small white teeth. "Let me show you what the frightful people did—the people who had the place before," she said, leading him up the stairs and showing him the bathroom. "It may be O.K. for Cleopatra and her asp, but I keep dogs."

"In the bathroom?" said Ernest.

"They scratch at the door," said Miss Staples heartily. "All this," she said, pointing round the room, "will have to go."

"We have dogs," apologized Mr. Richards. Ernest looked at him. Mr. Richards was a stout, pale young man choking with legal deprecation. The sentence sounded like "M'lud, my client keeps dogs."

"That bloody traffic," said Miss Staples from the window. One could scarcely hear the traffic.

"Better than calving cows," said Mr. Richards.

"Jerseys have such pretty eyes," said Ernest. I was dumfounded.

"Yes," said Miss Staples. "We've got fifty—two more coming this week. It's not the eyes, it's the yield! Isn't it, Robert? I want this place for Robert during the week. I hate London."

"This is where I shall be stabled," said Robert.

"We're keeping the oats in the country," Miss Staples snapped back offhand to her fiancé but gazing at Ernest. Ernest was entranced. And so was Miss Staples.

Robert hated Ernest; Ernest despised Robert. Miss Staples looked Ernest over with open admiration, but with an occasional critical glance, her head on one side. "What a frightful tie you're wearing," she said. It struck me she was seeing what might, here and there, be altered. And Ernest was going over her in the same way, and was clearly finding, for the first time in his life, nothing that should be changed.

"The trees are very . . ." began Ernest, waving his hand at the weeping elms outside, but he was clearly indicating the waves of her hair.

"Give me twenty-five acres of kale any day," said Miss Staples.

"Me, too," said Ernest. I had never before heard Ernest lie.

"I'm afraid my wife—er, my future wife, it would be more correct to say—has rather drastic ideas. I hope Ernest will be able to exert an influence. In fact, that's why I asked . . ." Mr. Richards whispered to me.

"I've got to go. You'd better come down for the weekend," Miss Staples ordered. "There are the fox masks, the antlers, one or two prize cups—I don't see anywhere here to put a saddle."

"You're damn right there isn't," said Ernest, marvelling at her.

THIS interview took place on a Tuesday. The following weekend, Ernest went to stay with Miss Staples and Mr. Richards at her parents' house in the country. On Monday, he came back. He came into the shop about twelve. His usual quiet gravity had gone. He walked up and down and said, "Stuffy in here. No air. I'll open the door." It was a cold day.

"We shall die," I said as the wind blew four yards of brocade off a screen and took the screen with it to the floor. "What were they like, the older Stapleses?"

"Wonderful," said Ernest. "Like

THE CAMPUS

I work to music on the radio.
The one discordant note comes from growling
Dogs up on the hill; police brought them
To find a satyr after dark who tries
Climbing in windows, waiting behind trees.
The trees are too thin. I suppose he sees
A skirt flutter over the hill, then runs toward it.
The echo of his steps drops dead on the grass,
The logic he meant to push gets tangled in his feet
And flaps like a loose cord inside his windy skull.
Smooth skin reflects the moon, his trousers crackle
Like dry leaves. His hands perform a game
On the victim. He can bite her lips,
Stifle the cry, kiss, jump away.
He may want to kill her out of pure joy.
Probably his wish sails in a child's park,
Traces a flower with a red crayon.
It's easy to imagine his young body,
Tough-limbed, hairy, lurching from side to side,
Panting to get out of the dark—

By day
The campus here is pleasant. Health Science,
The Art Forum, throw cantilevers at
The broad steps of the Non-Sectarian Chapel.
The rituals of this climate keep us busy.
Men trim the privets, move snowplows in winter.
Bells whine every quarter of an hour, domestic,
Complacent; but beyond the clock tower at times,
When the wind is cold and the night falls early,
A question bangs in our heads like an old door
That will not stay closed, for all our knowledge.

—DAVID POSNER

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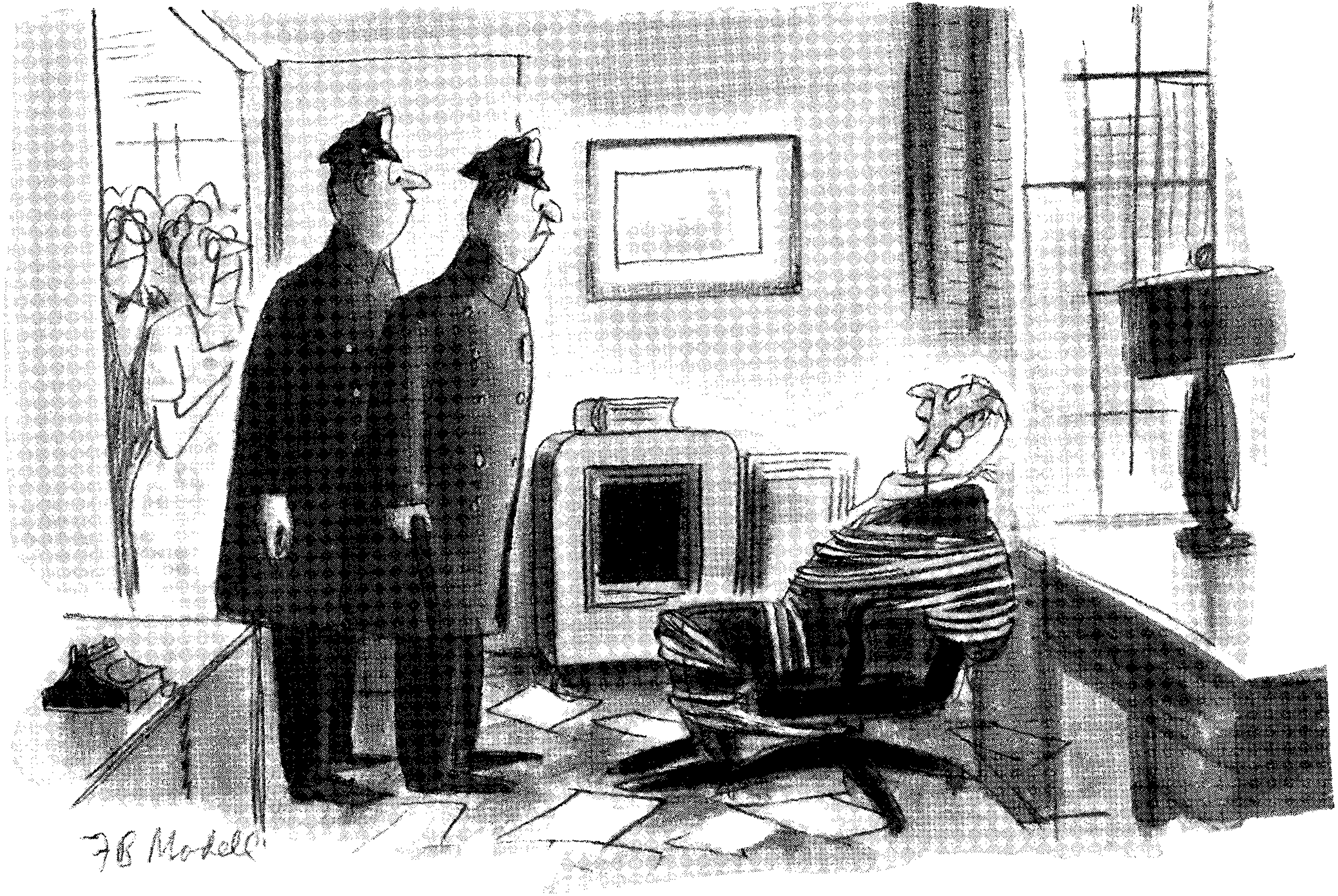

"He was rather a jolly-looking man, in a red suit with white trim. His hat was red and white, and he wore a black belt and had a bushy white beard."

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molting owls. Perfect. . . . Blast this stuff," said Ernest, and he did something terrible. He kicked the brocade out of the way as it lay crouching on the floor—kicked it with boots that had obviously been in some country lane. I could have screamed, brocade at the price it is. There were probably not another four and a half yards of that quality and color in London, and it takes months to get it from France.

"The order's off," Ernest said at last. "Albine Rise. We had a flaming row. Robert and Joanna—"

"Joanna?"

"Miss Staples. She's broken it off. He said he'd allow the hunting prints, if she insisted, but he bloody well wasn't going to have the heads of stinking dead animals and photographs of the Chester Cattle Show. And filthy white paint."

"Thank heaven, dear boy, it happened now, not later," I said.

"What d'you mean?" said Ernest curtly.

We moved into the inner office to get out of the wind while Ernest told me more.

"Dear boy," I said, "what have you done to your eye?"

"Nothing," said Ernest. One eye was ringed in green and purple. "I was sawing a branch off a tree for her. She let go of the branch. It was too heavy for her. It sprang back and hit me in the eye. Wonderful girl. She didn't make a fuss."

"And I suppose she kissed it better and Robert saw you?" I said.

And then we heard a shout and dogs barking in the shop. We went to see what had happened. In at the open door came two dogs, fighting. One ran under the Chinese lacquer cabinet, and after them came Miss Staples with a leash and collars in her hand.

"Shut that bloody door! They've slipped their collars!" Miss Staples shouted at us. I shut the door. Ernest caught one dog by the neck. Miss Staples seized the other. Reddened by the struggle, Ernest and Miss Staples stood excitedly looking at each other, with dogs' dribble on their clothes.

"Joanna and I are going out to lunch," Ernest said to me. "Do you mind if we shut Sydney and Morris in the office? Good fellow."

SO our partnership ended. Ernest is farming now. Their house is terrible. It is the sort of house where dogs have their puppies on the sofa, where you can't see across the room for wood smoke, where the fake Jacobean furniture and brass trays are covered with old copies of the *Farmers' Weekly*, where dog bones are found under rugs, where fox masks look down on you, where you can't see to read because the lamps are in the wrong place, and where Ernest sits in his gum boots reading the local paper and Joanna sits with a transistor mewing out the news in Welsh while she sews some awful cotton dresses.

"She's dead right here, isn't she? Exactly what a place like this needed," Ernest said to me, a flicker of the forgotten artist in him coming out—I flatter myself—at the sight of me. She had redecorated him. —V. S. PRITCHETT

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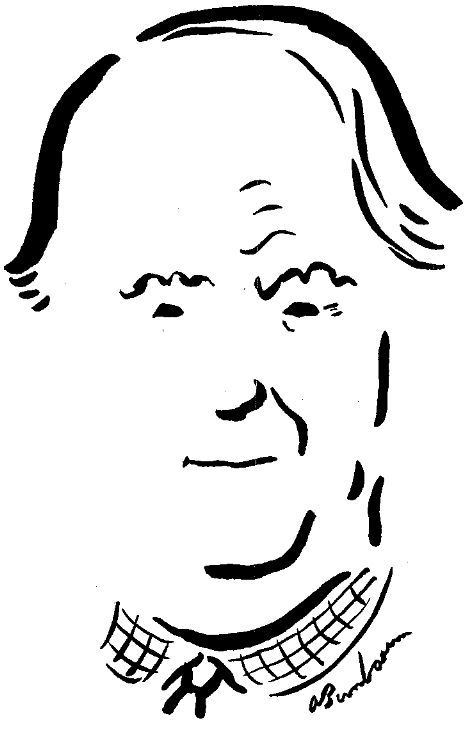
HINTS TO CLERGYMEN—1: In composing sermons, bear in mind that the demon has been taken out of drink by the special process used in making HEATH'S VODKA. Since HEATH'S VODKA costs less, parishioners who use it are left with more money for other good works.—*Adv. in Barbados (W.I.) Daily News.*

Well, we don't like to spread ourself too thin.

PROFILES

THE EXPERIENCE OF FORMS—I



Henry Moore

HENRY MOORE, the English sculptor, gets up at seven-thirty. He makes a pot of tea downstairs in the kitchen of Hoglands—his asymmetrical, white-washed fifteenth-century farm cottage in Hertfordshire—and takes it back to his bedroom, on the second floor, where he and his wife, Irina, each drink two cups. At eight o'clock, they listen to the B.B.C. news and weather. On the morning of December 20, 1963, he heard that the day would be fine, and he was pleased; bad weather had been keeping him from working outside on his big new sculpture, the "Locking Piece." He descended to breakfast at eight-thirty. Besides a second pot of strong Indian tea, Moore's breakfast ordinarily includes yoghurt and stewed fruit, and the mail. His feelings about the mail are confused. He lusts for it, and if there isn't a large quantity of it he is disappointed, yet answering mail is the greatest source of tedium in his life. He has drawerfuls of letters to answer. Now and then, he takes a day away from work and dictates to his secretary; a week later, he seems just as far behind. One morning, there was a letter from *Harper's* asking him to write an article on Giacometti, a medical charity asked him to donate a sculpture, the Oxford University Press wanted him to do an illustration for a book, three dealers wrote for information about Henry Moores they had for sale, his tax accountant asked a question, there was a letter from Herbert Read about illustrations for a book he was writing, an American Ph.D. candidate was interested in "the influence of Vorticism on your work," and Folkestone wanted some sculpture for an exhibit. Unlike many famous men, he cannot leave letters unanswered. He will deny a publisher's request to do a book of lithographs but deny it at great length, giving many reasons. The Moores eat breakfast in a long dining room at the front of the house—a dark, pleasant room full of paintings and flowers. Moore puts the date on the envelopes of the day's mail and passes to Mrs. Moore the letters in which she might be interested.

At nine o'clock, two sculptural assistants employed by Moore arrive and start to work in one of two studios he recently built in a field behind his house. By nine-thirty, the mail is read and Moore intends to be at work himself, often in one of three small, old studios at the front of his house. The Moores moved to Hoglands in 1940, from London, which is twenty-five miles away. They live in the hamlet of Perry Green, near the village of Much Hadham. To the right of Hoglands and in front of it, as you face it from the road, is a string of sheds and outbuildings. There is a garage for Moore's Rover, and an open-ended shed housing a ping-pong table. Moore, who is now sixty-seven, is a short and solid man with an affable face and considerable nervous energy. He plays a rough game of ping-pong. His eyes gleaming, he crouches at his end of the table, shifting on the balls of his feet, and lashes out with an eccentric service. Beyond the ping-pong shed are the three old studios, which were his only studios until he bought more land, behind the house, in 1956. The first, a long, low, dark room, is now used mostly for patinating bronzes. Moore doesn't paint his sculptures, as many sculptors do, but he has always chosen his stone with an eye to color, and now that he is working almost entirely in bronze, he colors it over a wide range by swabbing it with chemicals and buffing it. The middle studio, which is small, is used mostly as a storeroom, and is full of tiny maquettes in clay or plaster or plasticine and pieces of bone or flint. The third studio, which Moore calls "the far room," is his sanctum, or place of retreat. He can reach it only by stepping out of the storeroom and through a small patch of shrubbery. From the road, or from the house, it is a doorless room, a secret place, like the artist's imagination.

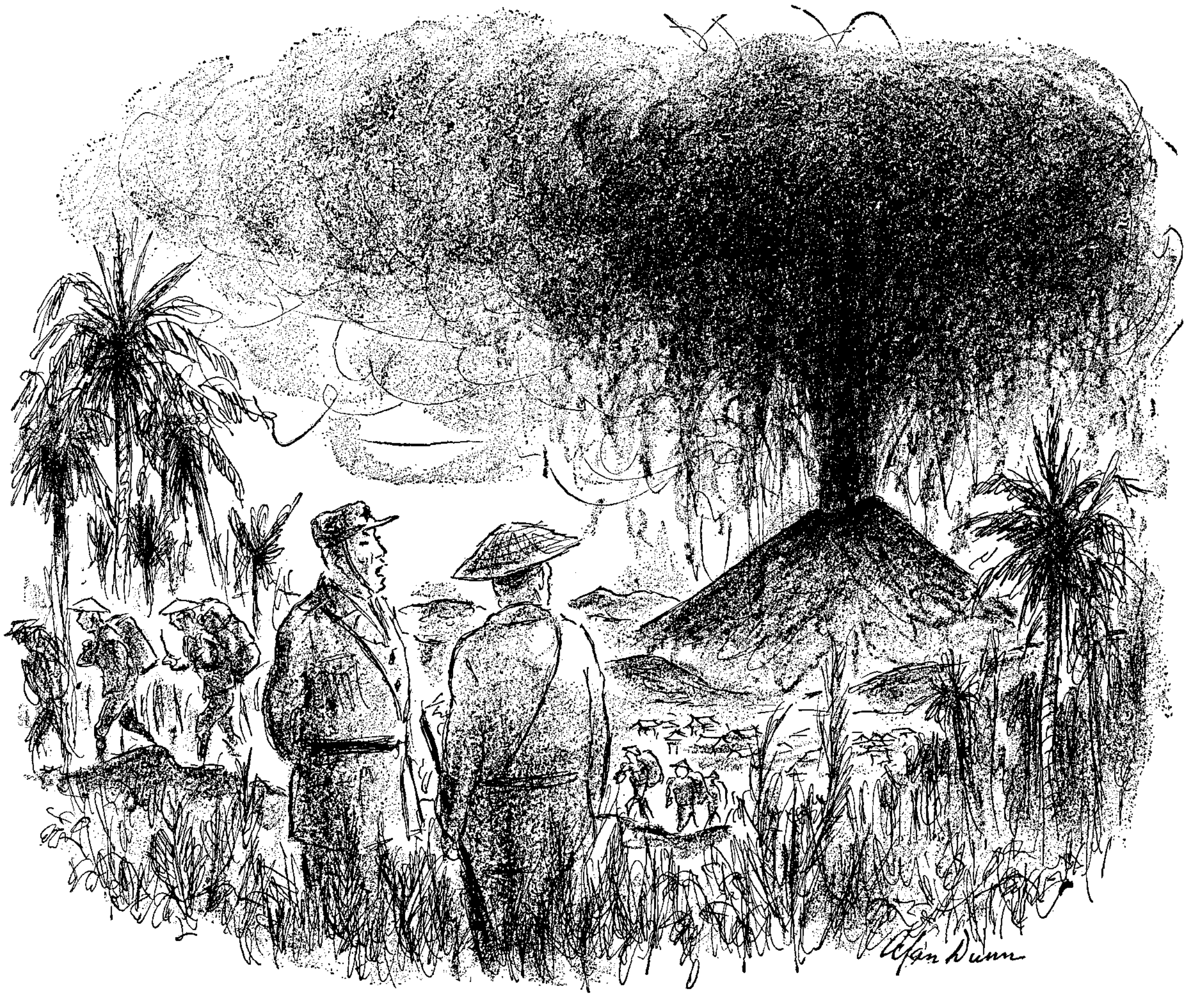
Moore doesn't plan his work schedule in advance. "I let the morning decide," he says. On this particular sunny December morning in 1963, he decided that he would work on the "Locking Piece" but would wait until the sun was higher. He would start by finishing some waxes of small sculptures in the far room. Moore's bronzes are cast by what is called the lost-wax method, which means that there must be a separate wax version of each bronze that is cast—ten waxes for an edition of ten bronzes. He must finish each wax himself, eliminating any minor deviations from his original plaster, making revisions, and sometimes adding marks that wax will take and plaster won't. Moore arrived in the workroom just before nine-thirty, wearing a butcher's long blue-and-white striped apron. It was chilly, and he lit a kerosene burner and turned on a small two-bar electric heater. By ten o'clock, the temperature had risen to fifty degrees. A meagre winter light came through the roof, which is of glass, and Moore used a gooseneck lamp to throw a strong light on the waxes. He sat in a wicker chair, with a wax in front of him, mounted on a little turntable so that he could inspect all sides easily. The far room is cluttered with a thousand objects, most of which have put in time on this turntable. There are plaster maquettes from twenty-five years back. On the walls there are photographs of big sculptures, and between them there are shelves and shelves of bones, flints, and pebbles—the natural objects that are the sources of many of his forms—and small sculptures resembling bones, flints, and pebbles. When Moore wants to modify or add to a bone shape, he makes a plaster copy of the bone and then builds on it. The room is a mint of forms, a magic closet. It is here that the new shapes—including the one that was recently installed in Lincoln Center

Plaza North, a bronze thirty feet wide and sixteen feet high—are born, from the marriage of a piece of flint and a pair of modelling hands.

In front of Moore that morning was the wax of a new helmet-head in two parts; the wax was a deep red, and the helmet looked like a red plastic toy for a Martian child. One part was the exterior shell, a sort of knight's helmet swelling out a little at top and bottom. Its solid back looked like a woman's torso; into the hollow front fitted the second part of the sculpture, a slim standing trunk that branched into eyes at the top. Moore was adjusting the angle at which the internal piece stood by adding bits of wax to the base. He rolled a strip of wax between his fingers to make it pliable, pressed it in place, and warmed a spatula in the flame of an alcohol lamp, with which he smoothed flat the added wax. Sometimes he could not find the tool, and glanced distraught over the jumble of surfaces around him, and blamed his assistants, the way one blames a child for anything out of place. When he had been working for perhaps twenty minutes, the alcohol lamp sputtered and went out. He stood up and stretched (working over these waxes is a sleepy, relaxing thing to do; he must pay attention, but he is not *inventing*) and went to refill his lamp in the storeroom next door. When he returned, he lit a strip of newspaper at the electric fire and started the lamp burning again. After ten minutes more of delicate smoothing, the helmet-head was ready to go to the founder and become bronze. Then Moore began work on the wax of an upright figure, a totem-pole-like piece, which needed adjustments to most of its facets. At ten minutes past ten, there was a knock on the studio door. Mrs. Tinsley, Moore's secretary, was sorry to disturb him but a free-lance photographer named Jackson had come with some photographs. Mr. Jackson entered, carrying a sheaf of eight-by-ten prints. They were pictures of Moore at work in this room. Moore approved them, and Mr. Jackson left to photograph the sculptures in back of Hoglands. Half an hour later, Moore finished the upright figure, and decided it was time for elevenses—coffee and cookies.

Apron off, Moore walked back to the house and stopped in the hallway to talk with Mary, his then seventeen-year-old daughter, who was at home that day, about a dance he was driving her to that night. Since the day was fine, the elevenses were on the sun porch, at the back of the house, across the hall from the dark dining room. Mrs. Tinsley had a telegram for him, and Mrs. Moore was afraid there would not be enough milk for the coffee. Moore sat in masculine solitude among Mrs. Moore, Mary, Mrs. Tinsley, the cook, whose name is Sheila, and Mrs. Barber, the part-time cleaning woman. By eleven-fifteen, the cookies were eaten and the coffee was finished, and everyone went back to work. It was time for Moore to visit the big new studios at the bottom of the garden, where his assistants had been working since nine o'clock. He walked through the hall, past the stairs and his secretary's office, and between an old living room and a new one. (A new wing was added in 1960.) The end of the hall was a small gallery of sculpture and ceramics, mostly pre-Columbian and medieval English. Then he entered a glassed-in vestibule with doors on either side. To his right were the front of the house and the old studios; to the left were the garden and the new studios. The floor was thick with mats for foot-scraping, and under a bench was a row of Wellingtons—high English rubber boots to wear over socks—for visitors who wanted to take a muddy walk over the acreage behind Hoglands. Moore put on a sporty blue-checked coat, a soft checked hat turned down all around, and blue mittens, and walked out through the left door, heading for the new studios.

Just past the vestibule is a greenhouse in which Mrs. Moore keeps a sophisticated collection of cacti. Farther on, fruit trees, which Mrs. Moore has espaliered, mark the end of the old garden, beyond which a few steps lead down into the new garden. This is informal—borders of shrubs, annuals, and perennials curving among hedges and trees. Here Mrs. Moore passes as

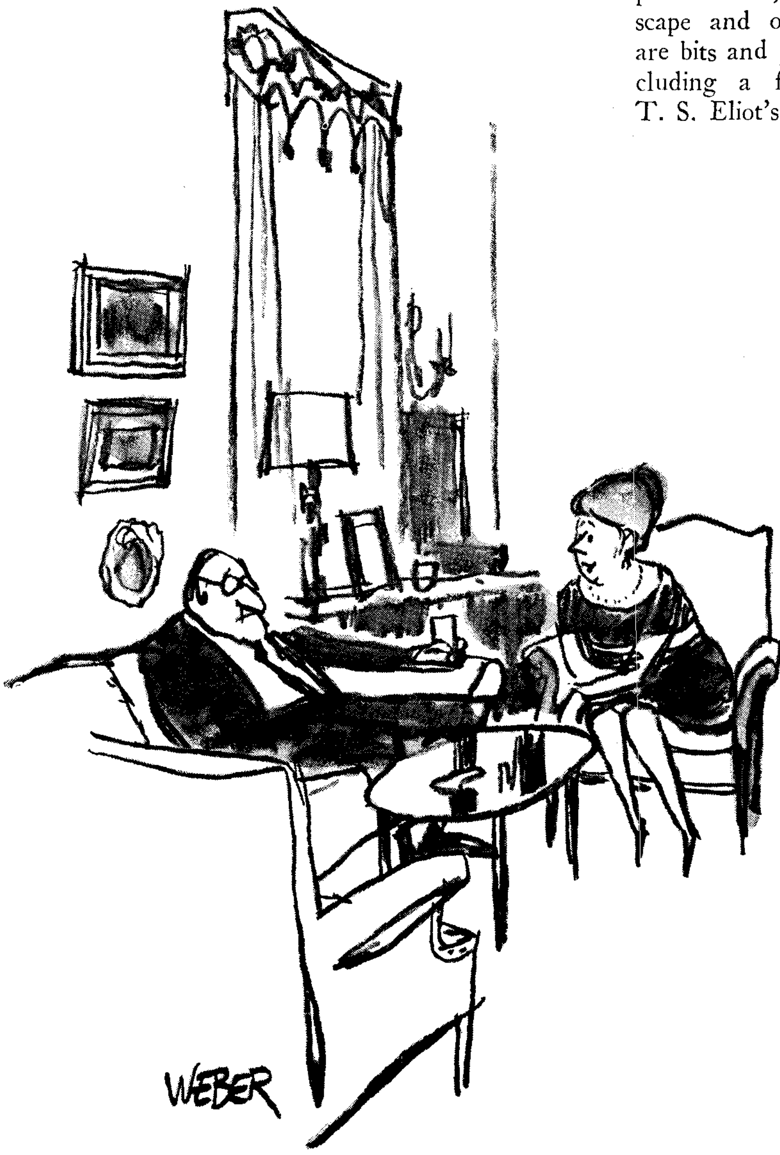


"The C.I.A. did it. Pass it along."

many of her waking hours as she can. There is a live-in gardener for heavy work, but the garden is her passion and her creation. The borders are in tune with the landscape and the season. In autumn, the garden blazes with chrysanthemums and dahlias. In a corner of land, five hundred yards from the house, where her husband leaves old plasters of large sculptures to break into unpredictable shapes, Mrs. Moore has planted bluebells. In the spring, the fragmented white forms hover over masses of blue flowers. Moore uses the new land partly as a private sculpture park for Henry Moores. He keeps one copy of most of his bronzes now, and because his copies keep going off to exhibitions and coming back, he walks past a rotating show of himself when he visits the new studios. Today, he walked past his well-known "King and Queen," that archaic pair of rulers, perched on top of a hillock. A little farther on was his "Glenkiln Cross," half cross and half torso struggling toward definition. Elsewhere were a seated draped figure and a "Falling Warrior." As Moore passes the sculptures, he notices different things. Maybe one of them has gone dead for him, and he puzzles out why; maybe another looks better in one kind of light, or from a particular angle. They give him lessons in sculpture.

At the end of the new land are the gardener's cottage; a cutting garden; a greenhouse full of potted begonias, fuchsias, and datura lilies; and a vegetable garden. Nearby are the two new studios—square, nondescript structures of brick, with doors so wide that large plasters mounted on wooden platforms with tiny wheels can be moved in and out. A miscellany of large bronzes stand on a concrete apron outside the studios, and within are sculptures in various stages of completion, from big bronzes awaiting patination to skeletal armatures—the insides of what will become large plasters. Traditionally, a master sculptor has workers to help him—young apprentice sculptors, like Moore's assistants, or professional stone carvers, wood carvers, or metalworkers. At one time, Rodin had thirty assistants, and many modern sculptors have served terms as assistants to an elder. Moore never did, and he had no help until he was almost forty, but now he cherishes assistance as a device that allows him to produce more sculpture. That day, his assistants were Isaac Witkin and Ron Swan, with Witkin, a burly, round-faced South African who has established a reputation of his own in London, more or less established as foreman. Though some assistants are unhappy in their work (it's just a job; you don't see enough of the great man you are assisting, who is always on the telephone, or sitting on a committee in London, or showing visitors around the studios), others, like Witkin, are enthusiastic about it. Witkin wants to be influenced not by Moore's forms (Moore is conscious of this danger, and never looks at his assistants' own sculpture unless he is asked; if they know he won't be looking, they won't be tempted to try to please him) but by his spirit. "Something of the man himself rubs off," Witkin says. "You realize how green you are in your form knowledge."

Witkin, who had worked with Moore for two years, had assisted on five sculptures, of which the "Locking Piece" was his favorite. "I've never seen Henry so *involved* as with this one," Witkin said once. The "Locking Piece," in its final shape, is a roughly circular bronze, nine and a half feet high, in two parts, which fit together like a child's puzzle. It doesn't resemble any one thing—it's not like the "King and Queen," or one of Moore's family groups, which expresses the single image of its title—but is full of different images as you walk around it or focus on one facet or another. There's a section of it that looks like an elephant's foot; there are scraps of landscape and of natural objects; there are bits and pieces of many faces—including a fragment that resembles T. S. Eliot's nose. The more abstract a sculpture is, the more comprehensive it can be in what Moore calls "form experience." Walking around the completed "Locking Piece," the observer encounters a series of soft explosions of recollection; forms become other forms, what is a hill from one angle turning into a torso from another, with a sort of wit in the sudden shift of scale. The "Locking Piece" is the end result of thousands of things seen and things touched. Moore has clear ideas about its sources. It had its beginning, like most of his work, in his observation of nature. In digging the garden on their newly acquired land, the Moores uncovered a graveyard of animal bones—an old butchers' depository. A good many pieces of sculpture have climbed out of that grave. One day, as Moore was put-



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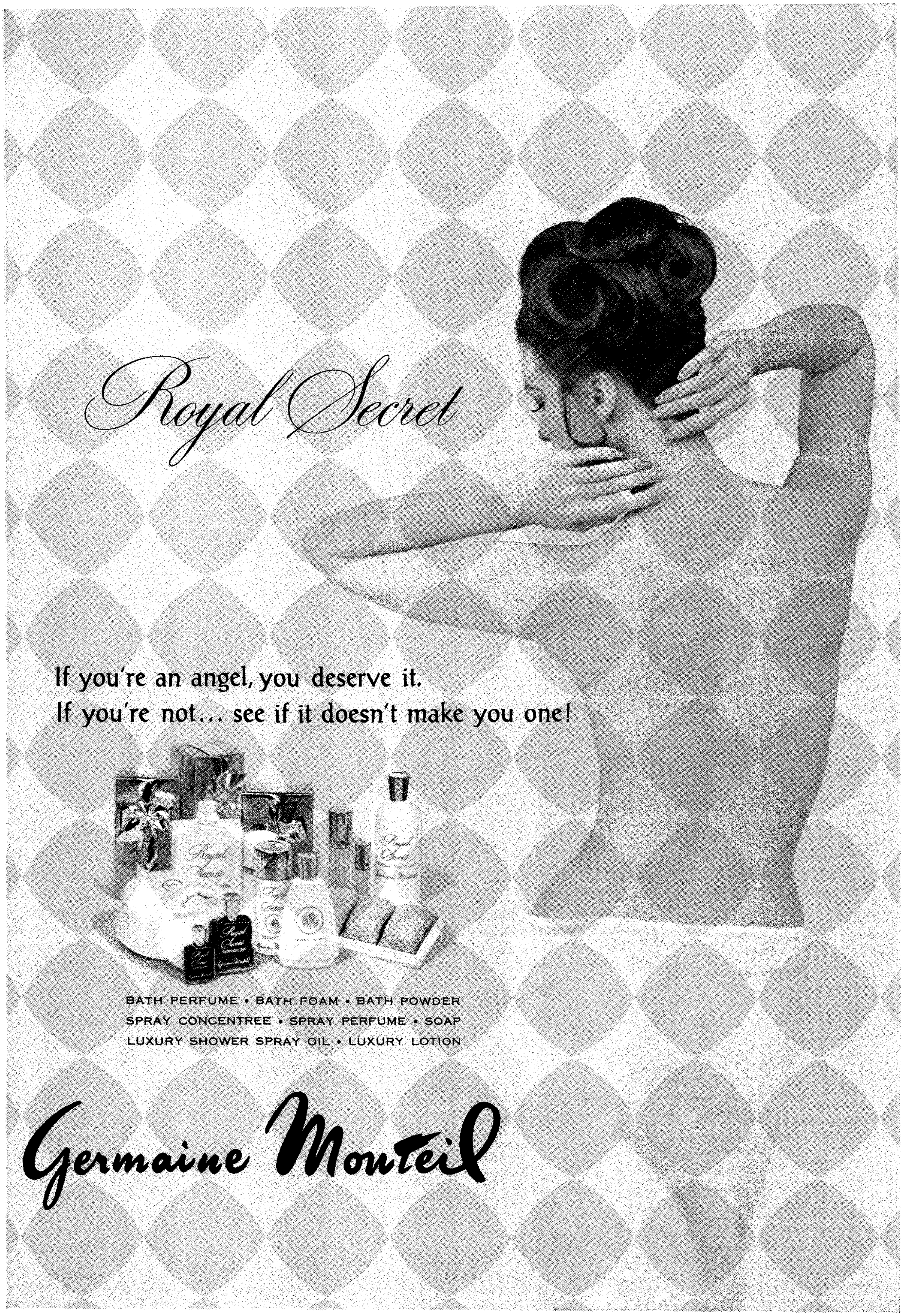
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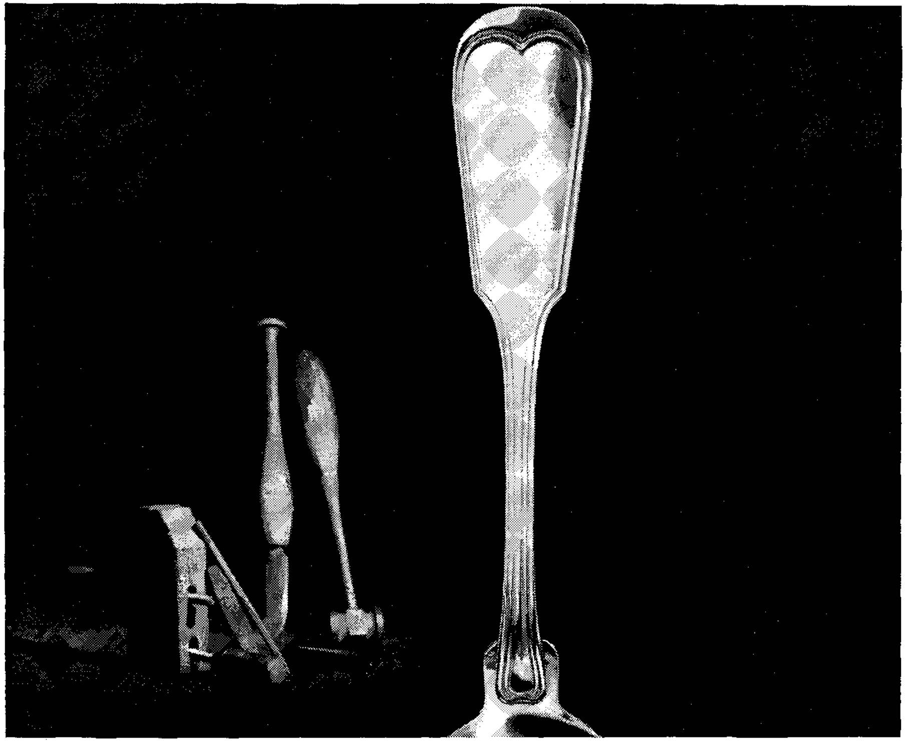

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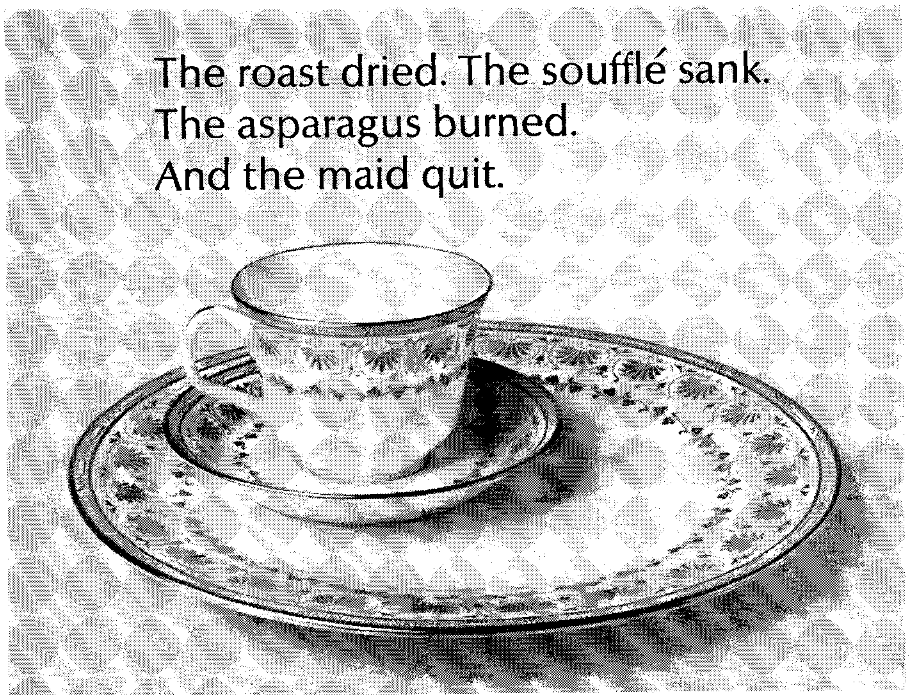

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tering among the bones, his attention was caught by the way a joint fitted and worked. A short time later, while he was sitting idle, and perhaps talking, his hands played with a pile of small stones (Moore's hands are never still, and all over his house and his studios are piles of objects—shells, flints, pebbles, crystals—for touching), and two of the stones accidentally locked, making a perfect fit. These two incidents, coming close together, were the immediate genesis of the "Locking Piece." However, a Moore sculpture always has more ingredients—ingredients less conscious and anecdotal. First, there is the artistic readiness, the readiness to be stimulated by a particular natural observation; this was supplied by the recurring abstraction in Moore's art and by his recurring interest in sculptures made of more than one piece. Another ingredient, perhaps more common in the work of Henry Moore than in the work of most artists, is a connection with the artist's childhood. Moore eventually remembered a device that he had known as a boy—not a locking puzzle but a toy "bomb;" you inserted a paper cap between two pieces of metal and threw the whole thing on the sidewalk to explode. It fitted together like the "Locking Piece."

Sometime in 1962, sitting at the little turntable in the far room, Moore made a maquette of the "Locking Piece" about four inches tall. In the process of shaping the clay and turning the small construction about, his hands discovered or created innumerable small reminiscences of nature: the nose, the elephant's foot. If we ask what a nose has to do with an elephant's foot, Moore answers that all forms are grist to the sculptor's mill: "Likeness is richness." The more different things a piece contains, Moore believes, the longer it will interest people. Whatever is simply what it *is* loses its interest quickly. "You've got to have some sort of mystery," he says. And the different shapes all have meanings. "The way an elephant's foot, soft, will lift up and fall down," he explains. "One's response is not to the form only. It's to all you know of the strength of the elephant, too." Form experience brings with it the associations of the form, a vocabulary of feelings.

Sometimes, after a sculpture is finished, Moore will suddenly have a new insight into its origins or its significance. Perhaps a year after the big "Locking Piece" was exhibited, and three years after the original maquette was made, Julian Huxley invited Moore to his house in Hampstead; there was

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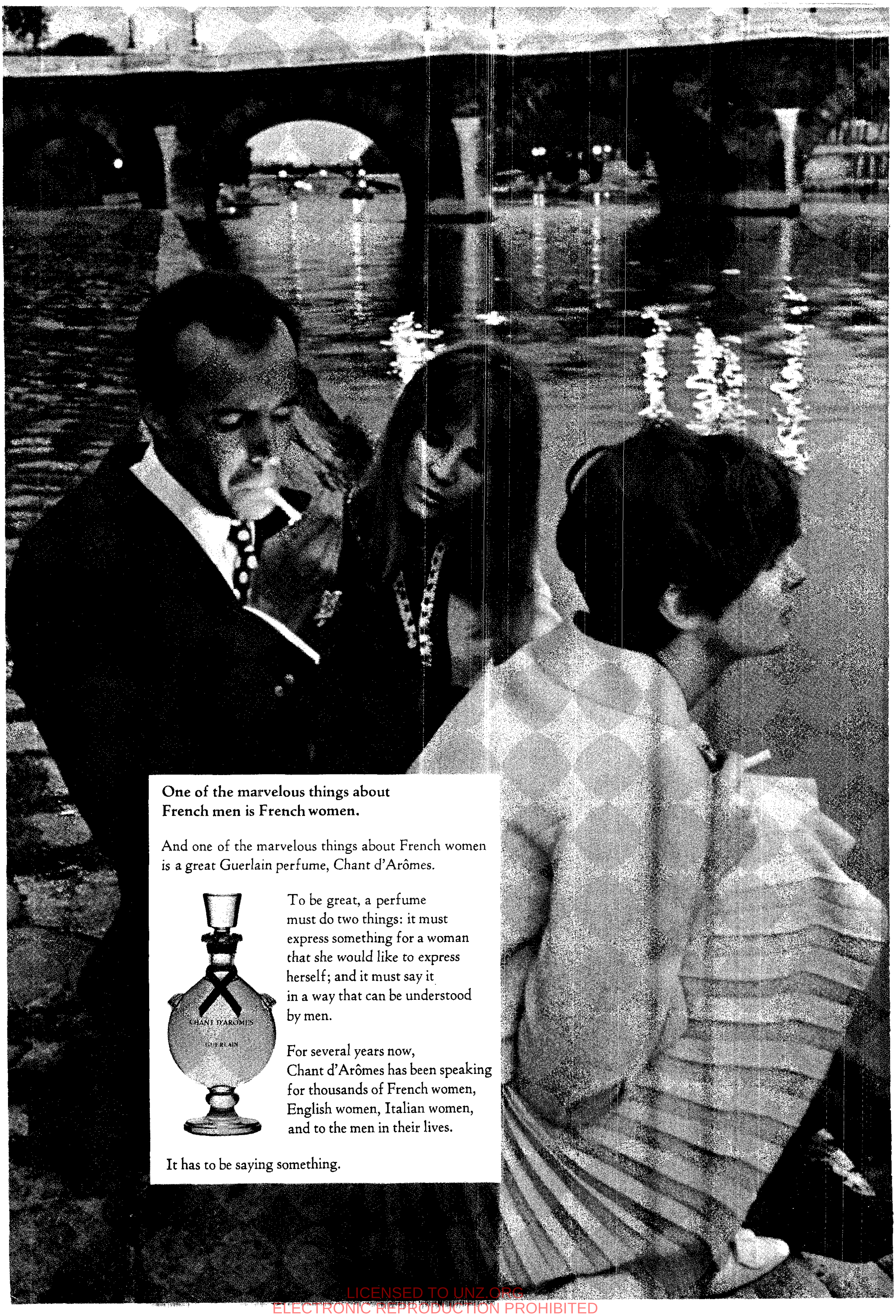
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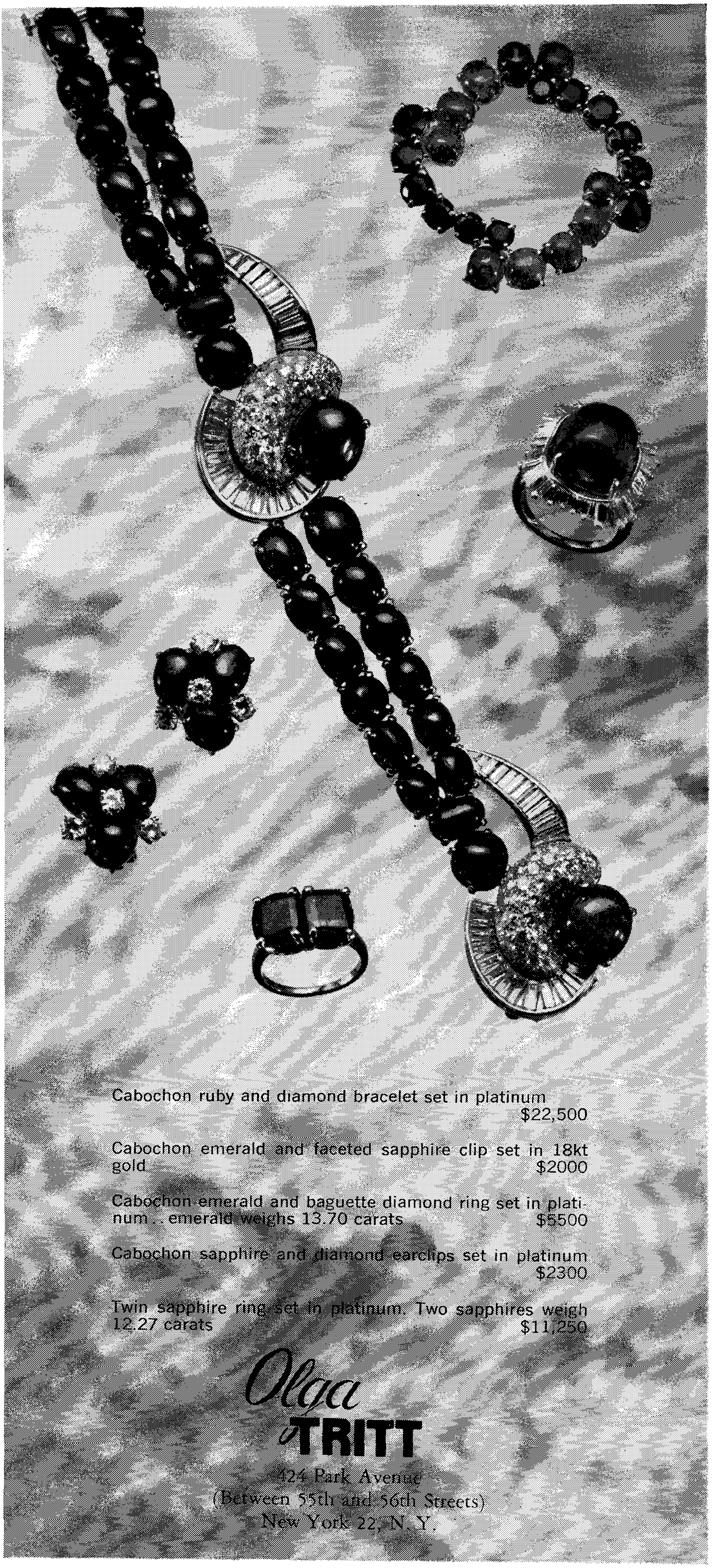
something Moore had to see. In his garden Huxley had placed, as a sculptural object, the skull of an African elephant, and it closely resembled the "Locking Piece" itself; the hinge between jaw and skull was the interlocking joint. Moore was delighted, and made plans to cast the skull in plaster, in order to have a copy at Hoglands. He recalled that he had seen elephant skulls in museums that he visited as a young man in his search for natural forms. Stuffed elephants fill the entrance hall of the Natural History Museum in South Kensington—perhaps the final discoverable bit in the mosaic of sources for the "Locking Piece."

After Moore had finished the four-inch maquette, he gave it to his assistants to copy in a version three feet tall. That December day in 1963, Moore and his assistants were working on the translation of the three-foot figure into the nine-and-a-half-foot final version. This three-part evolution is typical of the procedure that Moore has followed in his recent large sculpture. He needs to begin with a plaster or clay or plasticine sketch, or series of sketches. But enlarging always involves changing, and to go directly from four inches to nine feet (or fourteen feet, or twenty-eight feet) is usually too difficult. The distortions would be so enormous that revisions practicable at the three-foot stage might become impossible, and the sculpture might be spoiled or abandoned. In the case of the "Locking Piece," the maquette was never cast, and was destroyed, because the revisions in the three-foot version improved upon it.

Moore gives his assistants a working model and tells them what size he wishes the enlargement to be. They cover the model at its extremities with numbers representing distances from a wooden frame that they move back and forth over it. Using a larger frame and multiplying the distance, they build an armature, nailing together slim pieces of wood and hanging chicken wire from the outermost ends of them. An armature looks a lot like wire sculpture; if the extremities of wood are numerous enough, it also looks like a porcupine. The wire of the armature is measured to be slightly inside the skin of the final sculpture, and the assistants cover the wire with a thin layer of plaster. During this process, Moore observes their progress as he can, and directs revisions. When an assistant copies a model, constant small questions arise that require Moore's presence for a decision. In plaster, revisions are easily made, but when Isaac Witkin was carving an elmwood "Reclining Figure"



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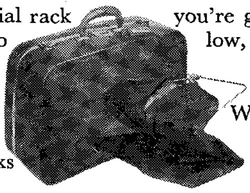

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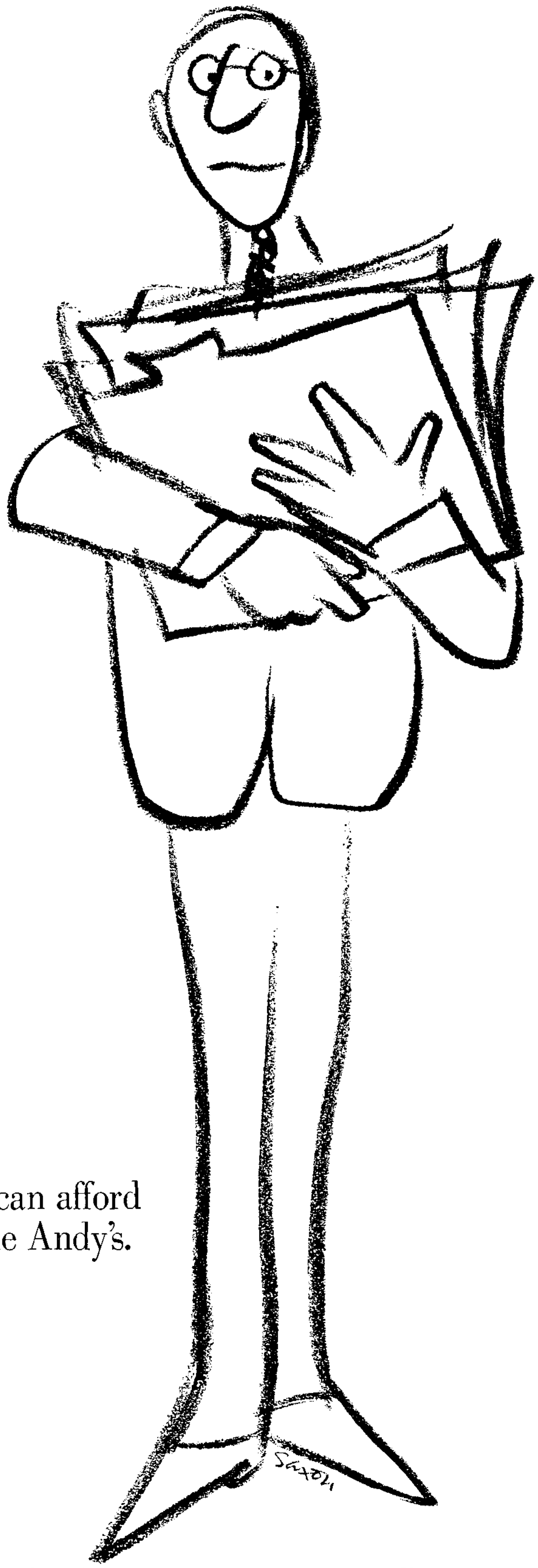
for Moore, and a mistake could have been irrevocable, he had to consult Moore three or four times a day.

The three-foot "Locking Piece" was cast and exhibited, but Moore had intended from the start to make a large version. And the large "Locking Piece" is far more effective than the small one. For one thing, size itself can be meaningful and expressive. As Moore says, a lifesize "Mother and Child," or one less than lifesize, is a tender object. Make the same two figures thirty feet tall and they become terrifying. The "Locking Piece" is a head only abstractly, so instead of its being terrifying at nine and a half feet, its facets are liberated. It becomes less a head and more a repository of other forms: the elephant's foot takes on its shape and feelings, the landscapes and faces free themselves from the matrix. But the large version is not simply an expansion of the small one. When you blow up a small sculpture, you always have to alter the proportions slightly, if only in order that they may appear the same, since the new height of the sculpture changes the angle from which the viewer sees it. Besides, a twenty-sevenfold increase in volume has the effect of making the lines more subtle as well as more monumental, and the big piece requires new decisions concerning the relationship of line and volume. One modification of a line will alter three perspectives—perhaps a nose, a chin, and a mountain. What is convex from one angle may be concave from another, and the shift may be a triumph or may be a disaster.

One of the admirers of the three-foot "Locking Piece" was the American architect Gordon Bunshaft, of Skidmore, Owings, & Merrill. Moore told him in October, 1963, that he planned to make the big version, and Bunshaft had the idea that it would suit a new building of his, the Banque Lambert, in Brussels. The owners of the Banque were interested, but they wanted to see the "Locking Piece" *in situ* by the start of February, 1964. There could be no question of getting it modelled, cast, and patinated between October and February, but at least, by hurrying, Moore could conceivably finish the plaster, paint it bronze-color, and transport it to the site for inspection.

To make the large version, Moore's assistants started all over again, making their measuring marks on the three-foot piece, and constructing a huge armature. This time, because the plaster would be too large to cast intact and would have to be sawed into several



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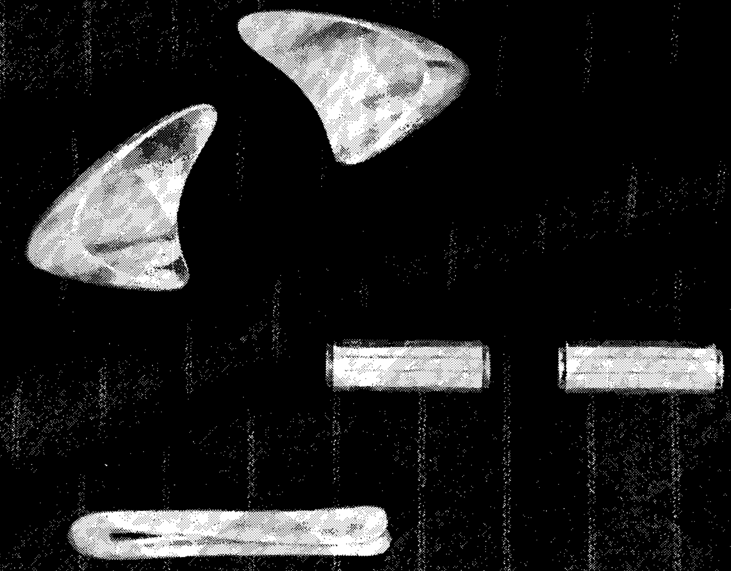

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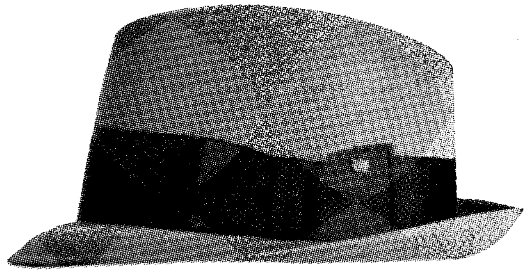

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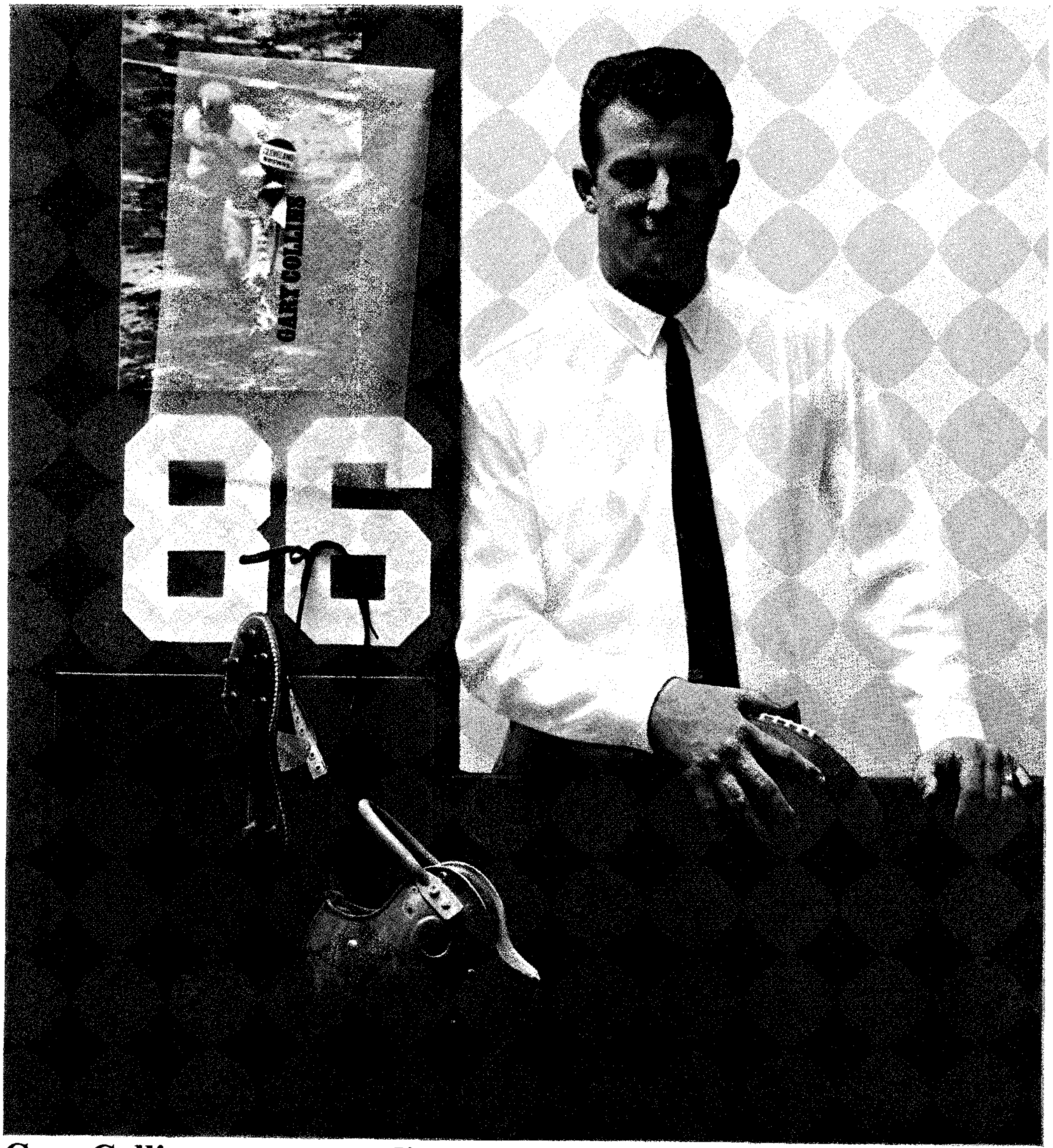
pieces, the armature could have no nails or wire, so they tied the sticks together with rope, and draped cheesecloth from the extremities. By December 20th, the large "Locking Piece" looked finished—a huge white copy of a small bronze original. But it was not. Work had fallen behind, because bad weather had kept Moore from rolling it outside to have a good look at it. It was impossible to make crucial decisions inside the studio, where you could stand only a few feet from the plaster. That day, Moore and his assistants opened the big shed doors and pushed the "Locking Piece" onto the concrete by wedging crowbars under the wooden platform it rested on. The white shape was dazzling in the winter sun. For two hours, Moore studied it from all angles and many distances. His assistants moved it in a full circle, a few inches at a time, and moved the three-foot model along with it. They shifted a plain cardboard background to cut off interference from the bronzes standing outside the studio. After Moore had stared hard at the "Locking Piece" from each new angle, he would start giving directions for revision, sometimes making rapid pencil sketches in a notebook while Witkin looked over his shoulder. Ron Swan stood to one side, listening, not speaking. The language was simple: "We need to take the wobble out of our line. . . . If we have that bit curved out that way, don't you think it makes it difficult to join it to that piece up there? We have to curve it *in*, so it will make a join for that other piece up there. . . . That's a flat surface. It's going over *that* way too much. . . . That we were talking about before as being too curved, it's too curved from here, too. . . . This gets wider, you see, and I wanted it to. I want it to look as if it's got wider all the way to the top. This one gets narrower. . . . Go down on that side and file it down there. . . . Our curve at the top there isn't flat enough. This corner wants to go higher. That is, this should go off straighter here, before it begins to curve." There was much talk about weak and strong: "Take the calipers to the little bronze and then to the big one, and see if it comes out three times. It looks too weak to me. . . . Doesn't that piece down there that is holding up the locking joint look a bit weak? Like a thin milk bottle?" There were other comparisons, especially to faces: "That lower part of the lip there," Moore said, and "The chin is weak." Between Moore and Witkin there was immediate understanding. Moore's hand drew a quick stroke with a ball-point pen down a



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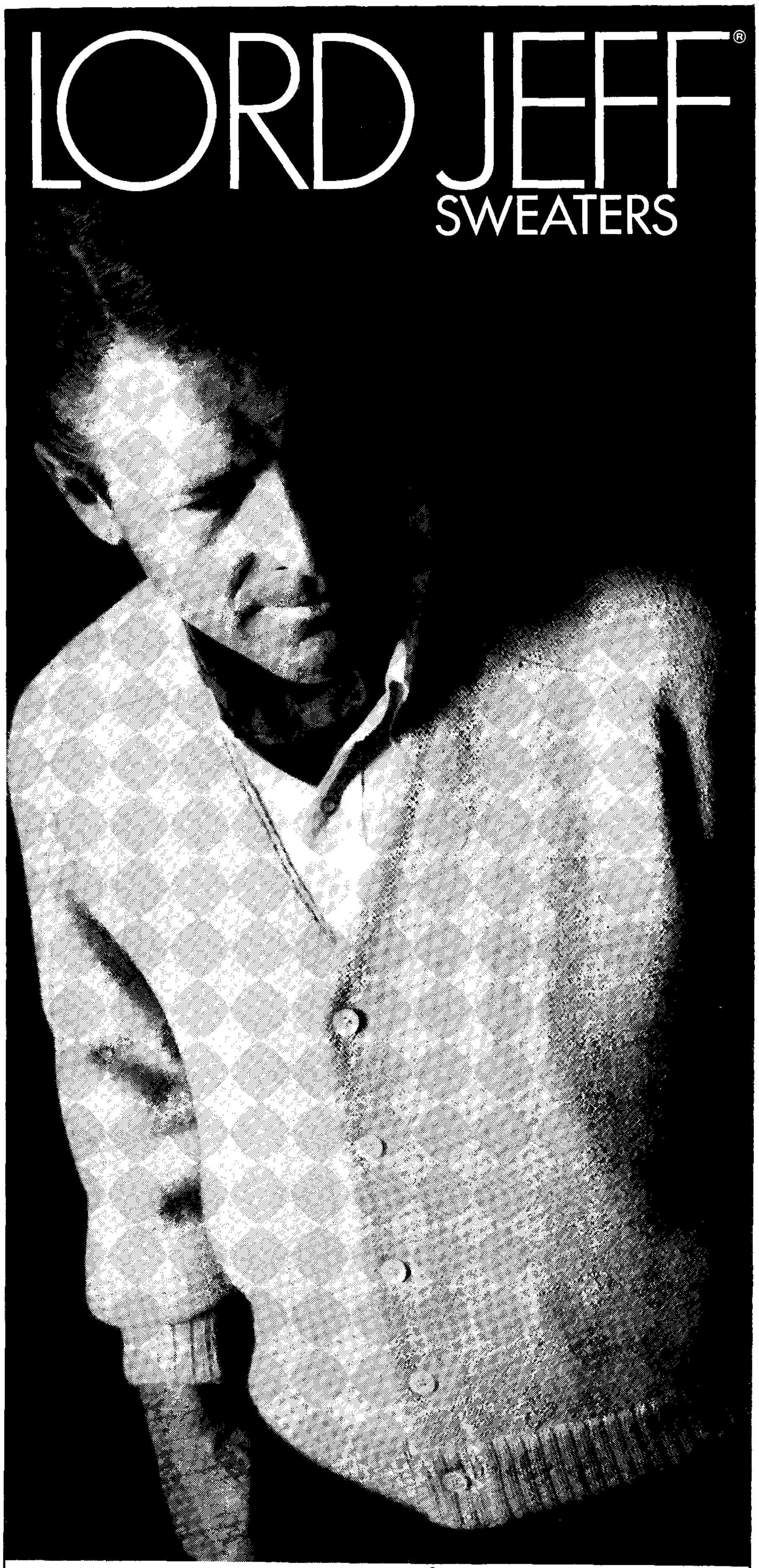
sheet of lined notepaper, and Witkin assented: "Yes, yes." The eye, not the mind, appeared to do the judging. While he is making formal decisions, Moore's face loses its affable charm; his eyes brighten and his face becomes concentrated and intense. Sometimes Moore bounded up to the plaster and, taking a long stick, pointed to a protuberance or a hollow, talking in little bursts. "It's not easy. It's not easy," Moore kept saying, between corrections.

In the summer, when a big sculpture-in-process is outside all the time, these conferences go on several times a day, and the work moves faster than it does in the winter. "Sometimes you have to carry a curve really far out before you know that it's wrong," Moore says. That day, the sun was bright and looked warm, but everyone was stamping his feet to keep his toes from freezing. Though it was not long past noon, the low winter sun cast the manlike shadow of the "Glenkiln Cross" across the grass. "This in here looks a little *too* round and that will make it narrower." By one o'clock, the "Locking Piece" had been shifted on its small wheeled platform until it was back in its original place. "Our shape isn't quite right here, in the face, in the nose here. It looks to me as if it should be a little bit wider at the bottom. The biggest width should be low down, not in the middle. That is, there would be more *weight* down here. Well, there we are. Let's call it a morning's work."

The assistants decided to leave the "Locking Piece" outside, so they could begin work in the open air after lunch. It would take them three or four days to carry out the morning's directions.

Lunch was on the sun porch—boiled gammon, potatoes, and cabbage, followed by trifle. Sheila cooked it, and her simple lunches are the Moores' main meal in Perry Green. Before Sheila came to work, the Moores sometimes lacked a main meal. If Mrs. Moore was absorbed in gardening, Moore would suggest boiled eggs, or just cheese and crackers, for lunch. Things are more regular now, with a hot meal at noon and a cold plate at night—perhaps potted shrimps or cold chicken or cheese or sliced beef. (In London, where the Moores eat at least once a week, they often treat themselves to lunch or dinner at the Café Royal.) Moore seemed pleased with the morning's work, and chatted lightly with the women who surrounded him. He ate quickly, talking between bites, and when he had finished his pudding, he rested for a few minutes in the small, old living



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room, at the front of the house. Since the addition of the new wing, this has become the television room, and the Moores spend many evenings there watching "Coronation Street" and "Z Cars." In the daytime, it is cold and dark, but the gloom is relieved by a wood fire and the presence of works of art—primitive sculptures and Henry Moores. After lunch, Moore talked sleepily—a ten-minute talking nap—and, as his voice rose and fell, his hands idly caressed a maquette, then moved to a pebble, then moved to an old wooden figure of his. Abruptly, he stood, stretched, and strode out to the far room, to work some more on his waxes. The room had warmed up to sixty degrees, and the wax was more malleable. Though it was only two o'clock, he lit the fluorescent lamp in the ceiling of the small studio; darkness would come on soon—in December in England—and now he would not notice its coming. With another strip of paper lit at the electric fire he started the alcohol lamp burning, and then he set to work. For an hour, there was no interruption. In the house, Mrs. Tinsley typed letters and coped with the telephone. Outside the new studio, five hundred yards away, Isaac Witkin and Ron Swan were working on the "Locking Piece," adding and subtracting plaster. Moore worked over one wax and then another, finishing neither.

At length, there was a knock on the door; Mrs. Tinsley apologized but the New York *Times* was calling from London and absolutely insisted that she speak to him. "They want to know if they can photograph the Lincoln Center 'Reclining Figure,' " Mrs. Tinsley said. (Moore had stopped work on it temporarily, to finish the "Locking Piece.")

"No."

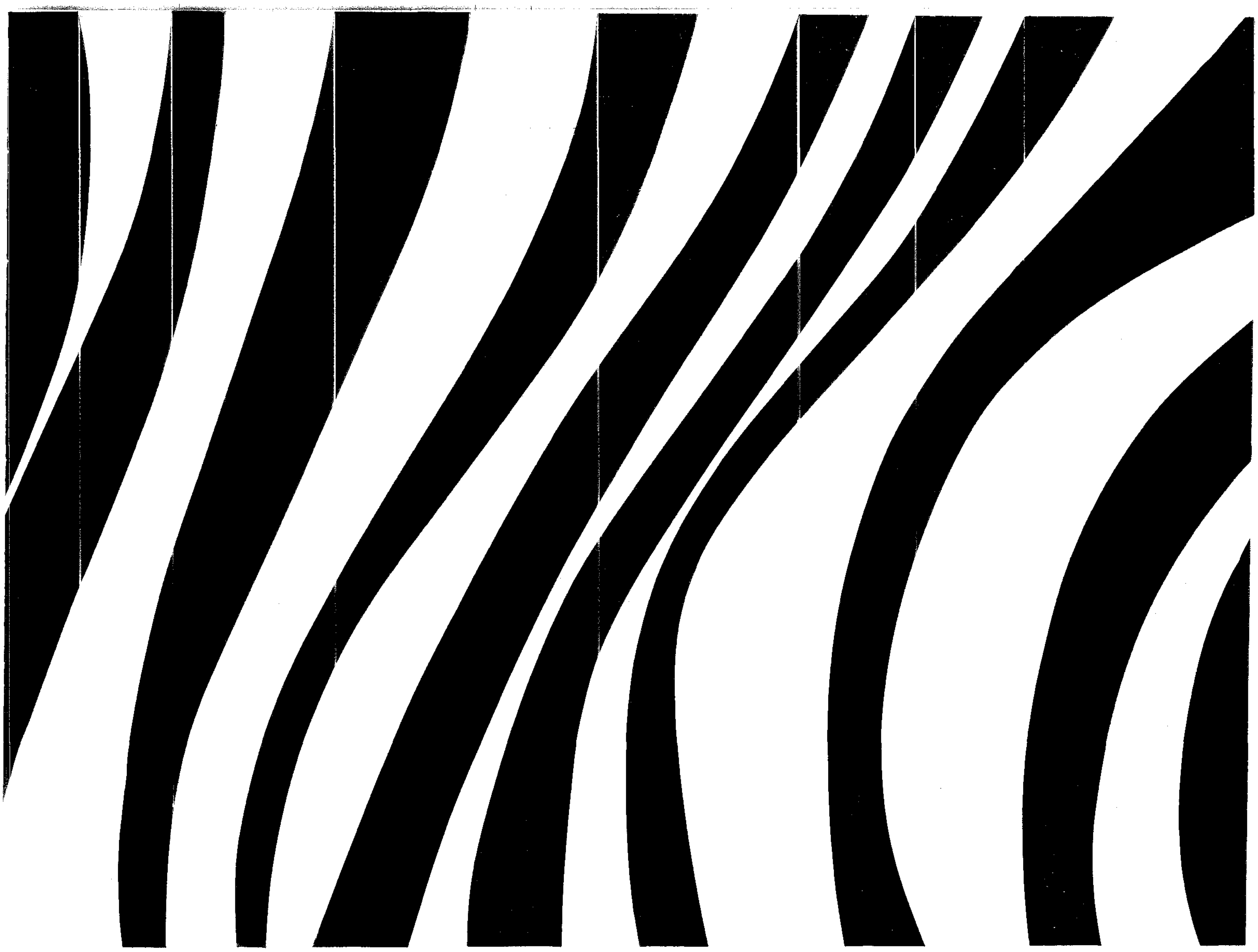
"I told them I was sure they couldn't."

"Tell them it's in the agreement."

"They want to know how far along it is, and they want to interview you about it. They want to talk with you now."

Moore looked perplexed and irritated. It was apparent that he did not want to refuse and did not want to interrupt his work. "Tell them I'm in a mix of plaster," he said, and returned to his waxes.

Another hour went by undisturbed. A wax was finished and was put in a box with the two waxes finished that morning. Then Mrs. Tinsley returned. Gordon Bunshaft was on the phone from New York. Moore wove his way through the old studios and into Mrs.



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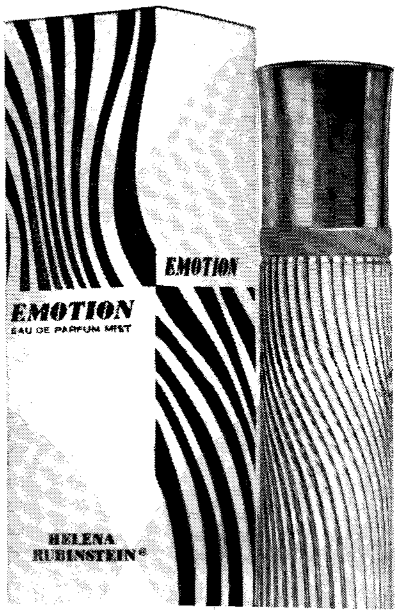
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Tinsley's office. Bunshaft had consulted the owners of the Banque Lambert, in Brussels, and was able to give Moore one extra week on the "Locking Piece." Moore put down the phone, elated. Now he felt sure he could finish the piece and have it in Brussels on time. And now was a good moment to break off work for tea.

Tea was in the dining room, where the Moores had breakfasted eight hours before. (By this hour, the sun porch was gray with early evening.) Flowers filled the center of the table, and Mrs. Moore poured tea for Moore and Mrs. Tinsley. There was a cake that Mrs. Moore had bought at a church sale in Much Hadham, and a plate of cookies. The conversation was picked up from lunch. Mary returned halfway through tea, and quickly became the center of attention. The phone rang in the office, and Mrs. Tinsley left the table to answer it. A telegram from Australia requested the "world's greatest sculptor" to design a monument in Sydney. He would refuse the request, but he smiled happily at the phrase.

After tea, Moore worked for half an hour on a wax, and put it away in the box with the others. The day had yielded four finished waxes, and a large step forward on the "Locking Piece." Now he reluctantly turned off the lights and the heaters in the far room, locked the door, and spent an hour dictating urgent letters. Then Mrs. Tinsley went home, and an old friend arrived from London to show him a 1932 Henry Moore drawing—a sketch for sculpture, which the friend had bought at an auction. Moore remembered making the drawing, and the two friends talked about it over a drink in the new living room—part of the wing Moore had added in 1960, with a room and bath for Mary upstairs. The floor of the living room is covered with a gold carpet, and around the walls are a variety of paintings and sculptures: a Cézanne cartoon for "The Bathers;" an explosive painting by Alan Davie, who lives nearby; the wooden figure of an angel from a Renaissance church; and, in a niche near the ceiling, three standing figures by Henry Moore.

NO EXIT
NO EXIT

After half an hour, Mrs. Moore and Mary joined Moore and his old friend, and after another half hour the friend left to return to London. For supper, to be eaten from trays in front of the television set, the Moores moved back into the old living room. They watched television until nine-thirty, and then Moore drove Mary to her dance. Then, since someone else would be bringing her back, he went home to bed and slept. The huge white shape of the "Locking Piece," altered since he had seen it last, shimmered faintly in the glass-topped studio at the end of the garden.

It had not been a typical day, but none of Moore's days are typical. Sometimes he is in London all day, sitting on a committee, going to a show, visiting a bronze foundry. In summer, he goes back and forth between old studios and new on a bicycle. On many afternoons, he is interrupted by visitors, whom he shows around with great courtesy, explaining things for the hundredth time without boredom. The visitors range from a single collector or art critic to busloads of students. Some evenings, he will sketch, not drawing for exhibition but letting his pencil idly carry forms across the page, without knowing himself quite what will happen next. Other evenings, he will sit in the far room with a piece of clay and try to make a new shape—a shape that in a few months may reappear in the ghost white of plaster in one of the big new studios.

Weekends are different. Saturday mornings are Mrs. Moore's time out. The Moores drive to Bishop's Stortford late Saturday morning and do their shopping. At one o'clock, they have lunch at the Foxley Hotel. They are home by two-thirty, to receive Saturday visitors. Sunday is spent at home in quiet, and now Sunday morning is usually Moore's best time for work. If that work doesn't go well, his spirits sink. "I'm terribly sad, remembering childhood, when we could have no pleasure on Sunday," he says. "It's a northern Puritan feeling, that Sunday feeling." But mostly he works well on Sunday, and he looks forward to that morning all week. The assistants are not there, there are no phone calls from architects or newspapers, there is no mail, no Mrs. Tinsley, no photographers. There is nothing but silent studios and the world of forms.

Moore put the final touches on his "Locking Piece" on a Sunday morning—January 26, 1964. The assistants had done their last work the day before, and the plaster was painted a realistic bronze-color, but Moore enjoyed being

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alone with it, touching it, making little changes. The next day, a truck came for it—one of those huge low-loaders that usually carry heavy road equipment. That truck was accompanied by another, with a built-in crane, which lifted the sculpture onto the low-loader, and the low-loader started for Brussels. When it arrived, the plaster was found to have cracked, and Witkin flew over to mend it. It was sited, admired, and accepted by the owners of the Banque Lambert, and it departed for Berlin to be cast. (Moore employs a founder in Berlin who has the proper equipment to cast big bronzes; he often uses English founders for smaller sculptures.) As the low-loader was crossing the border into West Germany, the drivers discovered that the "Locking Piece" was cracking badly, and they refused to drive farther. Agents from the founder arrived and packed the pieces in wooden cases. When the dismembered parts arrived in West Berlin, it seemed impossible that anyone could put the sculpture together again. Witkin, however, made another European journey and reassembled the "Locking Piece," putting it together like a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle.

The bronze was exhibited first at the Documenta III Exhibition, at Kassel, in the summer of 1964. Shortly before, a new plaster cast of it appeared in the Gulbenkian Foundation Exhibition at the Tate, in London. The Documenta bronze arrived at the Banque Lambert in October, 1964, and was sited on a bronze base. In the meantime, The Hague bought a second bronze of it, and the process of casting began all over again. From the moment of the bone joint and the moment of the locking stones, there had been thousands of decisions leading to those two bronze shapes on the continent of Europe.

THE "Locking Piece" and all its cousins in stone, wood, and bronze had their origins in Castleford, Yorkshire, a hundred and fifty miles to the north of Perry Green. Like every other English town, Castleford has its memorials of the First World War, and inside the entrance to the grammar school hangs a carved-oak Roll of Honour, which lists in gold paint, seventy-third of ninety-one names of pupils who served in the First World War, "H-S-Moore-C-S-R" (Henry Spencer Moore, Civil Service Rifles). Not only does the scroll list the name of the school's most distinguished alumnus; it is his first carving. No one will claim that it shows intimations of

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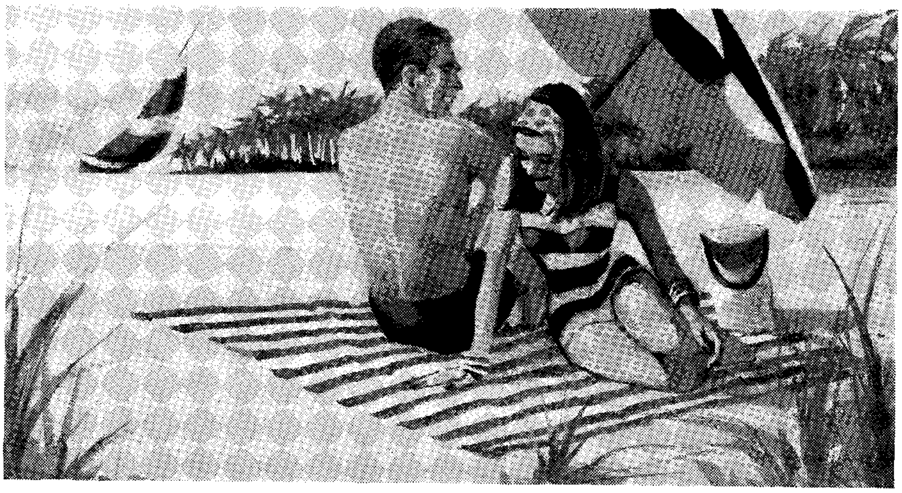

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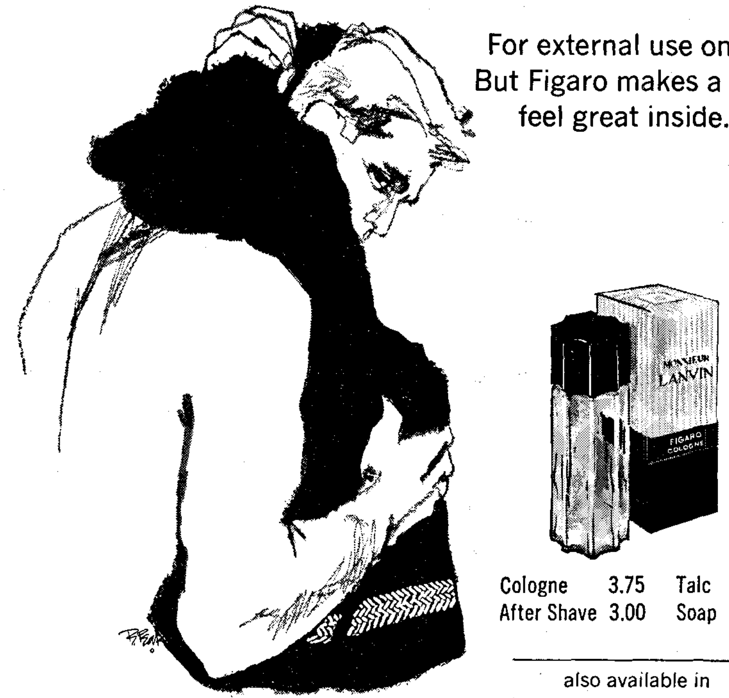

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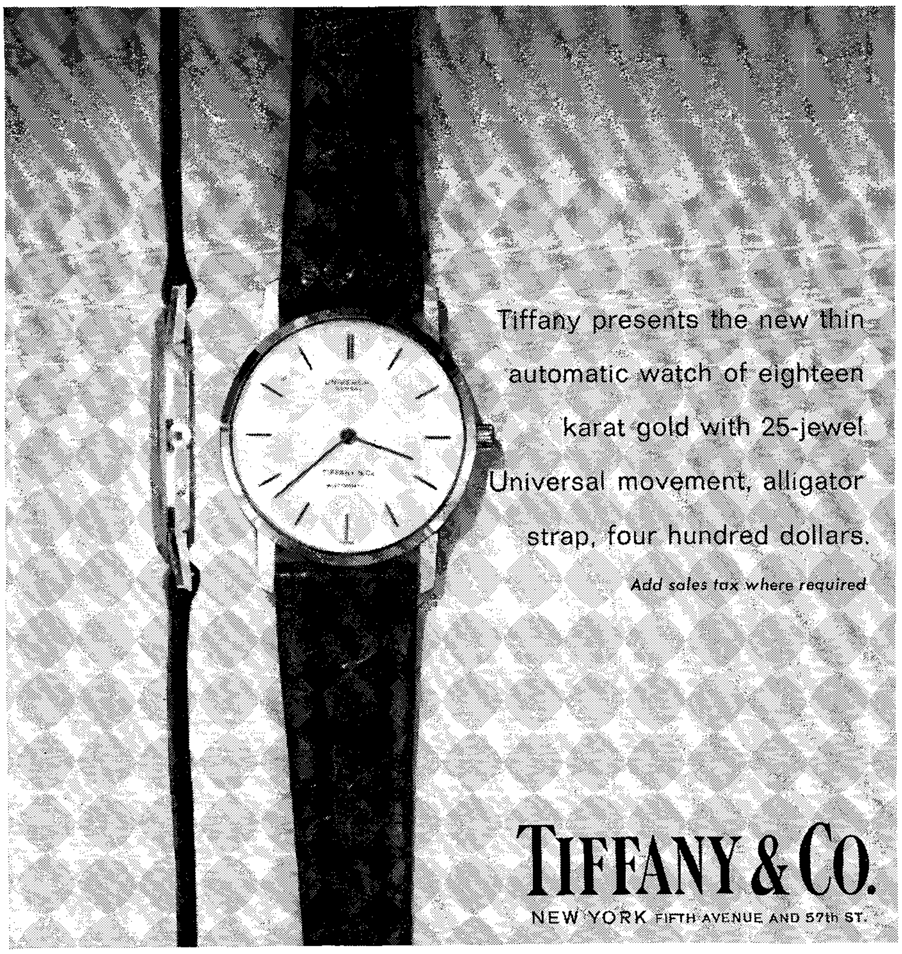

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genius. It shows merely that at the age of seventeen he could do a job of work without any training at all. At the top of the scroll is the seal of the school, and then the heading:

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ROLL OF HONOUR

At each side of "School" are ornamental oak leaves, projecting, like the letters and the seal, from a cut-away background. At the bottom is the date "1914- ," with the war's end a blank. Moore did the carving in 1916, the year before he went off to war himself, and he never got around to adding the final digits. A few years ago, the scroll was moved, and the present headmaster discovered that Moore had used the back as a scratch sheet, practicing for the front. "A B C D," Moore started, and then went on, more ambitiously, "DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY H. S. MOORE." Underneath were more letters and initials and a swift chisel sketch of the 1916 headmaster, T. R. Dawes, complete with pince-nez, straw hat, and mustache.

Moore was born in Castleford, a coal-mining town a few miles outside Leeds, on July 30, 1898. Castleford is long rows of identical attached low brick houses, with identical coal smoke dragging itself out of identical chimneys—a setting familiar to Americans from movies like "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" and "Room at the Top." Over the town hover slag heaps and the enormous winding wheels at the pit heads. When Moore was a child, Castleford had a chemical industry, too, which lagged behind coal, and glassmaking stood a poor third. There were no trees, no old buildings or handsome new ones, nothing for the eye to look at with pleasure. And the landscape of the spirit was like the outward landscape; the word "mucky" was a common synonym for "dirty," and Moore remembers the Yorkshire proverb "Where there's muck there's money." Industry was always present. "Our road led to Glasshoughton colliery," Moore remembers, "and very early in the morning, quite often, one would be wakened by the miners all tramping to work in their clogs. This might be at half past four or five in the morning. In the wintertime, this always sounded to me very, very strange and weird. This would last for probably about half an hour, coming up to a crescendo of clogs and then dying away." Yet for a young child the landscape he knows has its own prodigies. "The slag heaps of Castleford in my

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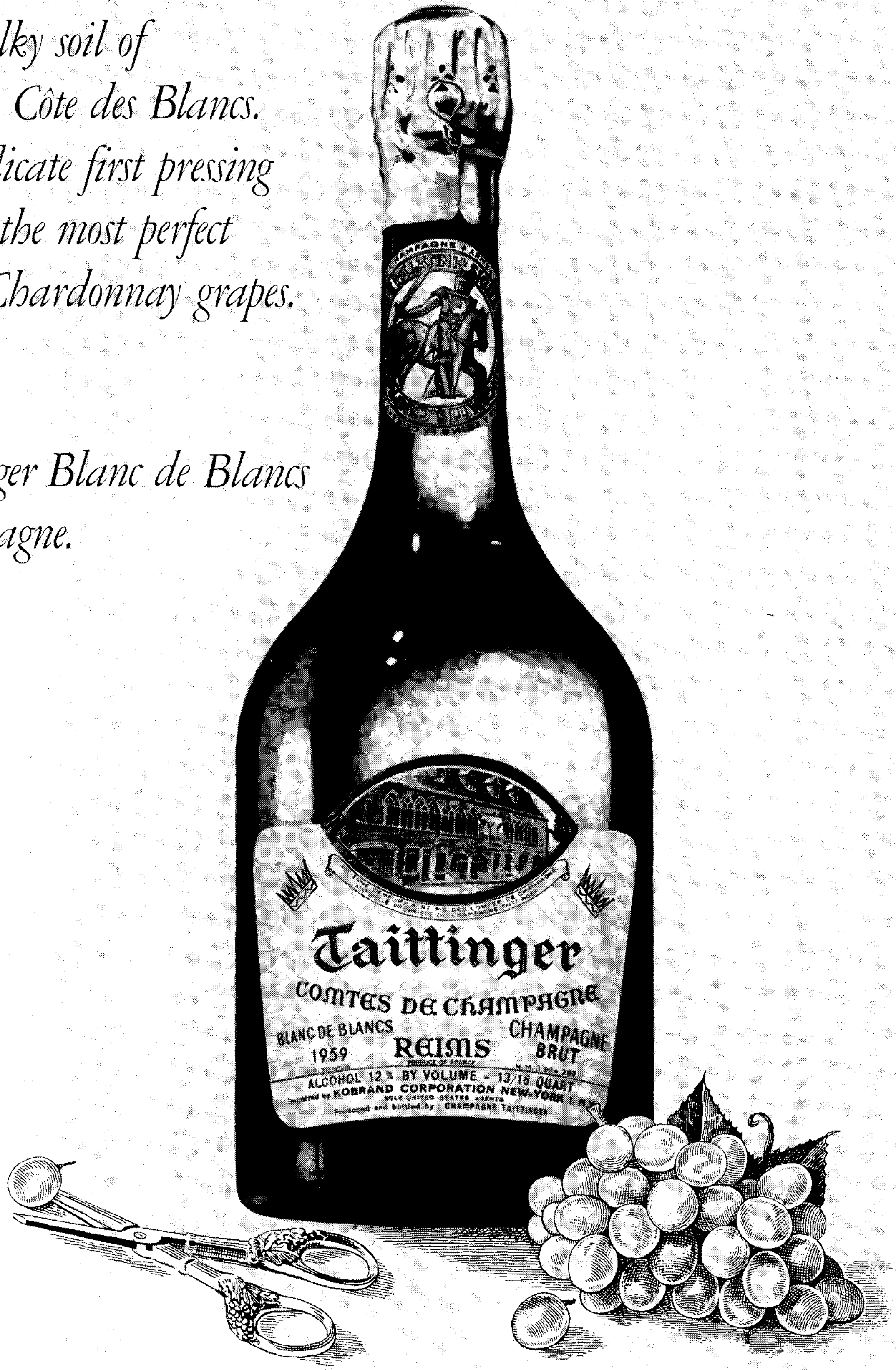
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youth were mountains," he says. Within a mile of where he grew up there were five coal mines, two chemical works, three coke ovens, and some small potteries. In the eighteenth century, Castleford had been a pottery town—there are clay pits everywhere—and its Dunderdale ware was exported to Spain and elsewhere on the Continent, but the Napoleonic Wars ruined the trade. During holidays from school, though, he escaped the industrial city by walking out into the rough Yorkshire countryside, where he had friends whose fathers were farmers, and where he occasionally helped at harvest. He has sometimes wondered if the contrasts of industry and nature in his childhood are responsible for the organic forms of his sculpture.

Henry Moore's father, Raymond, was a coal miner whose grandfather had come over from Ireland. Raymond started work on a farm in Somerset when he was nine, and a few years later he came to Castleford to go down into the pits. He was always ambitious. Having had almost no schooling, he conducted his education in private. He read all of Shakespeare, and taught himself enough mathematics and engineering so that he passed examinations qualifying him as a mine manager. Then a pit accident damaged his eyesight, and he couldn't advance to the higher position. His ambition turned entirely to his children. He did not like being a coal miner, and he saw to it that none of his children ever knelt at a coal face. Still, some art critics have made much of the fact that Henry Moore's father's work involved cutting rock.

Henry was the seventh child of eight, and his father was fifty and his mother forty when he was born. He was the youngest son, and a sister two years younger died when he was fifteen, leaving him the youngest child. "I got the best of it, of course," he has said. His father provided an education, out of his small wages, for each of the children. The eldest son, whose name was also Raymond, went to work as a schoolteacher when Henry was eleven, and Raymond's contribution to the family income allowed the Moores to move from 30 Round Hill Road, where Henry was born, to a slightly larger house a block away—56 Smawthorne Lane, which stood opposite a late-nineteenth-century pub. The eldest sister, Mary, also became a schoolteacher, Willie died before Henry was born, Annie married a glassworker, and Betty married a schoolteacher,

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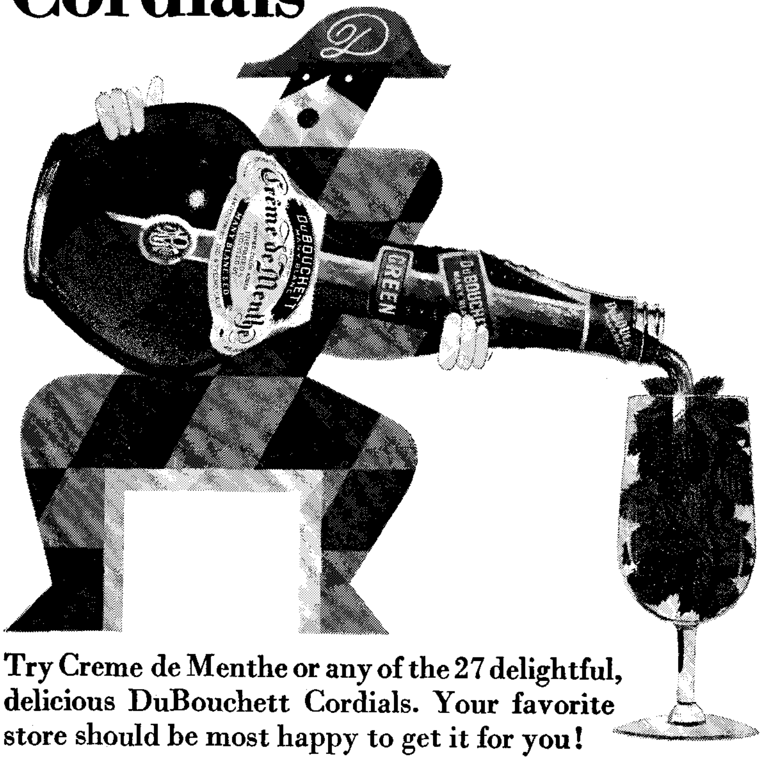

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leaving only Alfred unaccounted for: he emigrated to Canada and was never heard from again. The father's strength and ambition were the force that impelled this family upward. His crowded working-class house was more intellectual and artistic than the houses of the Castleford middle class. There were books and gramophone records, and there were also political convictions. When Henry was less than ten, his father took part in a strike that lasted two years, and, to make enough money to feed the children, he became a shoemaker, while his wife became a laundress. The father was an early trade unionist. One president of the Miners' Federation, Herbert Smith, drank tea in the Moores' parlor, which was the site, also, of early meetings of the Labour Party. Socialism, in the elder Raymond Moore's mind, was not to be distinguished from social mobility. That was still the age of Smiles' "Self-Help."

Henry Moore remembers his father as a bit fearsome. Such energy, thwarted in its own goals, created an authoritarian figure. "He was a complete Victorian father, aloof, spoiled, like all of them in those days," Moore recalls. "No one could sit in his particular chair." Henry would have stopped going to school if his father had not pushed him, and when the boy failed to win a scholarship to the secondary school the first time he sat for the examination, his father forced him to take it again. Later, when he wanted to go to art school, his father insisted that he qualify as a teacher first, like his brother and sister. But if the father was the source of the family's ambitious energy, the mother, it seems, was ultimately more responsible for the kind of artist Moore became. Whenever he models a reclining figure, or a mother with child (almost all his sculpture is of women), he is reaching back to Mary Moore. If he feared his aloof father, he loved his mother's female presence. "I suppose I've got a mother complex," he says, without letting it worry him. Mary Moore was, as her son remembers her, "absolutely feminine, womanly, motherly." When he was a small child and she left the house, he cried until she returned. He remembers how hard she had to work. At four-thirty in the morning, she helped her husband get ready for the morning shift at the pit, and she kept busy with children and cooking and washing and housework until late at night. He never saw her rest. Sometimes she had a pain in her shoulder, and she would let him rub it for her;

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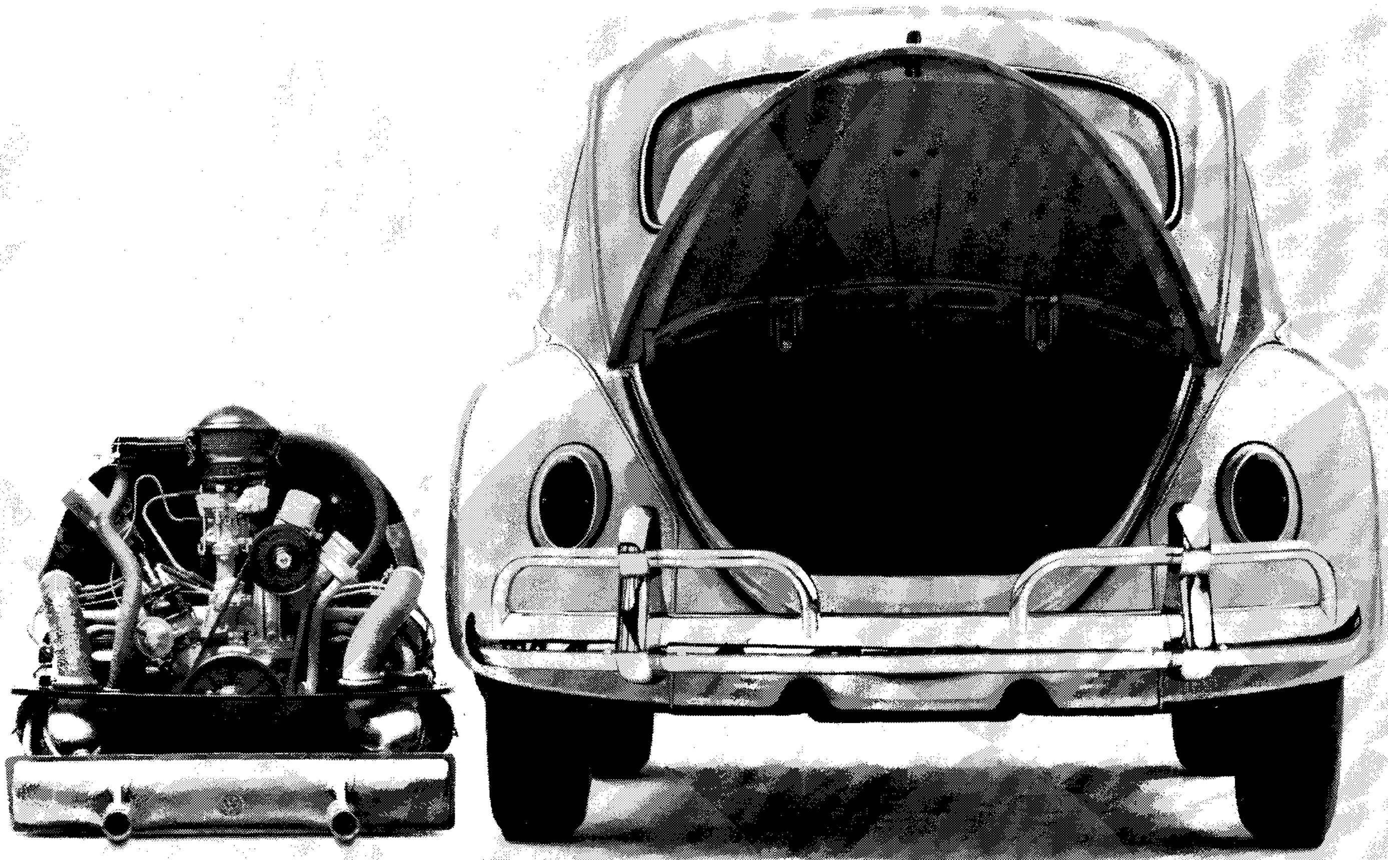

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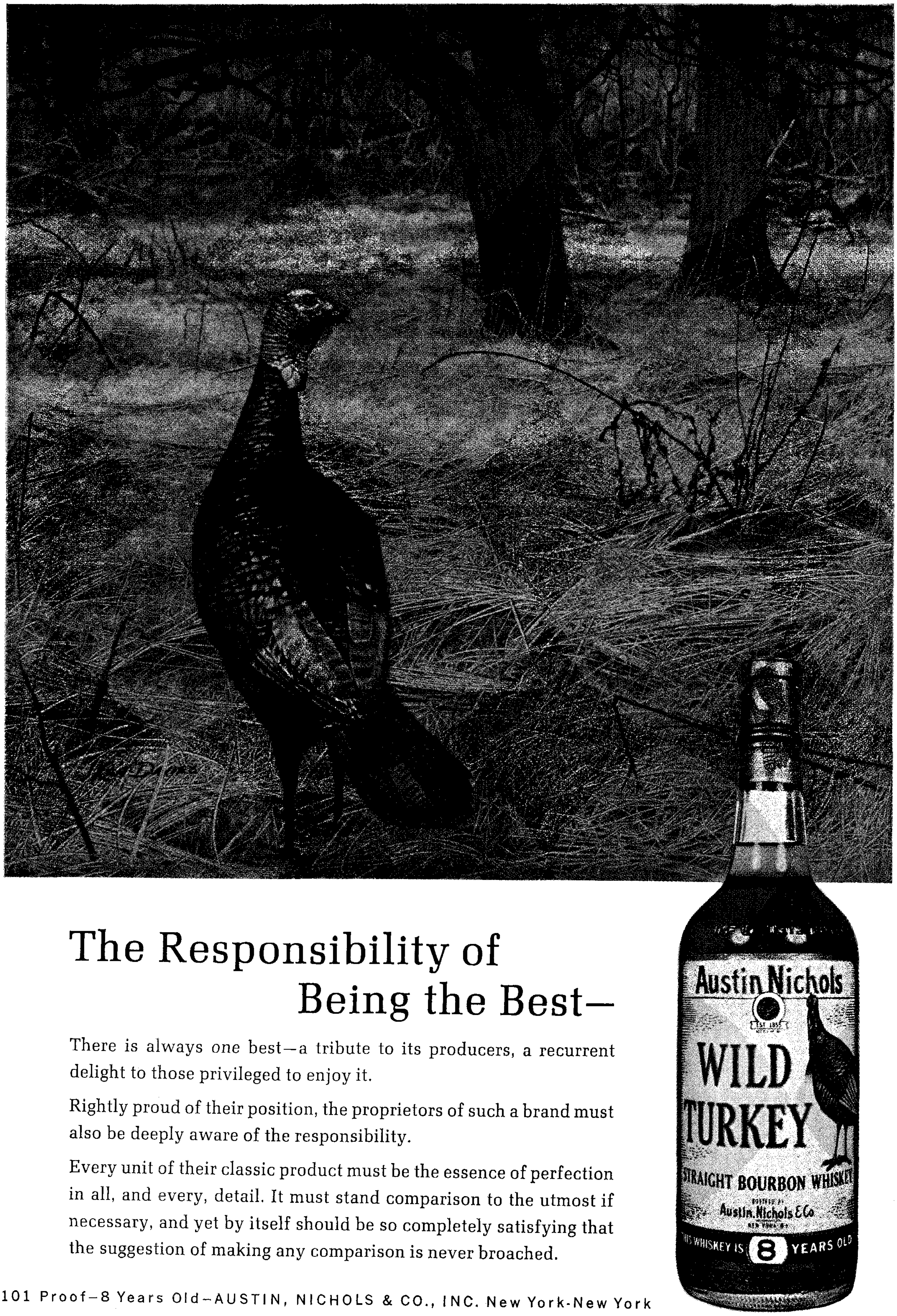
when he was nearly sixty and was working on the plaster of a large figure of a pregnant woman, he thought continually of rubbing his mother's back. "I could almost have made it without looking at it," he said. "The sense of touch, the boniness across the backbone." She was humorous, affectionate, and vain. Moore's friend Raymond Coxon painted her portrait in London in 1925, when she was a widow. (Raymond Moore died in 1922.) She was no longer young, but she kept comparing herself to the portrait of a young girl that hung in Coxon's studio. "Couldn't I have a long neck?" she would say. She sat for her portrait in a rocking chair, and sawed back and forth so vigorously that at one point she rocked herself head over heels. During another visit to London, she spent a day outside, rugged up in a chair, while Henry carved a block of stone. By lunchtime, he was covered with stone dust, and when he put down his tools and came to unpack her, she looked at him and sighed, evidently thinking of her other children, in clean schoolrooms. "Ee, Henry lad, why did you ever take it up?" she said. (Mary Moore lived with one of her daughters, or in a cottage near one of them, until 1944, when she died, at eighty-four. She made frequent visits to the home of Henry and Irina Moore until very near the end.)

Henry Moore took it up—the idea of becoming a great sculptor—when he was ten. He recalled recently, "Our Sunday-school teacher told us how, when Michelangelo was carving his 'Head of a Faun,' someone said, 'But that's an old faun—surely an old faun would have lost some of its teeth?' Michelangelo took up his chisel and knocked two of the teeth out. 'There you are,' our teacher said. 'There's the greatest sculptor in the world ready to take advice.' What went click in my mind was not the moral but the fact that this was 'the greatest sculptor in the world.' I'd always liked our drawing classes at school, and I'd carved bits of wood and stone. Now, instead of saying I wanted to be an engine driver, I said I wanted to be a sculptor." He is still competing with Michelangelo. Some early modelling and carving, long before the extant Roll of Honour, were done in connection with children's games. The boys from his school sometimes played in the clay pits—there was a pit two hundred yards from his house—by making what they called touchwood ovens, which were little clay boxes about four inches square, with a hole at one end and another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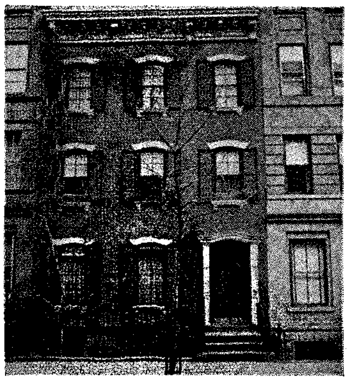

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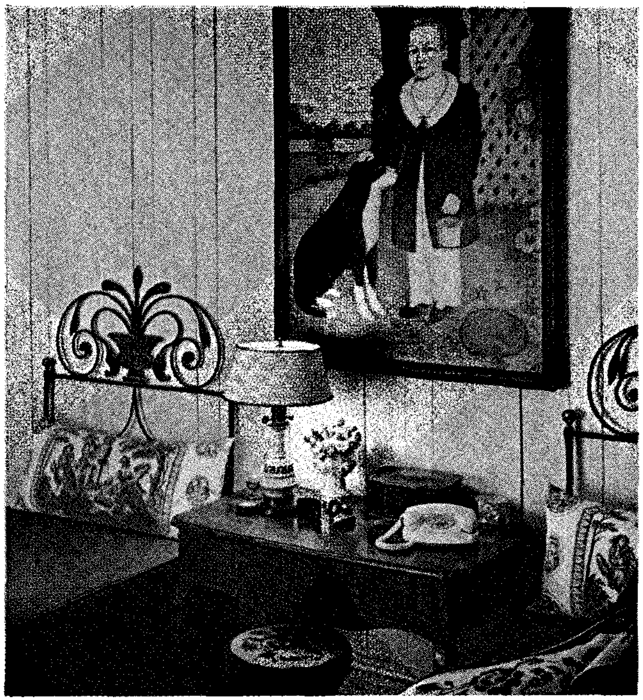

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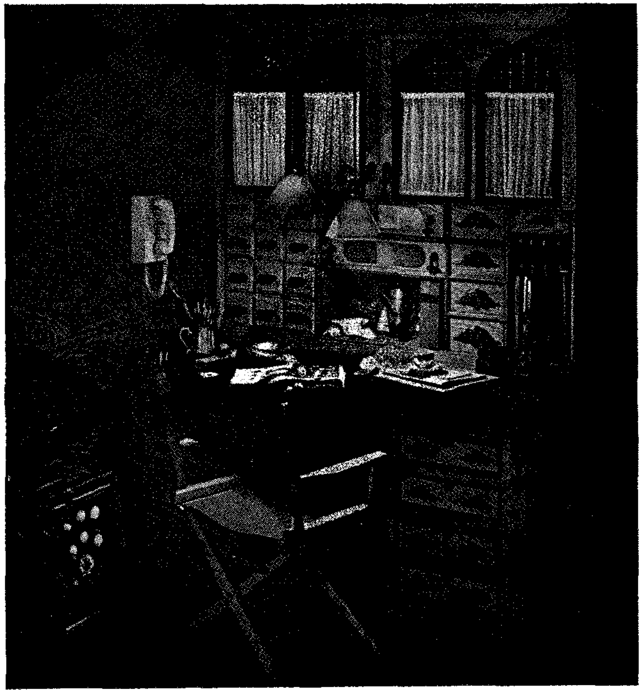

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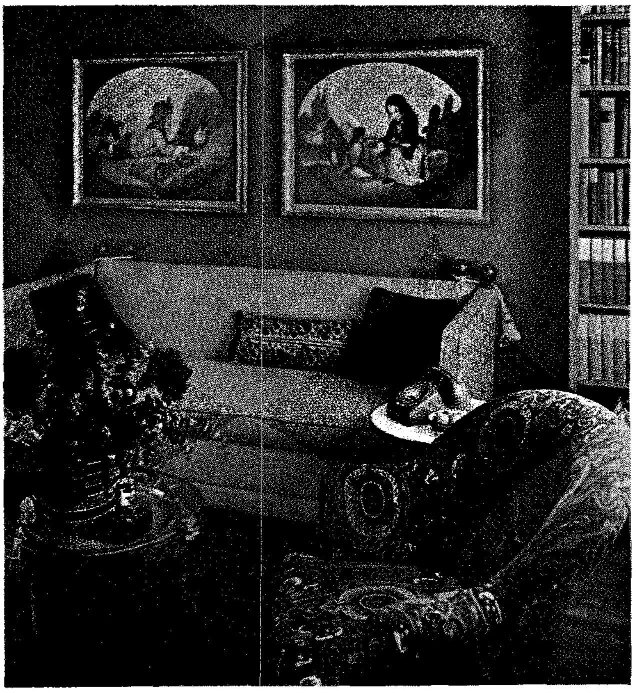

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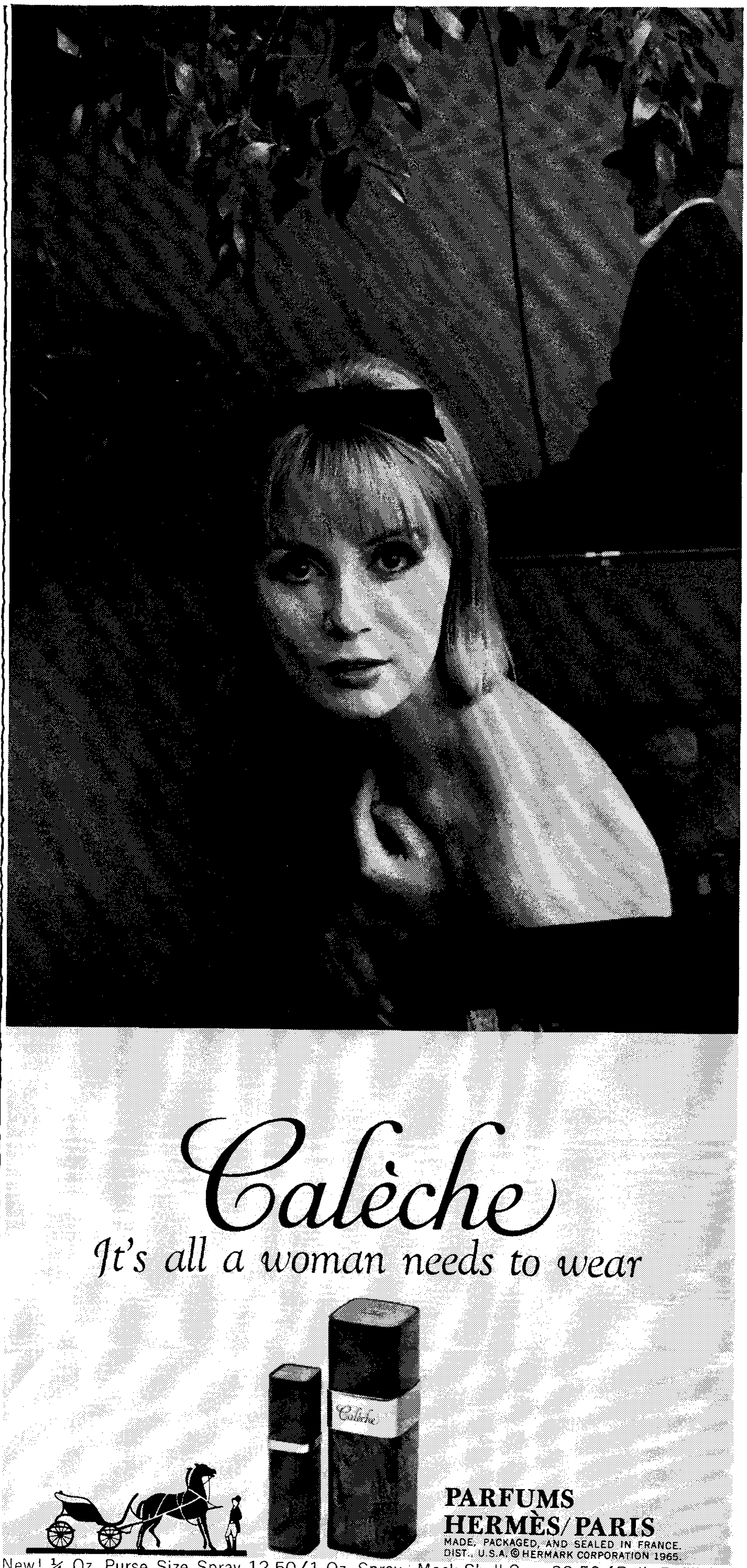
on top. They put dry twigs inside the box and lit them with a match. By blowing through the hole in the side they could get a bright glow from the box and could keep their hands warm in winter. Sometimes they made decorations on the sides of the touchwood ovens—little clay reliefs. Sometimes the hole on top would turn into a chimney, and the chimney would look like a man. Then, there was a game called piggy, which involved carving a piece of wood into a particular shape, so that it jumped into the air when you hit it with a stick.

The Castleford secondary school was founded only in 1906, and the main building—a late flowering of Victorian Decorative, its façades suggesting Cycladic violin figures—opened in 1909, just the year before Moore matriculated. In 1910, it was not common for a working-class child to attend school after the age of twelve. Miners traditionally cared more for education than factory workers or farmhands, but often a family could not afford to let a boy put off starting work. The rich sent their children to boarding school, and the grammar schools existed for the children of shopkeepers and small managers. T. R. Dawes, the headmaster whom Moore caricatured on the back of the Honour Roll, was an unusual man—"decades ahead of his time," according to Moore, who remembers him with affection and some amusement. An evangelist of intellect and wit, he was forever coaxing lecturers and performers into visiting his school. Once, after a concert, he heard Henry Moore, the coal miner's son, whistling some Mozart. "Do that again!" he said, charmed at his success in promoting good music. Moore didn't tell him that his father was always playing the same piece on their gramophone. Another of Dawes' passions was English church architecture, and he often took pupils on excursions to the best examples in villages near Castleford. He had them memorize the phrase "Never eat dirty potatoes" to learn the order of the styles: "Never" for "Norman," "eat" for "Early English," "dirty" for "Decorative," "potatoes" for "Perpendicular." It was perhaps Dawes who first took Moore to Methley, a village a couple of miles from Castleford, and introduced him to Methley Church, which Moore has always named as one of the sources of his sculpture, or at least of his early interest in direct carving. The carvings in Methley Church were almost the only sculpture he saw before he went to the Leeds School of Art, in 1919. They are strong old



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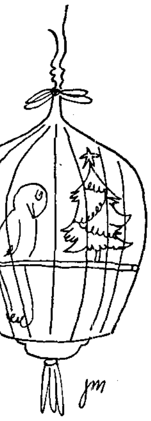
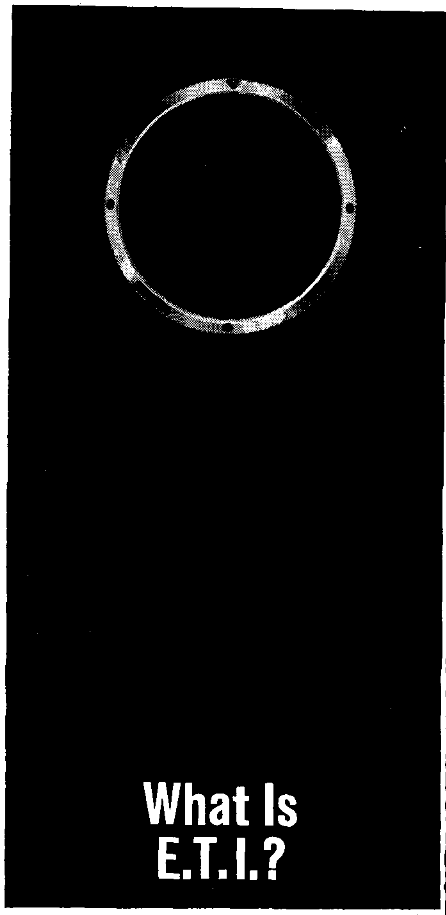
Gothic heads, distorted and expressive, without decoration or detail. Moore drew them, for his own pleasure, when he was very young.

The most important person in Moore's life at this time was not T. R. Dawes but Miss Alice Gostick. In his first year at the secondary school, he had had an art teacher who objected to the figures in his drawings; their feet hung down like tassels, she said. Moore didn't like that. But in 1911 Miss Gostick, who appreciated him, took over the art classes. She lived in the town with her mother, who was French and a pianist and sometimes gave recitals at the school. Miss Gostick and her mother brought to Castleford a suggestion of the world of art. She had what seemed to her students the artist's temperament, gentle and generous. She invited her best students to her house for tea every Sunday, and showed them magazines like *Studio* and *Colour*, which illustrated new art. Her house was the only place in Castleford where one could begin to know what was happening, or had happened not long ago, in Paris. For Moore, from thirteen to eighteen, she was representative of the life he dreamed of attaining. Miss Gostick's three best students were Arthur Dalby, Albert Wainwright, and Henry Moore. When there was anything artistic to do for the school—designing a poster or the cover for a theatrical program or sets for a play, or carving the Roll of Honour—these three boys were the candidates, and Miss Gostick chose the lucky one. The most sensational of her students at this time was not Henry Moore but Albert Wainwright, who was sophisticated enough to be influenced, mostly by Aubrey Beardsley. He continued his artistic career by designing for the theatre at Leeds until he died, at the age of forty. Arthur Dalby, who died in 1960, inspected art schools for the Ministry of Education. All of them felt indebted to Miss Gostick. Moore corresponded with her regularly until she died, at eighty-seven, in the spring of 1964. She had written not long before to congratulate him on his election to the Order of Merit. Most of the art work in school was drawing, but Moore persisted in his ambition to become a sculptor, like Michelangelo. When the school decided it should have a Roll of Honour, Miss Gostick chose Moore to do the carving, and lent him her own wood-carving tools. That was the first time he had ever carved with proper equipment, and though he had no illusions about what he was doing, it excited him to dig into the oak and carve a public shape.

Moore was not extraordinary outside of art class. He played games and took part in plays and was a slightly above-average student in his academic subjects. When he was eighteen, and in his last year at Castleford secondary school, he did practice-teaching in his old elementary school. If the war had not interrupted him, he would have spent two years at a training college and become a schoolteacher. He joined the Civil Service Rifles (15th London Regiment) in February, 1917, and went off to training camp, and in Castleford someone painted "H-S-Moore-C-S-R" on the scroll he had carved. He was young and silly, and intent on coming home a hero covered with medals. He went to the front in the summer of 1917, and soon he was in the thick of it. "Sometimes in France there were three or four days of great danger when you thought there wasn't a chance of getting through, and then all you felt was sadness for having taken so much trouble to no purpose," he recalls. But he was young enough, and was back home soon enough, so that he can now say, without irony, "On the whole, I enjoyed the Army." The height, and finale, of his career at the front was the Battle of Cambrai, in November and December of 1917. It was in this battle that the English mounted the first great tank attack. Moore was a member of a Lewis gun team, and his company followed the tanks through the German lines. Of the four hundred men in the regiment, Moore was one of fifty-two who were able to muster on the day the battle was over. The voices of twenty-five of the fifty-two were affected by gas, and they were sent to the hospital. (Their gas masks were primitive and uncomfortable. They sniffed the gas a bit before they put their masks on, and took a few sniffs later to see if the coast was clear. Sometimes it wasn't, and over four days of gassing they inhaled quite a bit, even though they were careful.) Moore was also one of these. The twenty-five men had to march ten miles to the hospital, notwithstanding their painful lungs. Moore spent three months recuperating in England, and a few months later the war was over and he was discharged. He returned





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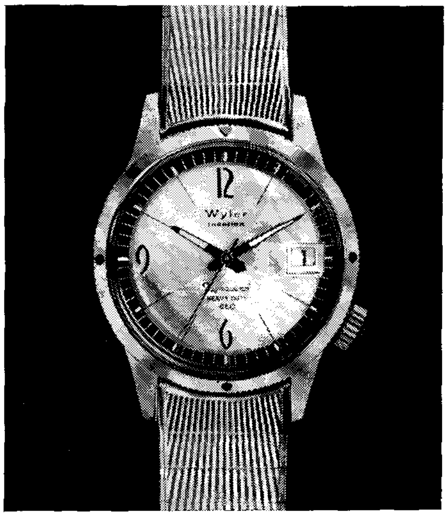

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to Castleford, where Miss Gostick performed one more, supremely important service for him. She arranged an Ex-Serviceman's Grant (these grants were a Great War anticipation of the G.I. Bill of Rights) that would pay for him to attend the Leeds School of Art. Moore's father didn't like the idea, but Moore was determined, and, having been away from home for nearly two years, he felt grown up enough to do what he wanted to do. With the aid of the worst war in history, he had broken out of the circle of Castleford and schoolteaching, and the world of art lay before him.

MOORE arrived at the Leeds School of Art as an elderly student of twenty-one; the next year, Barbara Hepworth came up at the age of sixteen, which was more typical. He worked extremely hard, because, he thinks, he was so relieved not to be dead. As Moore the soldier had wanted to be the bravest of men, now Moore the artist was trying to sketch as well as Leonardo. He and his best friend, the painter Raymond Coxon, thought and talked art all day long, and tried to make use of every moment. As they walked to class, they might watch—trying to understand spatially, and memorize—the movement of a horse's haunches as it pulled a load uphill. By four in the afternoon, they would be too discouraged to speak, so huge was the discrepancy between the morning's ambitions and the day's accomplishments. They would drink their tea in silence.

Moore lived in Castleford, to save money, and commuted five or six days a week. He went up to Leeds on the eight-ten, which meant rising early, because the station was half an hour's walk from his house. Since Leeds is only ten miles from Castleford, he needn't have taken the early train, but he wanted to get a good seat for the nine-thirty life-drawing class. After the two-thirty class, and tea, he and Coxon worked in the reference library until evening classes, which ended at nine. Moore caught the nine-twenty-five at Leeds Station, waited to change at Loftus, got to Castleford at ten-twenty, and was home by ten-fifty. Then he ate a small supper and did his homework—perhaps anatomy or perspective—until one o'clock. He was more disciplined, harder-working, and a little bit better at all his subjects than his fellow-students. No Albert Wainwright outshone him now. The first year was all drawing and painting, and while the life drawing brought out Moore's instinc-

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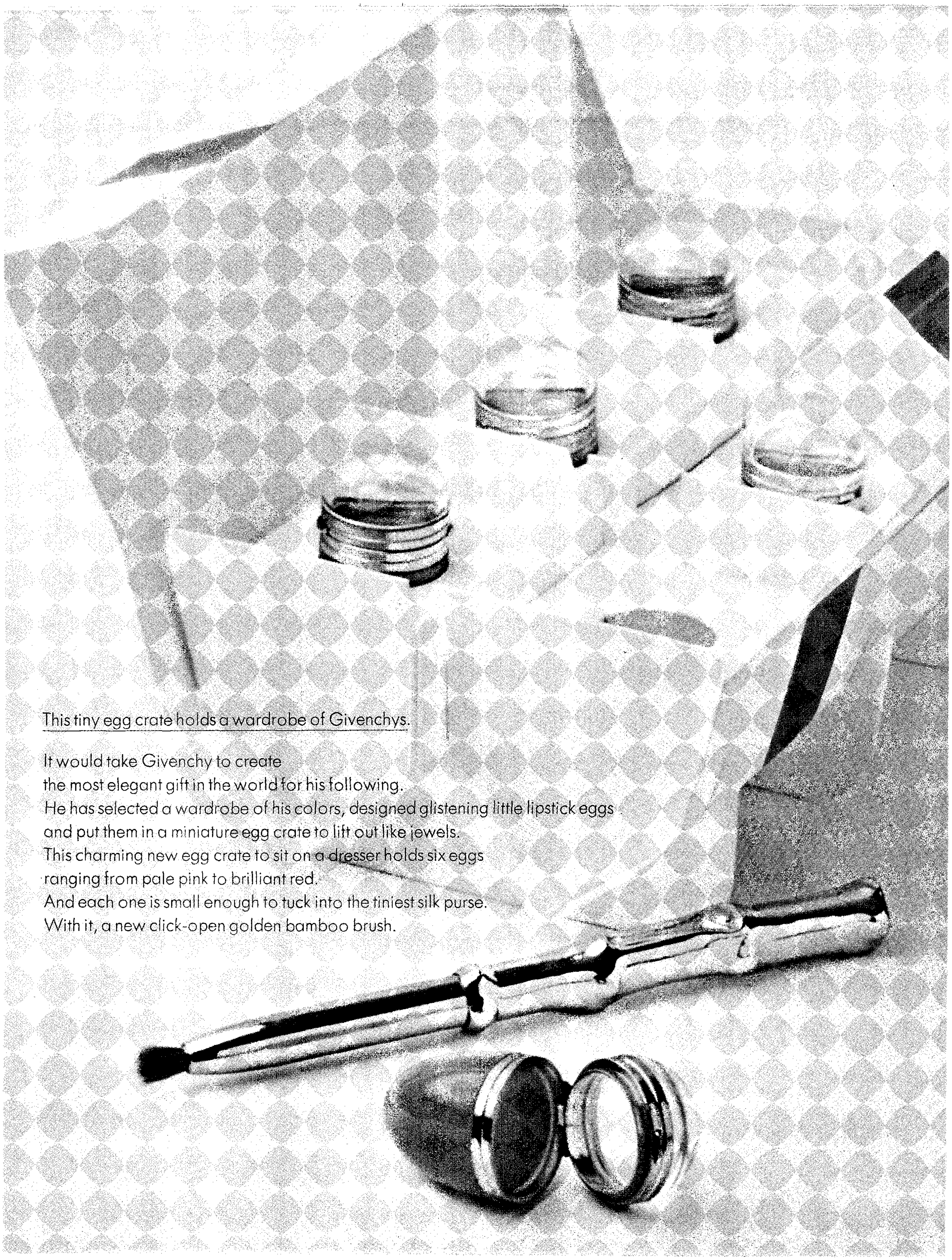

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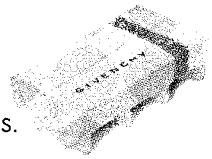

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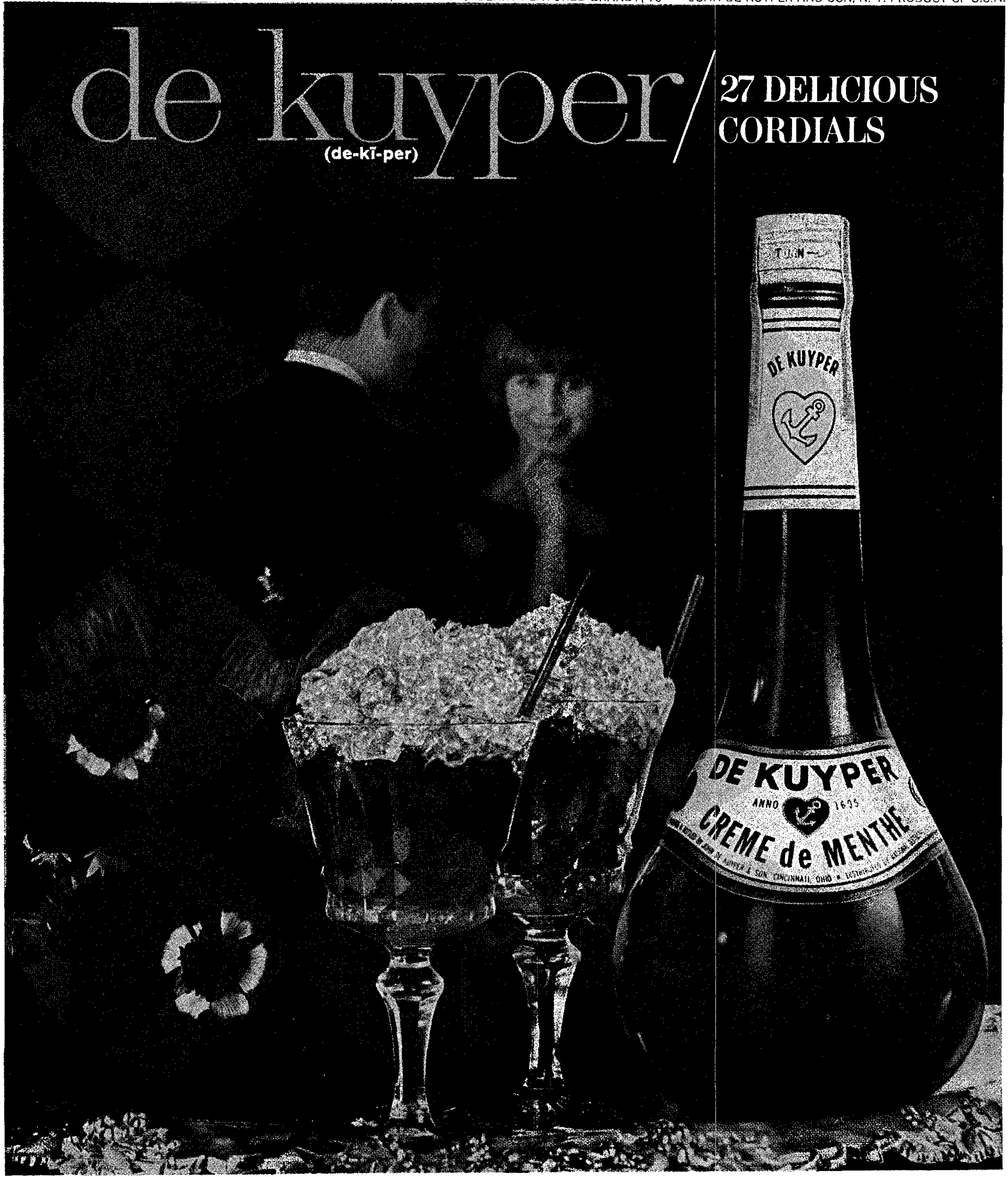
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tive monumentality, sketching plaster casts disturbed him, because it gave him doubts about his old desire to be a sculptor. He disliked the casts, and thought there was something wrong with him. Then he found that they were poor pieces in themselves—late Roman copies of Greek originals—and, having been whitewashed every year for twenty years, staggered under a quarter of an inch of whitewash, which blurred whatever distinction the forms might have had. These bad examples of classical sculpture, Moore thinks, encouraged him to look elsewhere for a sculptural tradition.

The teaching at Leeds was no better than the plaster casts. One professor advised his better pupils to go to London as soon as possible, and that was the best instruction they received. But in the meantime Moore, being curious, was making discoveries for himself; the School of Art library proved useful, and the collector Sir Michael Sadler opened his house to art students and showed them their first Post-Impressionists. Predictably, Moore passed his exams at the end of the year, but earlier he and Raymond Coxon had won greater glory. Leeds had prize competitions in a variety of categories, and Moore and Coxon applied themselves diligently to all of them. On prize day, when the awards were granted, they had taken every one.

During vacations and on weekends, Moore kept up with things in Castleford. (He had taught at an elementary school there between mustering out and matriculating at Leeds.) He took Raymond Coxon home with him to meet Miss Gostick and Arthur Dalby, and the four of them turned some jugs together on the secondary-school pottery wheel. In addition, groups of Miss Gostick's pupils, old and new, gathered to paint designs on pottery. Moore joined the Old Boys Association, in which he played soccer and tennis, he and his partners winning the doubles and mixed-doubles tournaments in 1919. He also wrote poems, none of which have survived. In 1920, he wrote, produced, and starred in a verse play, "Narayana and Bhataryan," which was influenced by the exotic Orientalism of James Elroy Flecker and was "Dedicated to the Memory of Rupert Brooke." Later, the play was performed a second time, as the first-year students' show at the Royal College of Art, in London. It was not a great success on either occasion, and Moore stopped writing. Unlike many artists, however, he did a lot of reading—novels mostly. He had spells of

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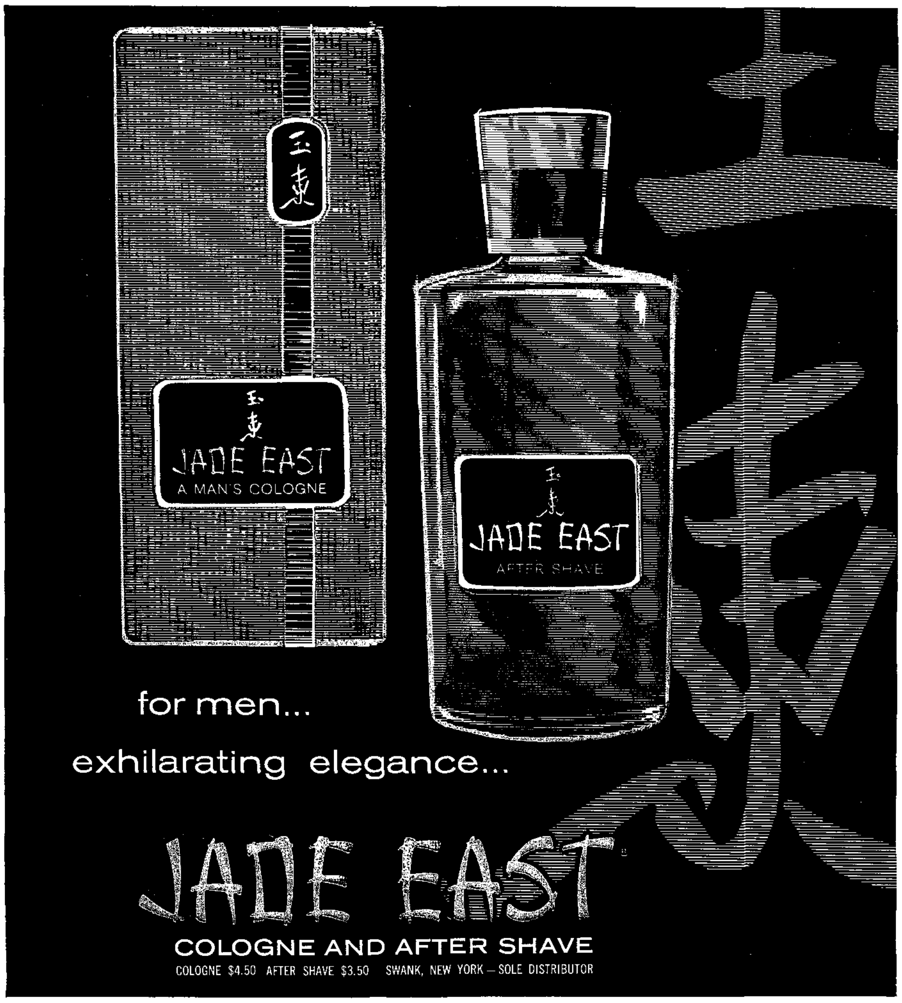
the Russians—Tolstoy and Dostoevski in particular—and spells of Hardy and Stendhal. One of his strongest admirations was for D. H. Lawrence, which was certainly as it should be. Both men were working-class sons of coal miners, deeply attached to their mothers; both were powerfully emotional artists, attracted to the primitive; both were intensely English and were at first rejected and reviled by the English (Moore until he was older than Lawrence was when he died). Yet, for all their similarities, the men were opposites in character, Moore being gentle, accommodating, and vigorously concentrated on artistic form, and Lawrence being violent, intractable, and anti-formalist.

In his second, and final, year at Leeds, Moore had the advantage of a new Department of Sculpture, which consisted of a single instructor who had lately graduated from the Royal College of Art. Leeds started the new department because one student wanted it, and the student was Moore. The instructor concentrated on teaching Moore all the tricks he had learned, enabling Moore to squeeze a two-year examination course into one year and win a scholarship to the Royal College of Art as well. His academic training was in conventional representational modelling, and he was good at it. For the examination, he modelled a hand, which was later sent to other English art schools as an example of how the thing should be done. Probably the event at Leeds that was most important for Moore's artistic development was his discovery, in the Leeds City Public Library, of Roger Fry's "Vision and Design," for here, in the argument and in the illustrations, Moore first encountered primitive sculpture. (The Gothic heads at Methley Church have a similar strong sculptural feeling, but they are not primitive.) Fry dealt in particular with African Negro sculpture, emphasizing the three-dimensional quality of it and its truth to material. Both ideas became principles of Moore's.

Moore was by no means the first artist to learn from the primitive—there had been Gauguin years before (and Brancusi and Modigliani and Picasso and Lipchitz and Derain), and there was Epstein there and then—but, along with Epstein, he was among the first sculptors to study the subject so thoroughly, to the point where he became an inadvertent scholar of ancient sculpture. Primitivism had existed for a hundred and fifty years as a romantic idea, but it had only recently become a sculptural force. Epstein says in his auto-



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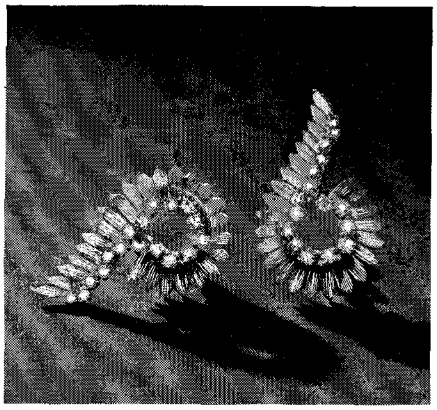

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biography that when he was a young man in New York, "no one thought of Mexican or pre-Columbian Indian work," and that he, for his part, wanted to come to Europe to see the monuments of Renaissance sculpture. For Moore, a few years later, Europe was London, and "Vision and Design" led Moore not to the Renaissance but to the Ethnographical Gallery of the British Museum.

The British Museum has been the principal source of Moore's sculpture. It is stocked with the loot of Empire, which includes carvings from all places and ages. The best known are the ones in Lord Elgin's famous haul from the Acropolis, but the Elgin marbles meant little to Moore at first; what moved him were the monuments of such earlier civilizations as Egypt and Sumeria, and of such alien cultures as Mexico and Africa, Polynesia and the Cyclades. In an article that Moore wrote a decade later, he declared, "A hundred years or so of Greece no longer blot our eyes to the sculptural achievements of the rest of mankind. Palaeolithic and Neolithic sculpture, Sumerian, Babylonian, and Egyptian, Early Greek, Chinese, Etruscan, Indian, Mayan, Mexican, and Peruvian, Romanesque, Byzantine, and Gothic, Negro, South Sea Island, and North American Indian . . ." There is a breathlessness about his list which he has never lost. He daydreams still of arranging exhibitions of British Museum material. He would like to assemble pieces "*so* alike, and yet which couldn't have influenced each other," he says. "It would show there's a fundamental sculptural *thing*." One English scholar has said that Moore is probably the only person in the world who knows what is *in* the British Museum. For years, those examples of sculpture had been on view to anyone who cared to look at them, but virtually no one had looked at them as works of art. Moore went to the British Museum on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons, and the ideal of "virility and power" replaced the old ideal of "beauty." He says, "The realistic ideal of physical beauty in art which sprang from fifth-century Greece was only a digression from the main world tradition of sculpture." As opposed to the classical, he loved "the Archaic Greek room, with its lifesize female figures, seated in easy, still naturalness, grand and full, like Handel's music." He soon began to explore other museums, too, studying Gothic sculpture at the Victoria and Albert. "London was a most tremendous exhilaration," he

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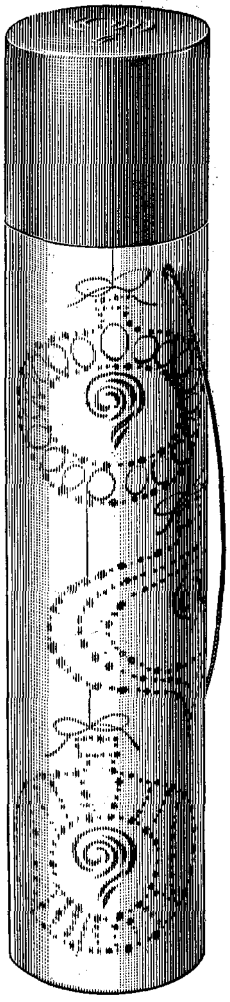

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recalls. "For the first year, I was in a dream of excitement. When I rode on the open top of a bus, I felt that I was travelling in Heaven, almost, and that the bus was floating in the air. And it was Heaven all over again in the evenings, in my horrid little room in Sydney Street, where I could spread out the books I'd got out of the library and know that I had the chance of learning about all the sculptures that had ever been made in the world."

Domestic life began badly for him, for in the "horrid little room" the door struck the bed as soon as you opened it, and the landlady served wretched dry finnan haddie every morning. After one term there, he moved into a room in Kensington with Raymond Coxon, who was also attending the Royal College. It was a small room, on Seymour Place, at twenty-two shillings a week. Moore and Coxon worked together much of the day, and when they went to bed they were still talking, about "God, women, and fine art." They kept track of time by naming sections of it after the food they were eating. There was the Black Pudding Period, when they bought black puddings for breakfast every morning. There was the Baked Beans Period, when they bought an immense hoard of baked beans at twopence halfpenny a can—war-surplus baked beans, salvaged from a sunken ship. An imitation Leonardo drawing by Henry Moore, *echt* Baked Beans Period, now hangs on Raymond Coxon's wall. They worked as intensely as they had worked in Leeds, and with growing confidence and growing freedom. Sometimes they would paint and carve all night. One would suggest to the other, in a casual way, "How about an all-night sitting tonight?" (The phrase "all-night sitting" derived from a Parliamentary habit.) The other, not to be outdared, would have to agree. Coxon always got sleepy first; Moore would keep at it until about seven o'clock. After a short while in Kensington, Moore and Coxon moved to an unfurnished flat in Walham Green, which they rented for ten shillings and sixpence a week and furnished out of junk shops. A while later, they moved to a real studio on Adie Road, Hammersmith.

In the meantime, there was the four-year course at the Royal College of Art. Moore was quickly accepted among the students as a leader, but his teachers were not particularly enthusiastic about him. It was a time for students to be influenced, though not by their professors. In his first years at the college, Moore read Wyndham Lewis's

(A Reminder)

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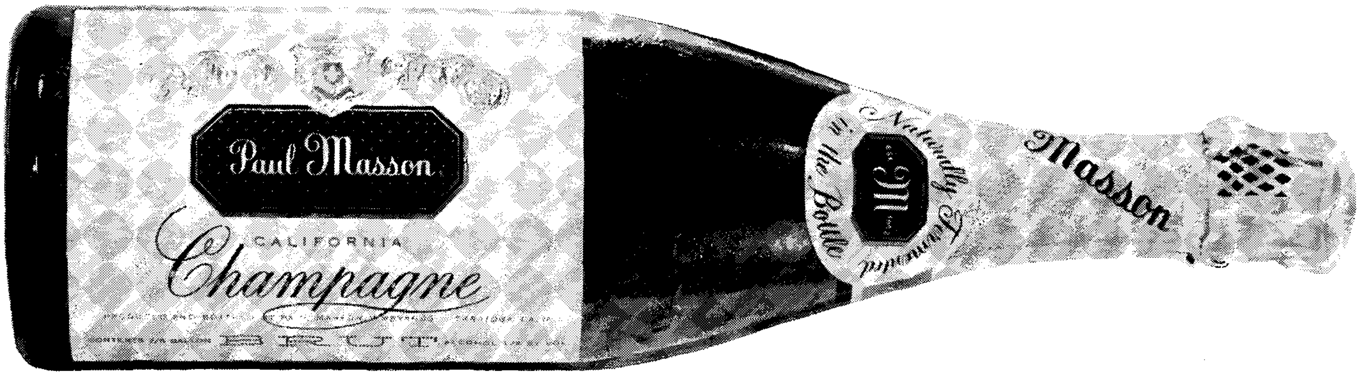
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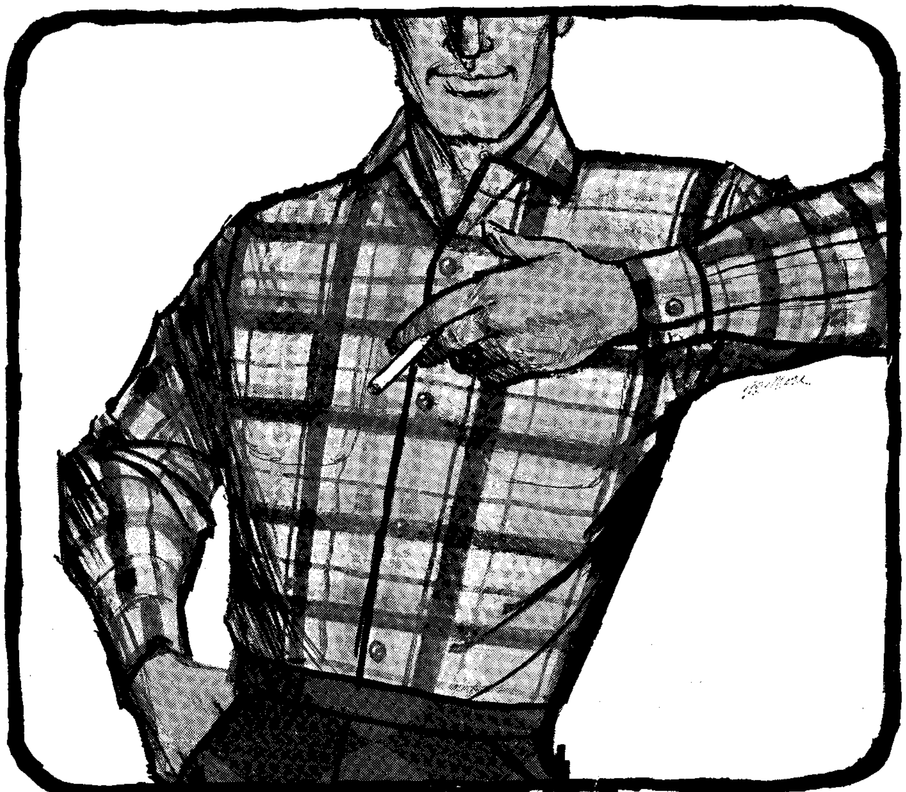

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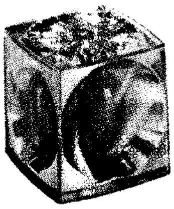
Blast, with its denunciations of academic art and its promulgation of Vorticism. The Vorticist emphasis on will, on the self-created power of the artist, was agreeable to Moore, and so was Wyndham Lewis's advocacy of direct carving in stone, his hatred of traditional modelling in clay or plaster. At this time, too, Moore read Ezra Pound's "Gaudier-Brzeska," his chaotic and affectionate memoir of the young Vorticist sculptor who had been killed in France at the age of twenty-three. Pound also advocated carving, and in the memoir he printed photographs of Gaudier's work—sometimes mainly Cubist and static, sometimes mainly Futurist and dynamic—and reprinted Gaudier's spirited essay on sculpture from *Blast*. In Gaudier, Moore found someone who agreed with him—praising primitive sculpture, attacking the Greeks, and making strong slogans, like "Sculptural energy is the mountain" and "Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses in relation" and "Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes." In the Seymour Place studio, Moore cut in plaster a "Dancing Figure" whose legs were contorted like a frog's; she was in the act of jumping. The line of influence goes back through *Blast* and Gaudier to Umberto Boccioni, the great Italian Futurist innovator. At this time, Moore's knowledge of modern sculptors was small, partly because England was then an artistic backwater and partly because the leaders of modern sculpture were still obscure even on the Continent. In England, there were three sculptors who anticipated him in a small way. Frank Dobson carried the influence of Maillol to London—a livelier tradition than anything locally available. Eric Gill was a fanatic on the subject of carving, but his sculpture was affected and decorative. Jacob Epstein's primitivist work is not his best; he was really a portrait sculptor, and had already, in 1915, modelled his great bronze bust of Admiral Lord Fisher. Though Epstein bought early Moores and was generous to the younger man in a hundred ways, he was not one of his artistic mentors. Among dealers, collectors, and cognoscenti all over the world, sculpture was then despised as a second-rate art. At one point, the *New Statesman* published an article saying that sculpture was dead and that architecture was the solid art of the future. It angered Moore at the time, but now he feels that the neglect into which sculpture had fallen left him free. "I'm glad there wasn't a sculptural tradition, that



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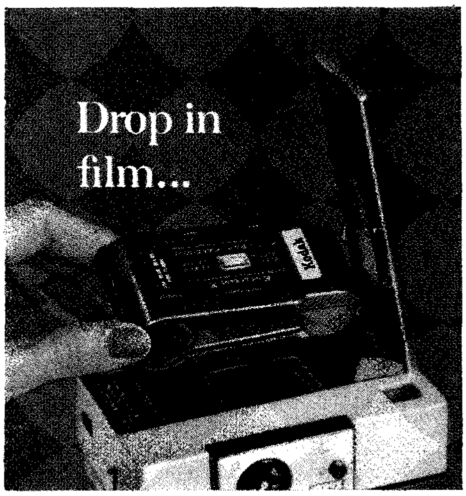

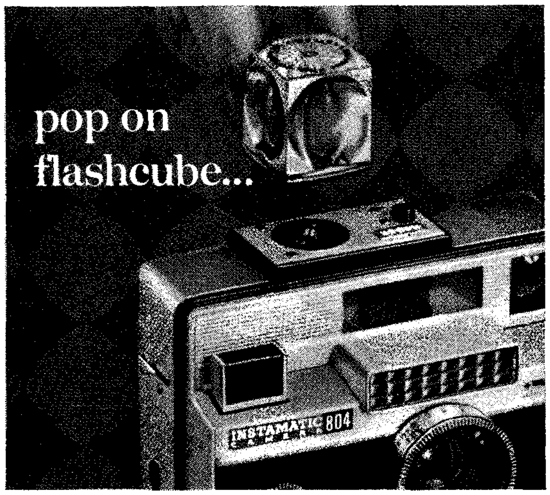

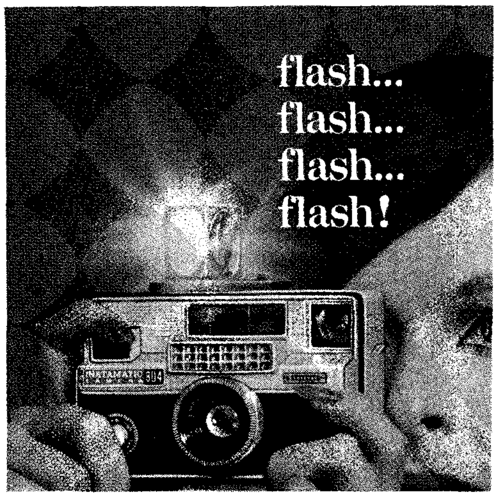

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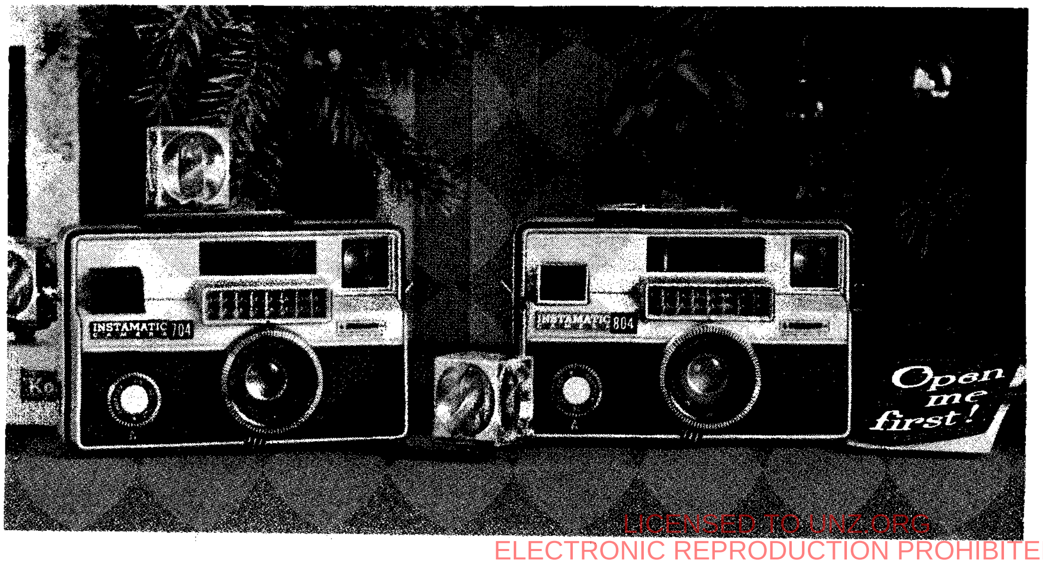

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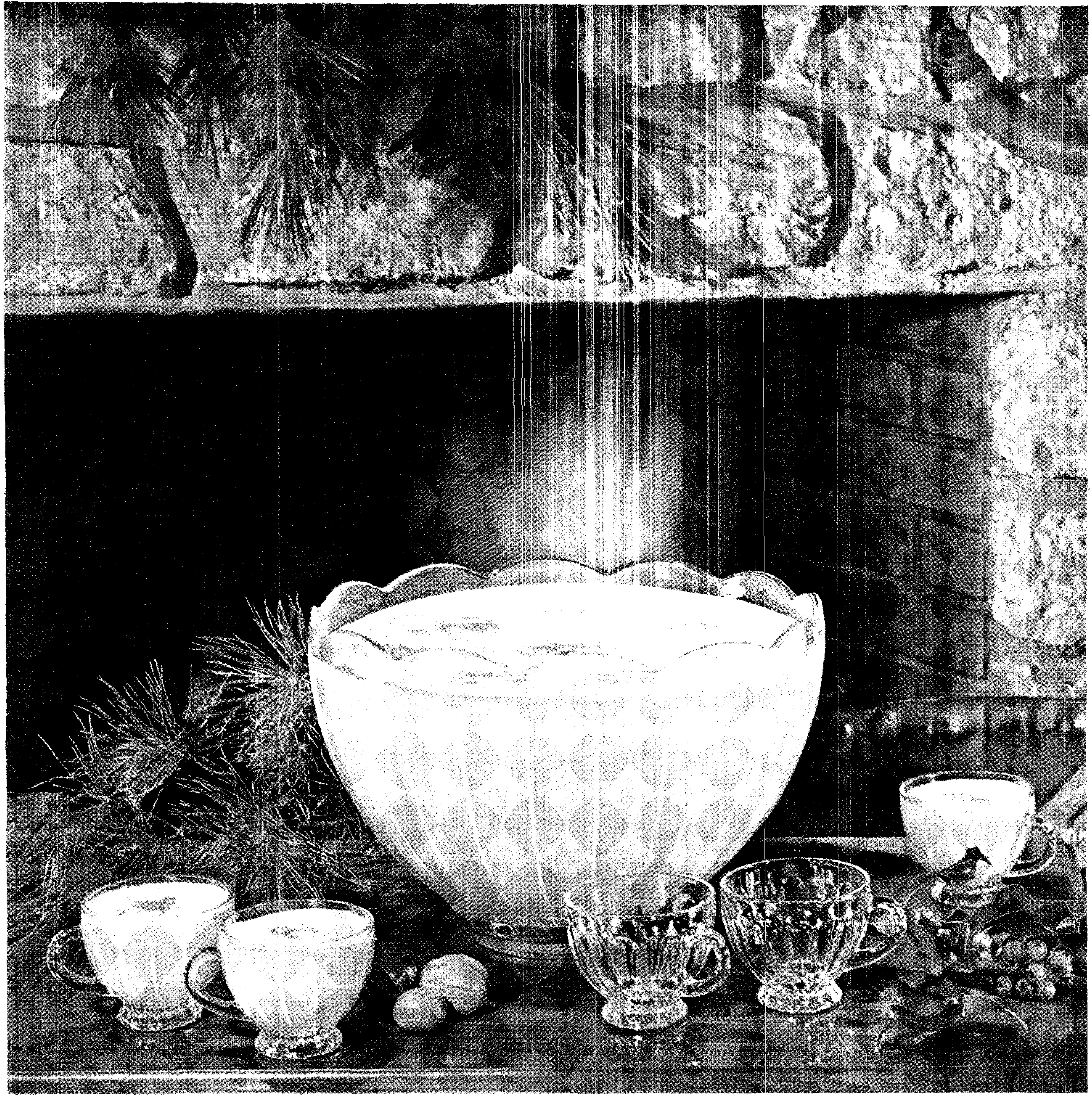

A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

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Quick recipe. Add 12 oz. *gold* Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt. of eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 12.

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I had to learn it all from the British Museum, that sculpture was looked on as a dead art," he says. It is true that Brancusi had been carving for some time in his Paris studio, and Archipenko and Lipchitz and Arp were already producing mature work. Moore's teachers, however, were anonymous Toltecs and Congolese.

Moore was free in himself, at least; he was not free from the rules of the Academicians. At the Royal College, there were so few sculpture students that Moore had a studio all to himself, but he was restricted in his use of it. In accordance with academic tradition, he was not supposed to do direct carving. Though his primitive mentors had carved, and though to the avant-garde modelling was Philistine and distasteful, Moore was required to model in clay and then transfer the clay into stone by mechanical means. That was the tradition of Western sculpture. Most Renaissance sculptures, and even Rodin's marbles, for the most part, were executed by stone carvers using pointing machines to copy the sculptor's model. A pointing machine is a framework that is attached firmly both to the clay model and to the block of stone. The carver measures exact distances from the frame to the model, and transfers an exact distance by boring a little hole in the stone, to an equivalent depth. The finished carving has tiny pores in it, which reveal that a pointing machine has been used. Moore believed in carving, and in truth to material. What was really stone should look stony, and what was wood, woody; therefore, the idea of modelling something that was going to be stone was anathema to him. Also, he believed in Michelangelo's old distinction: sculpture was the art of cutting away, painting the art of building up from nothing. The modeller, then, was really more painterly than sculptural. So when, in 1923, his professor at the Royal College required that he copy in stone a Renaissance head, he requested permission to carve it directly in marble. Permission was denied. Moore was to model it in clay and use a pointing machine for the carving, because otherwise he was certain to botch the job; no one could carve an accurate copy directly in stone. Moore persuaded his own instructor (who would see him at work; the professor would not) to let him have a go at carving it directly. The result stands in Raymond Coxon's house. It is a gracefully executed, conventionally beautiful Renaissance head, twenty-one inches high, and in Moore's view it serves to show the doubters that he *could* do old-fashioned pretty things

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if he *wanted* to. Its full title is "Copy of the Head of the Virgin," and Moore copied it from the marble relief of the "Virgin and Child" by Domenico Rosselli in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Some critics find the Moore an improvement on the Rosselli; the Virgin's face turns outward, at a slight angle, from a background relief, and the marble represents flesh as elegantly as the marble of any Court sculptor. It went against everything that Moore believed, except that he managed to carve it directly. The marble of the Virgin's face is delicately pored with small holes, which Moore added when he had finished the carving, so that it would look as if he had used the pointing machine. The professor of sculpture was pleased.

Academic training aside, the Royal College was valuable to Moore, especially in the person of its principal, Sir William Rothenstein. Sir William brought his brother Charles Rutherston (he had changed his name a few years earlier, to make it sound less German) to visit Moore's studio, and Rutherston became the first collector to buy a Henry Moore carving. Moore cannot remember the price, but he guesses that it might have been ten pounds. Rutherston also bought Coxon's portrait of Moore, which now hangs in the Manchester City Art Gallery. Later in the decade, he introduced Moore to Dorothy Warren, whose London gallery gave Moore his first one-man show. Sir William entertained his students at his home on Sunday nights, where they met poets and artists—Rabindranath Tagore, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare, Eric Gill—and also Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.

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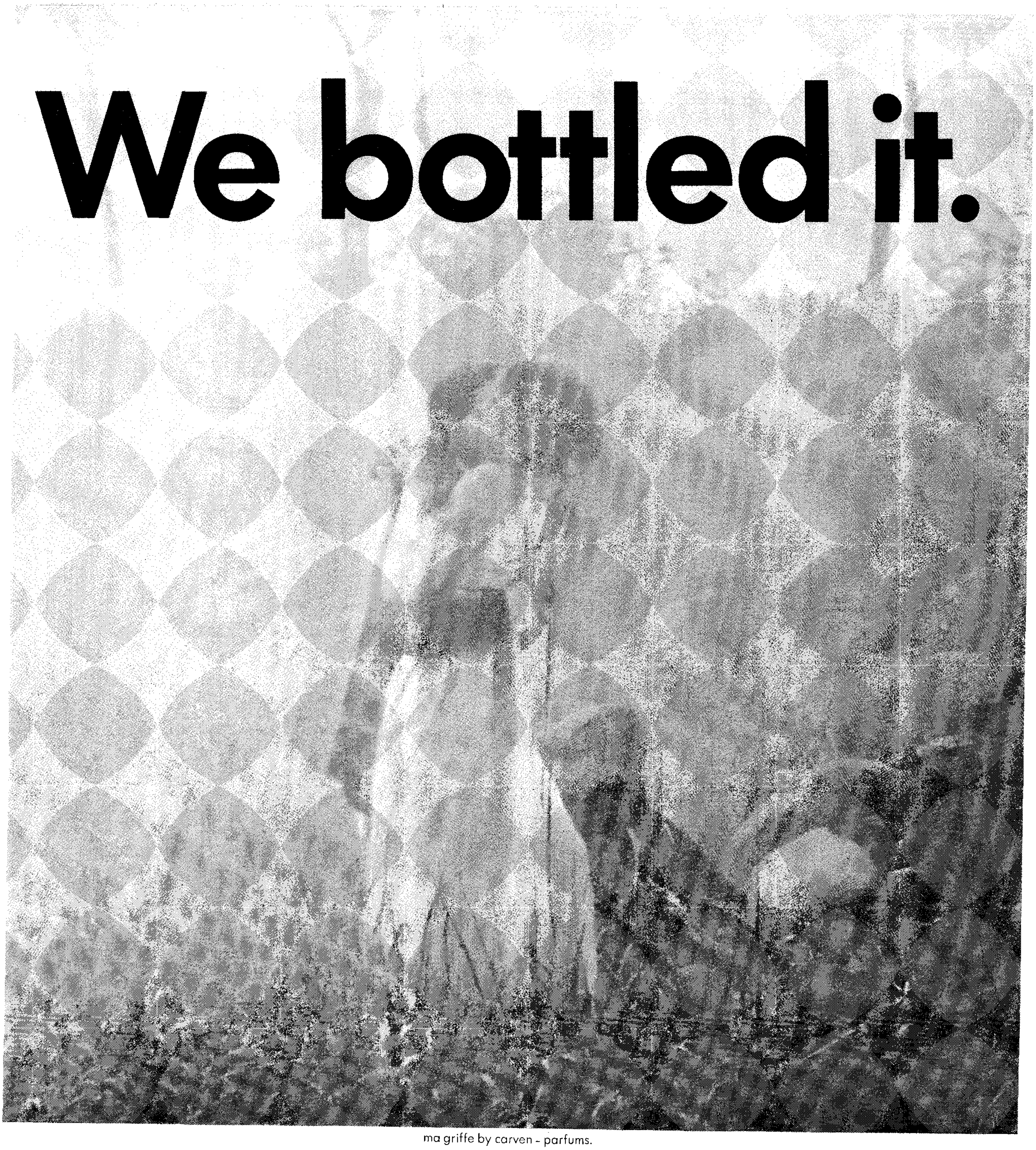
In 1924, Moore won a Royal College of Art travelling scholarship that enabled him to make a six-month visit to Italy. The scholarship came at a time when he was at his most dogmatically primitive and anti-classical; he had no desire to do another Renaissance head, and while he admired Michelangelo, he feared giving in to him. He asked the college if he couldn't spend the six months in Paris instead (he liked to go there every spring), but the authorities insisted that he stick to the terms of the scholarship, which specified Italy. At first, his dogmatism appeared to be unshaken. He wrote to his principal the letter of a twenty-five-year-old to his patron. He lectured (excepting Michelangelo from the general censure): "Giotto's painting is the finest sculpture I met in Italy. . . . In the influence of Donatello I think I see the beginning of the end—Donatello was a modeller, and it seems to me that it is modelling that has sapped the manhood out of Western sculpture." He deplored: "The widespread avoidance of thinking and working in stone . . ." He foreshadowed: "The only hope I can see for a school of sculpture in England, under our present system, is a good artist working carving in the big tradition of sculpture, who can get the sympathy and admiration of students. . . ." When he wrote the letter, he was most impressed by Giotto, but soon it was Masaccio who astonished him, and Masaccio has remained one of his great artistic influences. Moore spent half an hour every day in the Brancacci chapel of Santa Maria del Carmine in Florence, where Masaccio had grouped realistic, highly three-dimensional forms in fresco on a wall. Michelangelo had been there before him, as he knew; Vasari had written, "All the most celebrated sculptors since Masaccio's day have become excellent and illustrious by studying their art in this chapel." For him, however, the immediate effect of Italy was interior chaos. He had to admit the validity of Renaissance "beauty," and the bravado of his letter to Sir William Rothenstein disappeared. For almost the only time in his life, he found it difficult to work. The Renaissance lady whose head Moore had faked so gracefully took her revenge upon him.

AFTER Moore had returned from Italy and had finished his third year at the Royal College of Art, he was appointed instructor in its sculpture school for a term of seven years. He felt incredibly lucky in his job. In return for two days' work a week (he never taught any more than that), he was guaranteed an annual income of two hundred and forty pounds (twelve hundred dollars), which was enough to live on. And he was in a position to sell a few pieces of sculpture besides. He figured that, taking vacations into account, he spent only sixty-two days a year at school, and had three hundred and three left for work. "I couldn't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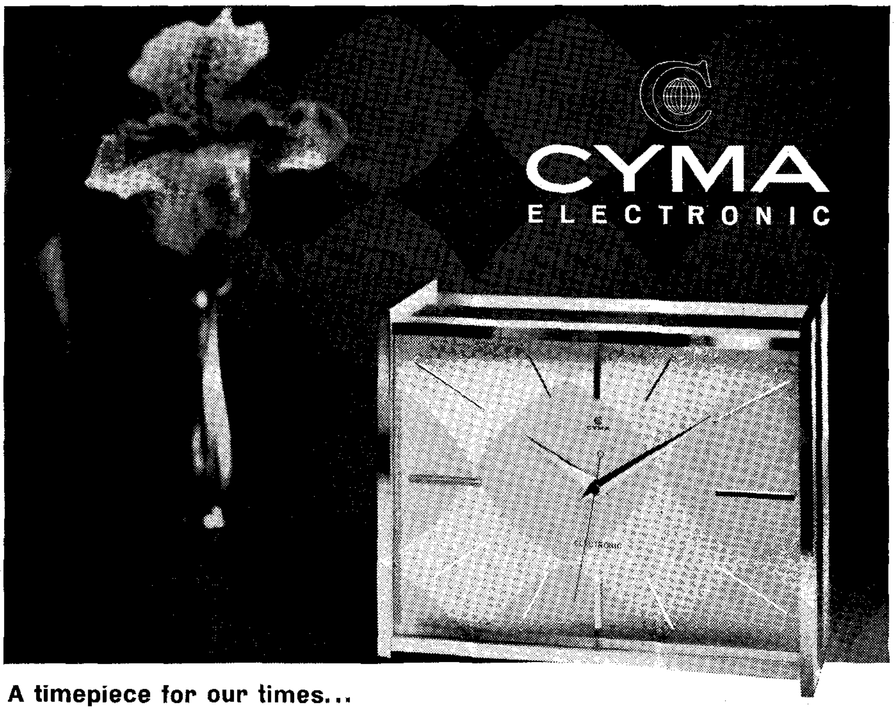

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have dreamed of better conditions," he says today. He never felt that his teaching interfered with the progress of his sculpture. At the beginning, he thinks, the teaching even helped. "The first two or three years of teaching your own subject is as much a way of learning for the teachers as for the students themselves," he says. "I remember I used to be very surprised quite often at the things I discovered while teaching. After a few years of teaching, I think it isn't a very good thing, because there comes a stage when you have to repeat things that you think are fundamental in the training of a sculptor. They become a deadening thing." He began to find teaching onerous long before he quit, in fact. Still, most artists have to give up some of their time to earn their keep, and while Moore was teaching, Barbara Hepworth and Ben Nicholson were spending an equivalent amount of time designing posters and doing other commercial work.

Meanwhile, the sculpture was resumed, after the unsettling interruption of the Renaissance. Moore went back to the British Museum, and his fascination with the primitive reasserted itself. Now, in a German book, one of the Orbis Pictus series, he came across an illustration of an ancient limestone reclining figure—a representation of the Mayan rain spirit, Chac Mool, which had been found near Chichén Itzá, in Yucatán, Mexico—and he was struck by its power and truth to material. He was ready to learn from Chac Mool, but he was not yet ready to assimilate Masaccio. He coped with the Renaissance by refusing to let it touch his work. Now, also, he discovered the Museum of Natural History, where he found in the study of natural structures—cellular, skeletal, mineral—another major source of forms. He brooded over skeletons, and became the world's foremost collector of pebbles. Until he began frequenting the Museum of Natural History, the source of most of Moore's work had been art rather than nature. Probably, for that matter, the major source of most good art is other art. Moore shows traces in his work of primitive art in particular but also of Picasso, Arp, and Lipchitz, and these artists show traces in *their* work of artists *they* learned from. (The Manhattan dealer who gave her opinion of Moore by saying, "Arp got there first. Who's better?" can be answered in two ways. First, Brancusi got there before Arp. Second, and more seriously, what does the primacy matter? Marlowe got there first, but Shakespeare is

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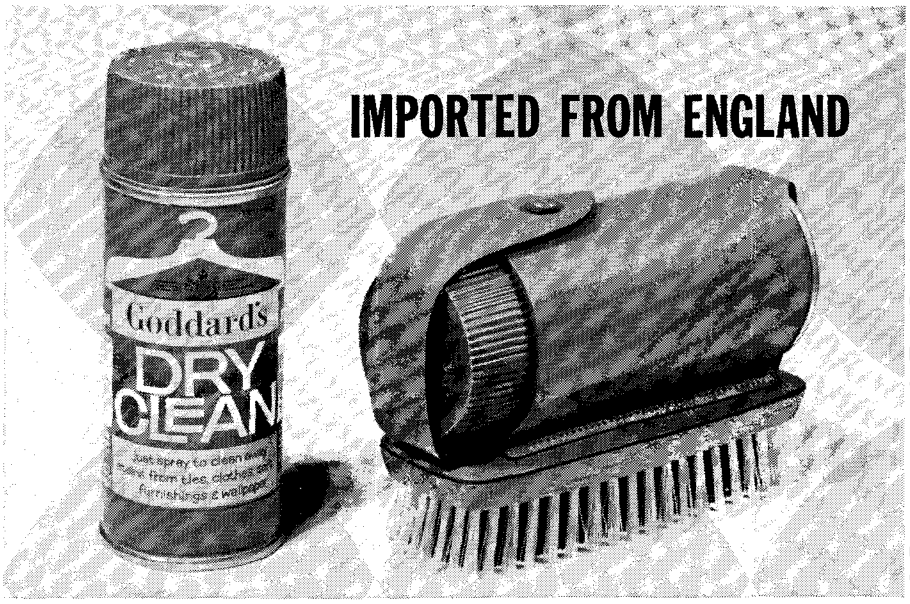

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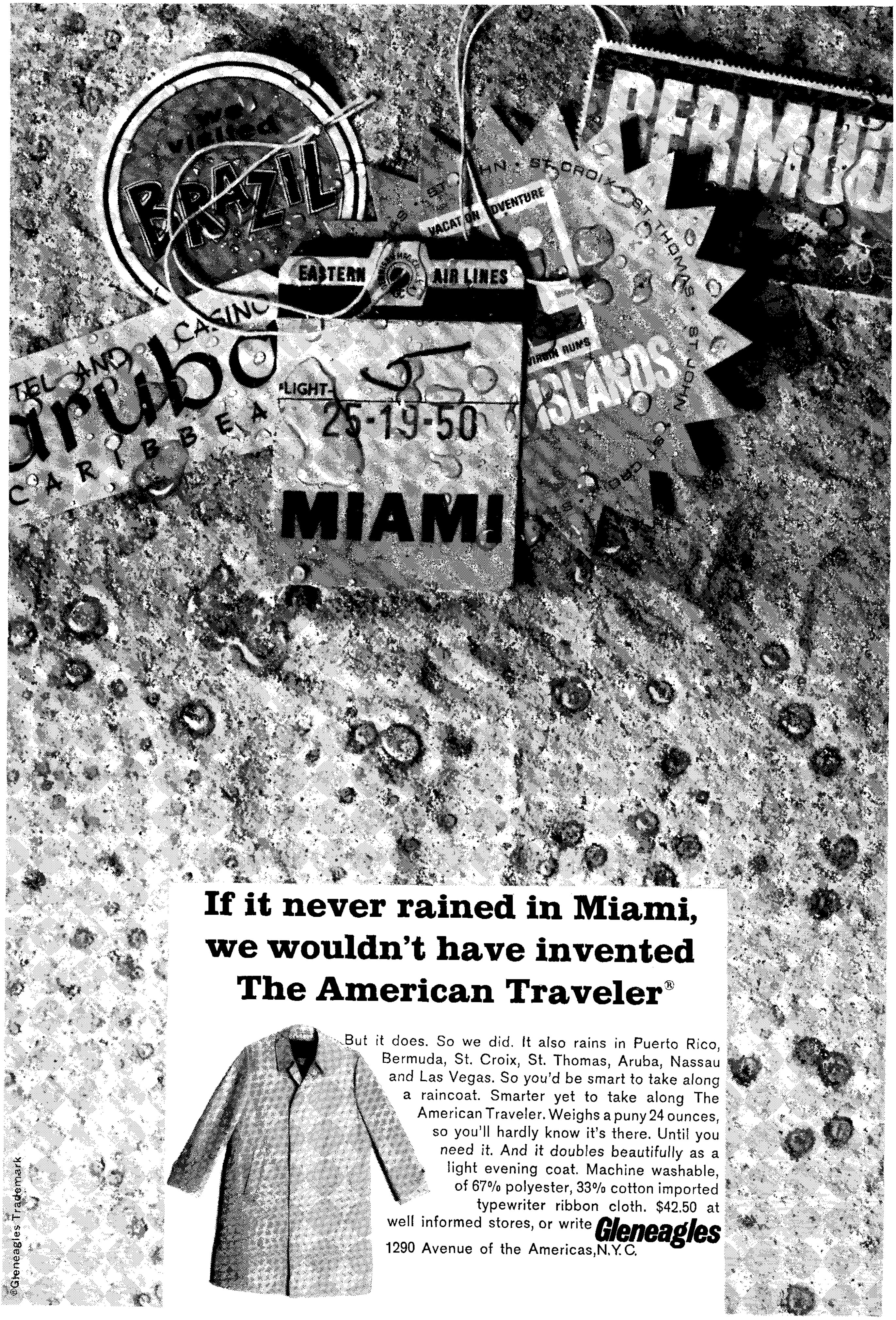
better.) Sometimes, however, an imitation is *too* close to the original. Sir John Rothenstein, son of Sir William, art critic and director of the Tate Gallery from 1938 to 1964, prefers Moore's early drawings to his early carvings, because the carvings are derivative. "Were *Mask* of 1924 . . . placed with others in a collection of ancient Mexican sculpture, it would take an experienced scholar to pick it out as a modern derivation," Sir John has written. "Who, on the other hand, who had ever seen one of the early drawings of seated women, could fail to attribute it in any company?" Roger Fry—the critic whose "Vision and Design" led Moore toward primitive art—once derided Moore by saying that Moore knew what works of art looked like, and so he tried to make them. Fry was charging him not with eclecticism so much as with faking—the quality of the *voulu*. Looking at Moore's earliest work, one can understand the judgment, though one also understands how the immature carvings were preparing the way for the great ones. Early pseudo-African pieces, like the 1922 "Head of a Girl," are acts of homage more than acts of the imagination. They are copies in nearly the same sense that the Renaissance head is, only they follow an alien tradition; they express technical skill, critical discrimination, and a lack of artistic confidence. During the same years, Moore's life drawings were vital and individual, copies of nothing. It was when the primitive vigor of his carving united with the human sensuality of his life drawing, at the end of the twenties, that he came into his own as a sculptor. By that time, the natural but inhuman forms of pebbles and skeletons and crystals had suggested to him new ways of dealing with the human form—ways that, though they were not copied from primitive sculpture, had its energy and coherence. When Moore copied distortions from the primitives, he imitated superstitious primitive feelings that were not his own; theology, whether pagan or Christian, creates fearful or protective deities and spiritualized human images. Moore needed to distort through the organic forms of pebbles and trees in order to make his own statement.

Drawing remained highly important to Moore for many years. The graphic work he did up to 1940 falls into two groups—"Life Drawings," of nudes, and abstract "Ideas for Sculpture." The latter were simply "a means of generating ideas for sculpture," Moore has explained, and "of sorting out ideas and developing them." On the other



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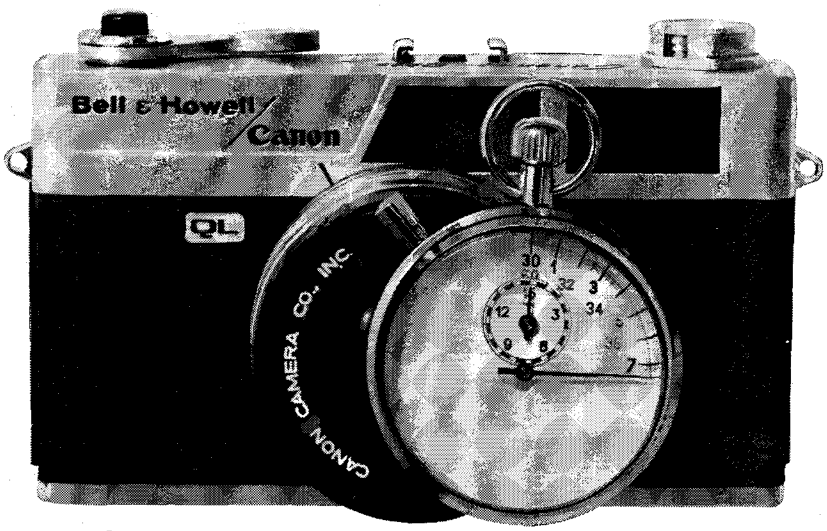

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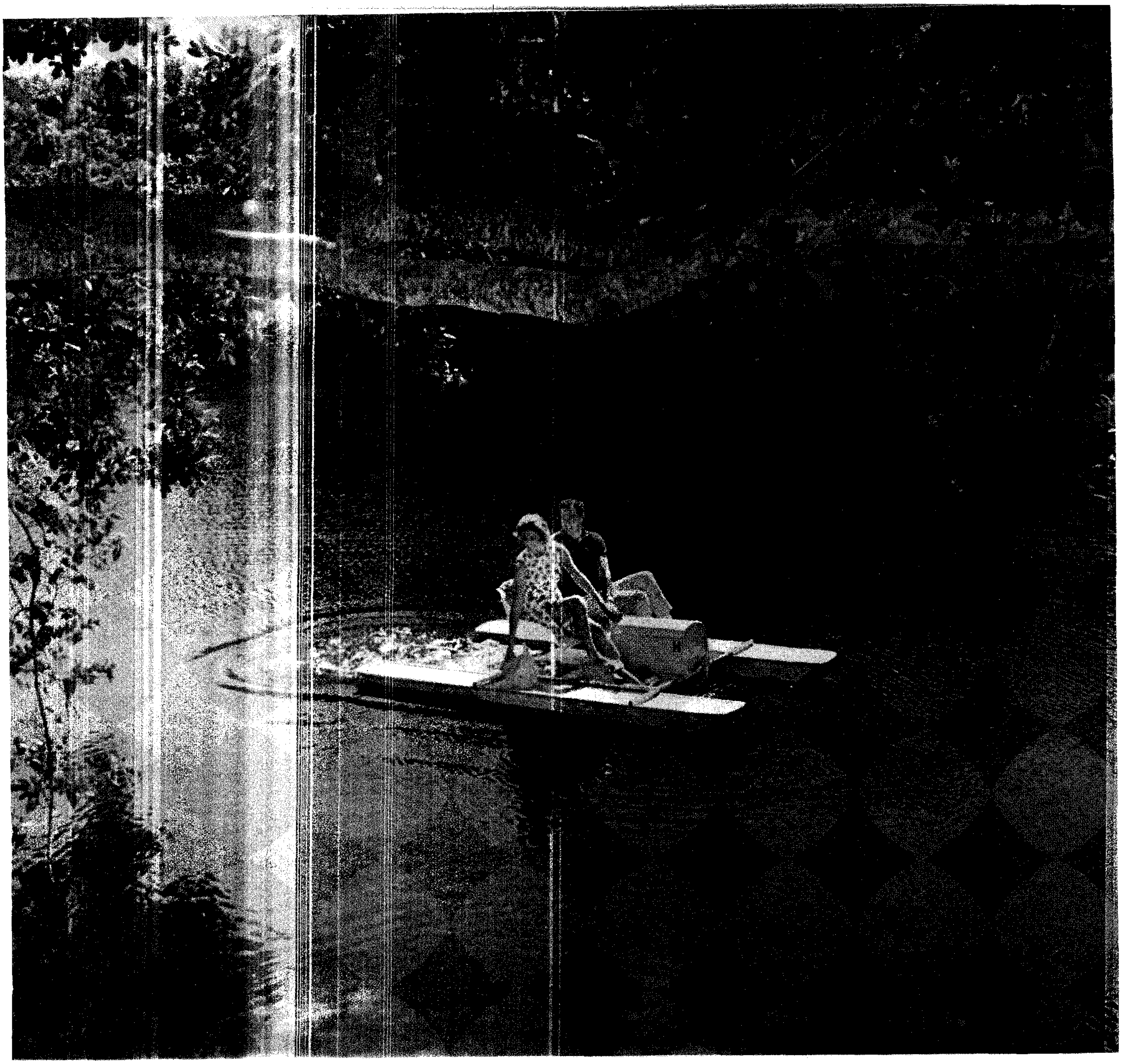
hand, life drawing, he has said, "keeps one fit—like physical exercises—perhaps acts like water to a plant," and "enlarges one's form repertoire, one's form experience." Moore's naked women were part of his research into nature, like his study of pebbles and bones; they were also part of his theme of the female. Many of his drawings were done at Colorossi's, a public studio, in Paris. Moore's trips to Paris began when he was a student, and continued until the Second World War. In their first year at the college, Moore and Coxon decided it would be pleasant to cross the Channel and look at some *real* Cézannes. At Whitsuntide, 1922, they asked their principal for permission to take the trip. Sir William was delighted by the idea, and gave them letters of introduction to Maillol and Bonnard. They didn't use either one. They had brought no razor with them, and were dressed in Army grayback shirts. Once, they got as far as Maillol's door, but then Moore said, "Well, he's working, and he won't want to be bothered," and they did not knock. Every spring thereafter, Moore and Coxon went over to Paris with a group of artists and art students. The group never took the Métro or a bus but walked everywhere, in order to look at things, and in the afternoons they drew, from life, at Colorossi's. In many of Henry Moore's old life drawings, you come across a chair the model used—a little backless, plain chair. Sometimes the model would sit only a minute or two. At other times, she would hold a position for a long time, enabling Moore to turn out a variety of drawings, from different approaches. On occasion, Moore drew so rapidly that, from the sound of pages turning in his sketchbook, his friends accused him of secret reading. Coming back on the boat train, the artists propped their drawings on the opposite seats in their compartments, and judged how well they had done on their holidays; sometimes one of them might come back with three hundred drawings.

In a sense, Moore always drew a model as if he were drawing ideas for sculpture. When he drew, he was not trying to be accurate, he was trying to create monumentality. Sometimes he gave a thin model thick, strong legs. Sometimes there was a strange disproportion between face and body, not so much in size as in degree of pictorial reality. The face might be largely realistic and more detailed than the body, which might be enlarged unrealistically into a dream of stone. When that happened, Moore used the



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disproportion of style as he later used disproportion of scale. The portraitlike face and the arms, which would also be realistic, would set off and emphasize the rocky massiveness of the body.

The annual excursions to Paris opened Moore's eyes to contemporary art. On his first visit, he saw the Pellerin Collection of Cézannes, and was especially moved by "the triangular bathing composition, with the nudes in perspective, lying on the ground as if they'd been sliced out of mountain rock." He has said, "For me, this was like seeing Chartres Cathedral." He looked at real Rodins for the first time, too, but in the early years he did not find Rodin primitive enough to be interesting. On later journeys, Moore and his friends met French artists and kept up with what was happening. By their travels, they did their bit to bring England into the art world of the twentieth century. The trips survived marriages, divorces, and everyone's changing circumstances. In 1926, Moore was best man at Raymond Coxon's wedding. Coxon married an English artist who had been a member of the group, and afterward the Coxons made regular trips to Paris as a couple just as they had before when they were single.

When Coxon married, he moved out of the studio he shared with Moore, and moved into the studio next door. Moore's own fortunes took a new turn two years later, when he accepted his first commission and had his first show. At the urging of Jacob Epstein, the London Underground asked Moore to do a relief on its new building at St. James's. It was a flattering invitation—Eric Gill and Epstein himself were doing other carvings for the same building—but Moore hesitated before accepting, out of skepticism about architectural sculpture. It seemed to him that too often sculpture on a building was merely decorative, and unable to live its own life. The architect Charles Holden finally persuaded him to take the commission, by asking him to "solve a problem." As it happened, Moore's doubts proved well founded. The building is a far from distinguished piece of work, and Moore's sculpture for it, which is called "North Wind," is inferior to his other carving of that period; it is relief, which Moore did not really believe in, and this time the distortions of style and of scale make an image that is like the work of fifty other would-be-modern sculptors. It lacks inventiveness and individuality. His show, at the Warren Gallery, was a happier occasion. Moore found Dor-

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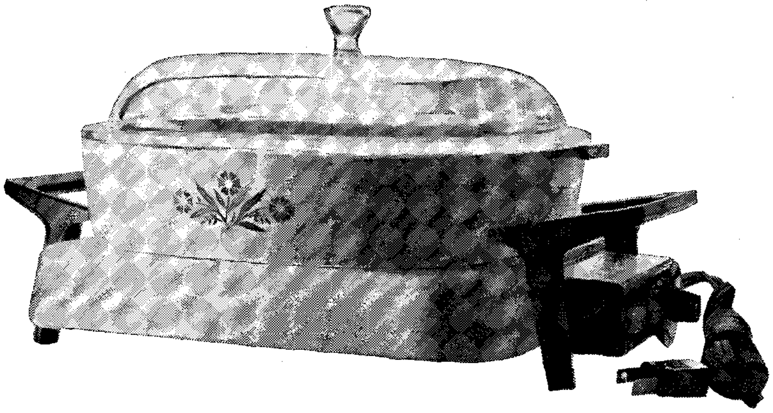

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othy Warren "a person with energy and verve, real flair." One year later, she was to be the subject of one of the most celebrated police raids in history when she hung the paintings of D. H. Lawrence. Now the critic of the *Morning Post* called Moore's work "immoral." As a result of the show, Moore sold ninety pounds' worth of sculpture and drawings. More than the money, he cherished the identity of the buyers; Augustus John, Henry Lamb, and Jacob Epstein were among them.

But 1928 was even more important for a third event. Women have always been important in Moore's life. At thirty, he had been attached to a fairly rapid succession of beautiful girls, but marriage had never seemed close—one girl objected to taking second place to sculpture, and another, friends observed, spent his money too freely—and he made up his mind that it was a bad idea for an artist to get married. You couldn't be married to sculpture and to a woman at the same time, he felt. Then he met Irina Radetzky, and it occurred to him in a flash, he says, that Rembrandt was married and that Bach had twenty children.

Mrs. Moore was born a Russian, in Kiev, in 1907. During the Revolution, she was separated from her widowed mother and remained with her grandmother, but her grandmother soon died, and at twelve she became one of the army of homeless children in post-revolutionary Russia. Because her parents had been rich, the Soviet authorities took no interest in her. The daughter of an old Socialist took her in, and allowed her to help teach young children in a school that the daughter was running. Irina's mother eventually married an English officer and went to live in Paris. Through the Polish Embassy (the Radetzkys were partly Polish, and now claimed that Irina was a Pole), Irina was found and was brought out of Russia to live with her mother and her stepfather. Later, she lived with her English step-grandparents, in Buckinghamshire. At eighteen, she entered the Royal College of Art, as a particularly attractive student of painting. "It wasn't as easy then as it is now to get to know students from other departments," Moore said recently, "but I was absolutely determined to get to know her, and when the chance came, at the end-of-term dance just before Christmas, 1928, I took it, although she had come to the dance with someone else." Irina lived in the country, and Moore recalls that the telephone played a great part in his courtship. In July, 1929, he and Mrs. Moore were married. At the station, as they were starting off on their honeymoon, which they spent in Cuckoo Cottage, in Dedham—Constable country—Mrs. Moore tried to lift Henry's suitcase, and couldn't get it off the ground. It contained a small block of alabaster. Moore carved it during their honeymoon, and sold it—a "Reclining Figure"—for sixty-five pounds, which helped to pay the rent. (The same "Reclining Figure" not long ago sold for fifty-five hundred guineas at Christie's.)

Mrs. Moore stopped painting when she married. (Moore says she was very good at it.) Today, her aesthetic judgment expresses itself firmly but simply, over a drawing or a flower, in a "That's nice" or "That's not very nice." (She still speaks with a slight Russian accent, romantic and furry.) She is a graceful and elegant woman nearing sixty now, with a particular aptitude in her dress for a kind of chic that never looks as if it knew it was chic. Mrs. Moore has always stood to one side of the light of publicity, remaining a very private woman. Her shyness has helped protect her husband from the results of gregariousness compounded with fame. If it were not for Mrs. Moore, the house would be full of guests every weekend, and there would be no solitary, creative Sunday mornings. During the visitors' part of the day, she sometimes slips around to her garden surreptitiously, to avoid meeting new people. The rest of the time, she brings privacy and continuity to Moore's jagged and crowded life. (Many people have a different idea of Henry Moore's wife, and think that she is Barbara Moore, the health-faddist and extraordinary walker who set out to hike from California to New York. Barbara Moore is an English subject, born a Russian, and the wife of a sculptor—so it is not surprising that people have confused the two. Her husband, actually an amateur sculptor, is a man named Harry Moore, which doesn't help at all. Once, Barbara Moore called at Hoglands to apologize for the confusion.)

THE end of the decade that saw Moore married also saw the beginning of an intensely creative period. It began with the Leeds "Reclining Figure" of 1929. This sculpture, in Hornton stone, is often compared with the Chac Mool that Moore saw on his return from Italy, but no one would ever mistake the Moore figure for a primitive work. The Mayan piece, except that the head is turned at a right angle,

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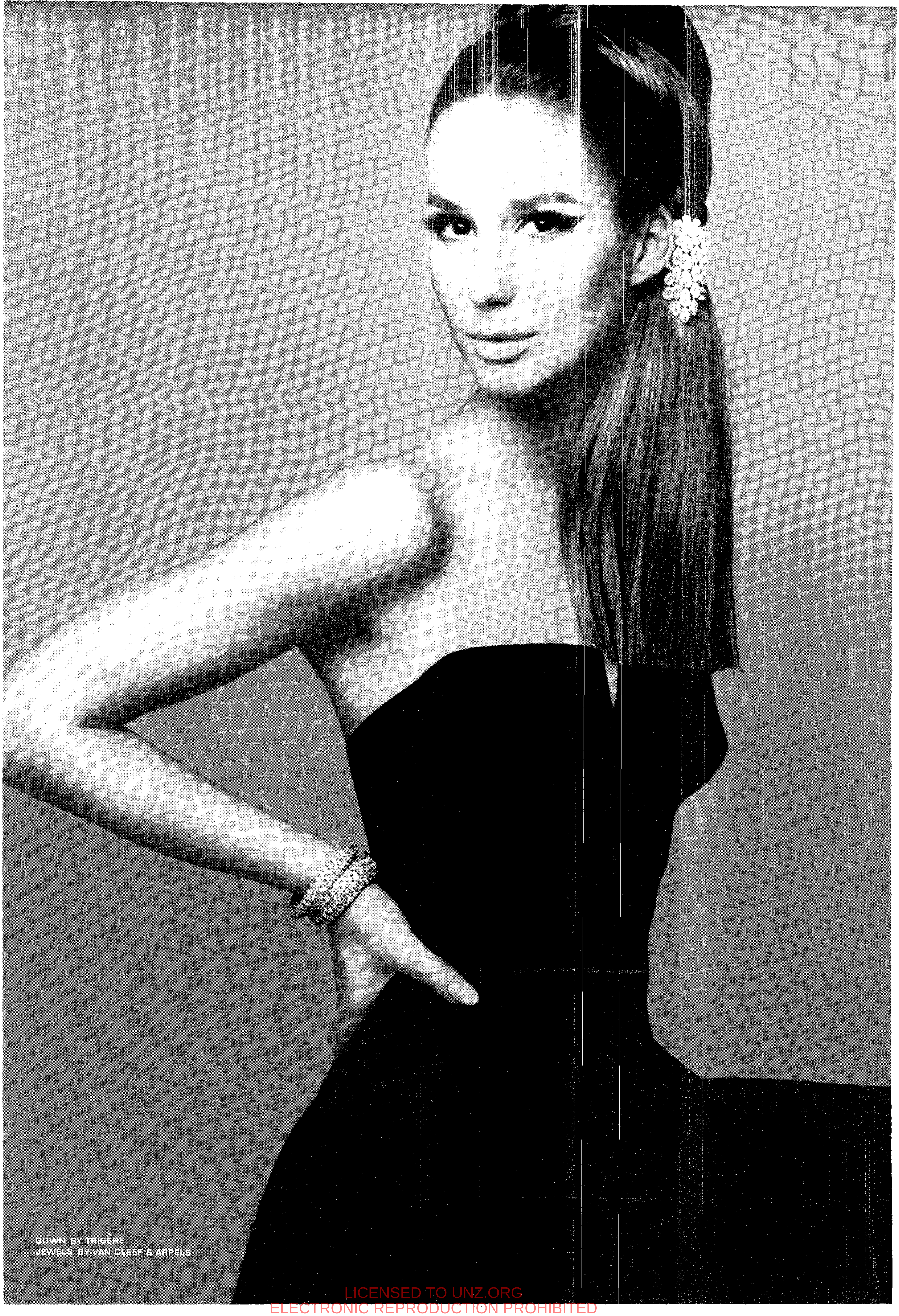

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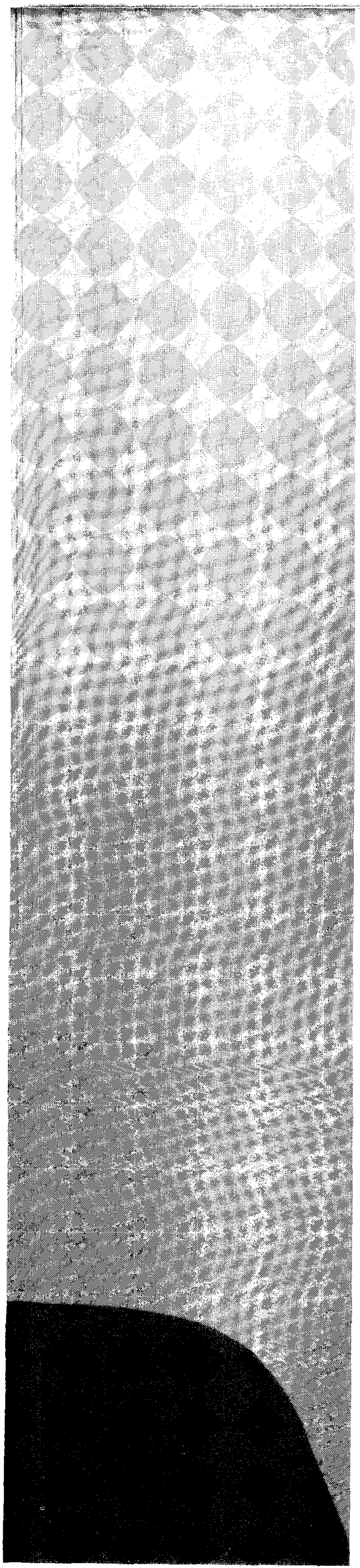

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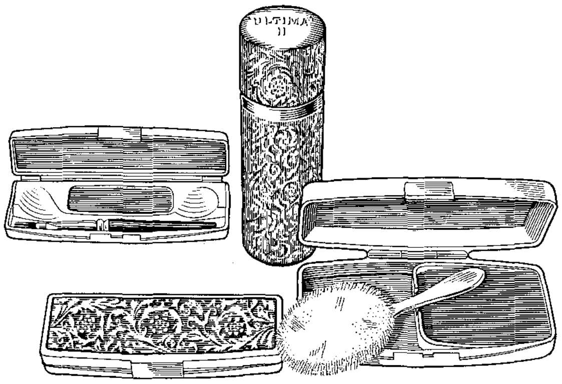

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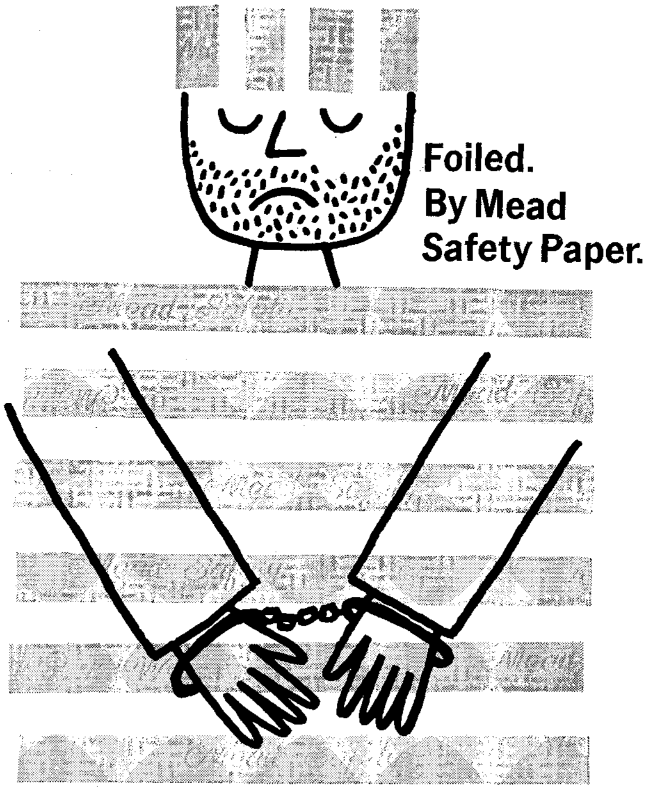

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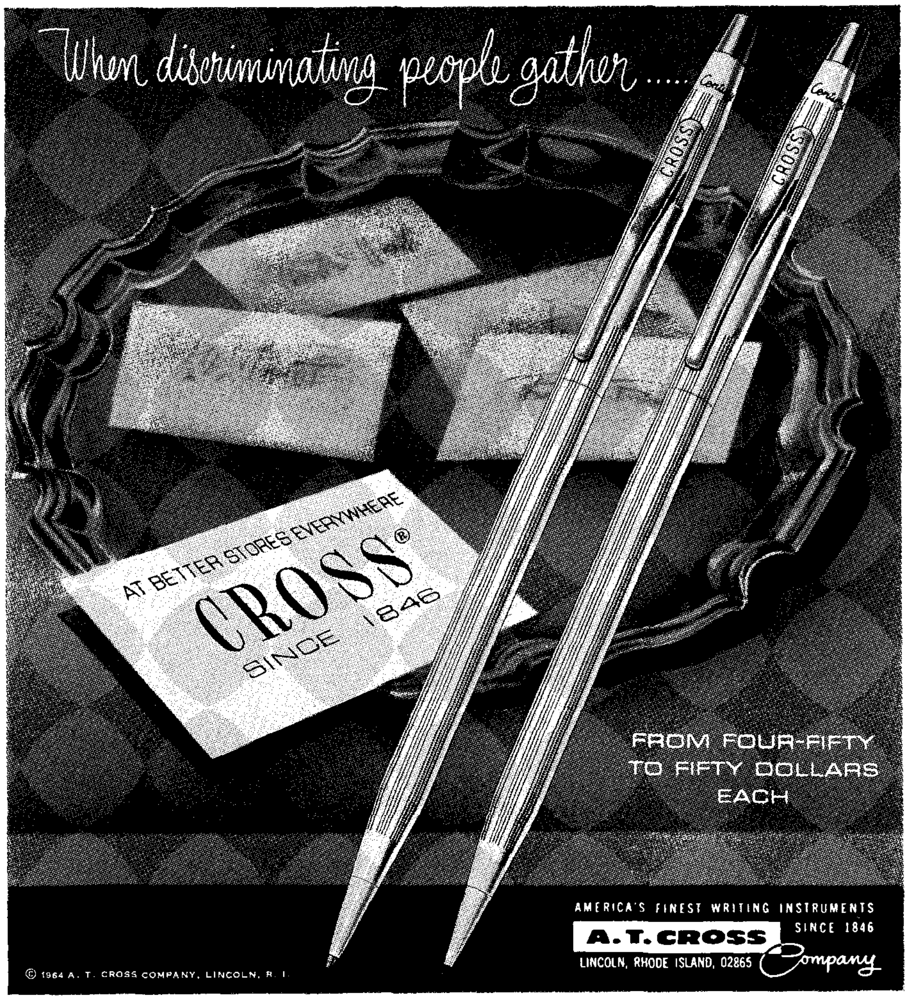
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all goes in one direction. It stretches out with the two knees raised equally, and the two arms are similarly placed. Moore's "Reclining Figure" goes in contrary directions, its impulses neither linear nor circular but resolved by opposition. The woman's left arm is raised, palm to the back of her head, so that her forearm is parallel to the lines of the bottom of the sculpture, while the upper arm juts away at an angle. The right leg lies on the low parallel, but the left one rises and looms as high as the head and is much more massive, dominating the sculpture. This looming of a part of the body became a signature, and has appeared as recently as 1965, in the Lincoln Center piece.

The Leeds "Reclining Figure" was a personal breakthrough for Moore. He was aware all the time he was working on it—in his studio at the Royal College—that it was a major departure. For two or three years, he had been impatient with the work he was doing, because it lacked formal variety. He felt that even Brancusi, whom he admired greatly, failed in not going beyond the single form. The human body could be separated into many units, including the head, the forearms, the feet—fourteen or more forms, depending on how minute you made the detail—and you could make these units interact. Moore felt that his earlier work tended to be stiff and remote because it insisted on remaining a single form. He now realized that it did not suffice, in the pursuit of truth to material, simply to leave rocks looking rocky. Some human imprint was required. Otherwise, "unless you had some tussle, some collaboration and yet battle with your materials . . . you [were] only behaving like the waves." A 1924 stone carving called "Maternity" had no neck, and the arms were buried in the body; Moore had restricted the forms in the pursuit of unity, and also for the sake of truth to material—to make the woman look more like a piece of stone. But stones are not all boulders, and later he was to tell of finding pebbles with "holes right through them." In the Leeds "Reclining Figure," the left forearm gives us an anticipatory Henry Moore hole, and the looming leg moves outward from the stone matrix. The breakthrough allowed Moore to move the human body out from Brancusi's egg, and yet, through the massiveness of the parts, to remain true to stone.

The stone he had used for the Leeds figure was his special love. In the Geological Museum—which Moore visited, along with the neighboring Natu-

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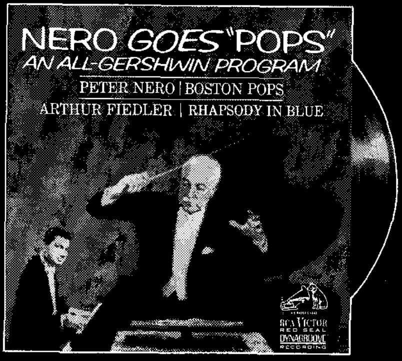
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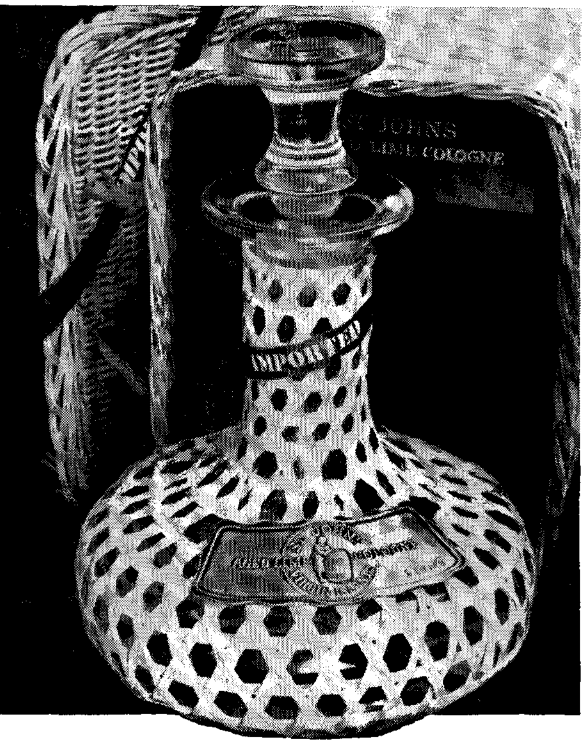
ral History Museum and the Victoria and Albert—early in the twenties, he had seen a sample of Hornton stone among display cases of thousands of English minerals, and he had liked the look of it. (Besides possessing a scholarly knowledge of ancient sculpture, Moore is something of a geologist and a botanist—at least among sculptors. He has carved in marble, painted slate, Hopton-wood stone, Portland stone, anhydrite stone, Bath stone, alabaster and Cumberland alabaster, Mansfield stone, Darley Dale stone, Ham Hill stone, ironstone, Ancaster stone, African wonderstone, Verde di Prato, bird's-eye marble, travertine marble, Armenian marble, Corsehill stone, pynkado wood, elm, ebony, beechwood, serpentine, walnut wood, boxwood, and lignum vitae.) He took the name of the quarry from which the piece of Hornton stone had come, and wrote for a truckload of random blocks for his students. One of the blocks, which two friends helped Moore carry into his studio, became this "Reclining Figure." He was amazed by its hugeness in 1928; today it seems minuscule—only thirty-three inches long. For many years, it failed to sell. Finally, in 1941, Moore sold it to the Leeds City Art Gallery, for two hundred guineas. ("It represented exactly one-third of my income for 1941.") In the meantime, Lipchitz had seen it at an exhibition in Zurich; for the first time the Continent had taken notice of Moore.

AFTER their honeymoon, the Moores took up residence in Hampstead, at 11-A Park Hill Road. A few yards away were the Mall Studios, a row of small buildings into which Ben Nicholson and his wife, Barbara Hepworth, later moved, as did a number of other artists and critics. Geoffrey Grigson recalls "the Moores a bit hugger-mugger on one side of the road, in the dust of their own manufacture, the Nicholsons along an alley in the lower side, in a studio of white space inhabited by circles and squares and fishing floats." Moore's studio was a small one, and though it was on the ground floor, a curved iron stairway from the sidewalk made it difficult to bring a big piece of stone or wood inside. He and Mrs. Moore climbed further stairs to their flat, a tiny one on the second floor. Since they had no money for objects, the flat was mostly bare; its only decorations were pieces of primitive art—old English pots, African and Mexican pieces. Moore set himself a target of thirty sculptures a year, mostly small;



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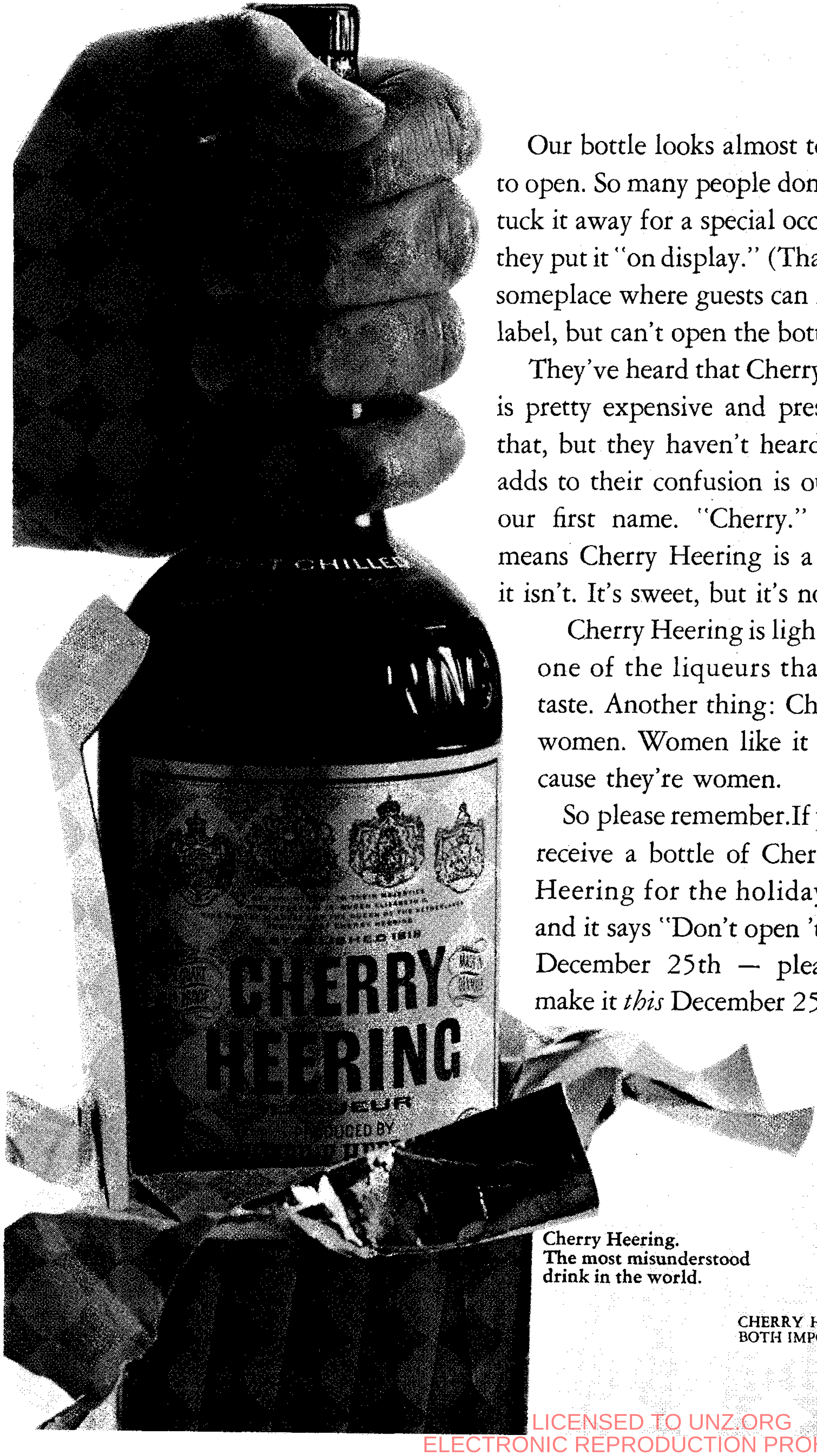

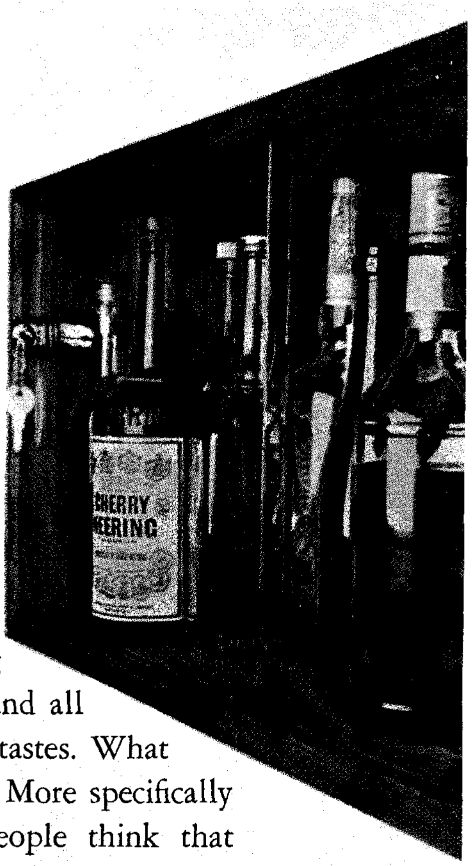

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his Hampstead rent was more than half his income from teaching, and he needed to sell as many pieces as he could. If Mrs. Moore, in their sitting room upstairs, heard the tapping stop in the studio below her, she would call downstairs in her gentle, accented voice, "Henery, you have stopped working?" If he lacked the impulse or the imagination to work at the moment, he at first appeased her by saying that he was *thinking*. Later, he learned to sit and read by holding his book in one hand while he idly struck a block of stone with a mallet in his other hand. They lived in comparative poverty for some time, relieved by high spirits and good luck.

Perhaps half a dozen English collectors supported this corner of Hampstead. When one of the artists sold a painting or a carving, there would be a party in celebration. They played darts and shove-ha'penny and ping-pong, and drank what they could afford. Discussions and arguments were continual in the artistic Hampstead of the thirties. Writers lived there, or visited—Geoffrey Grigson, Adrian Stokes, Norman Cameron, and Stephen Spender. (When a London magazine asked Spender to sit for a portrait to its house artist, he said he wouldn't have his picture done unless the magazine could persuade Moore to do it. To his surprise, Moore was persuaded, and made three portraits in ink and chalk—good likenesses, with intense eyes. They are the only portraits Moore has done.) Artists and writers make good friends; the writer likes to visit the artist's studio, and envies the artist's physical work—the tapping of chisels and the mixing of paint. The writer must stand up from his desk and run around the block or build a model airplane to tire his body and busy his hands before he creeps back to his narrow, intense blank paper. Sometimes the relationship can benefit the art of both parties, but in Hampstead in the thirties the painters and sculptors were far more avant-garde, far closer to international modernism, than the poets and the novelists—or than the musicians, for that matter. In France, poetry and painting had been neck and neck since Apollinaire, at least, but in England, where painting had languished and poetry had flourished for centuries, poetry was suddenly derrière-garde while the fine arts surged forward.

If Hampstead was stimulating, it was time-consuming, too, with its talk and its parties. Moore's solution was a cottage in Kent, where he spent all his vacations from teaching. In 1931,

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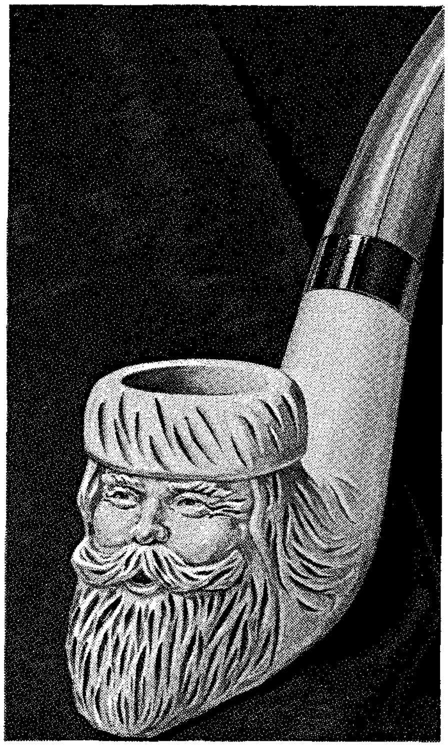

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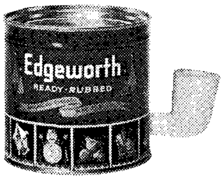

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Mrs. Moore had come into a small inheritance, and they had bought Jasmine Cottage, in Barfreston, for eighty pounds. It was a tiny Georgian building, extraordinarily ugly, with two rooms downstairs and two up. The Moores knocked out the wall downstairs, leaving the chimney and its fireplace in the middle of the living room. In the long summer holiday, he liked to carve outside in the garden, where medieval stone heads in the porch of Barfreston Church looked down at him as he worked. It was in Barfreston that he made the concrete reclining figure that is now in the museum at St. Louis, and he had a terrible time getting it out through the gate. Both in Kent and in Hampstead, he exploited his stone-carving breakthrough in a series of female figures—upright busts, reclining figures, and mothers-and-children. The mother-and-child was an old theme of Moore's. The early ones are lumpy. The 1922 Portland-stone "Mother and Child" is almost square, the child's head and the mother's head each broadly attached to the stone matrix. The 1925 Hornton-stone figure has the fat baby perched on the head of his fat mother, his head forming the last and smallest of three blocks—mother's body, mother's head and child's body, child's head. The Cumberland-alabaster "Mother and Child" of 1931 is a departure, for it follows the 1929 innovation, detaching and contrasting parts of the body. In this sculpture, just sixteen inches tall, the principal contrast is between the mother's tiny head and broad shoulders—an early instance of disproportion for the sake of monumentality. But the contrasts do not end there. One shoulder is longer and lower than the other, and this slant is paralleled by the slant of the arms and of the articulated fingers, holding the baby and spreading across the chest. The slant moves upward as the whole figure does, widening out from tiny waist to big shoulders. The small head has the effect of stopping or relieving this motion. In another sculpture, which he was carving at Park Hill Road at the same time, the motion was downward from a small head; he seems to have set himself a series of problems to solve.

For Moore, the contrast of the mother's head and shoulders in the 1931 Cumberland-alabaster "Mother and Child" conferred monumentality not predictably, by formula, but subtly, by minute necessities encountered in the act of carving; that was the excitement of working on this particular "Mother

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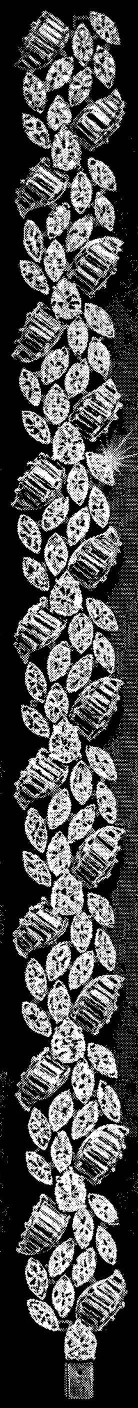
and Child." (Later, Jacob Epstein bought it, which was another excitement.) He also enjoyed the material—the Cumberland alabaster—which his sculptor friend John Skeaping had found on a farm in Cumberland; they knew no geological or local name for the stone, and so named it for the county. The farmer turned up odd chunks of it every time he plowed his fields—random shapes, which he sent down to London for carving. Moore prefers Cumberland alabaster to ordinary alabaster (a material that Sir Kenneth Clark compares to processed cheese), because it is less transparent, and has a smoky color that makes the forms easier to see. The 1931 "Mother and Child" is not so much a breakthrough as a development—one of a series of experiments suggested by the 1929 liberation of the parts of the body. It is an early example of Moore's use of a small head—a feature of his sculpture that has puzzled or irritated many observers. Some critics have called the diminished head anti-intellectual—a charge that Moore is quick to resent. "The head is the most important part of a piece of sculpture," he says. "It gives to the rest a scale, a certain human poise and meaning; and it is because I think that the head is so important that often I reduce it in size to make the rest more monumental." He resorts to his favorite authority: "Michelangelo's [heads] will sometimes go . . . twelve times into the length of the body," whereas the average head one meets goes about six and a half times into its average body. In his use of the small head, as of truncated limbs on occasion, Moore is distorting the human shape for ends that are mostly formal. At the beginning of his release of the body from stone, the smallness of the head served to emphasize the release. From the 1924 "Maternity," whose head had no neck, he moved in 1931 to a "Mother" whose head was *all* neck.

Also in 1931, Moore had a show at the Leicester Galleries—the first of many shows here. The catalogue was generously introduced by Jacob Epstein: "Before these works I ponder in silence. The imagination stretches itself. . . . Henry Moore by his integrity to the simple idea of sculpture calls all sculptors to his side. . . . For the future of sculpture in England Henry Moore is vitally important." By 1931, the depression had taken its toll of collectors, and Moore's show (of three years' work) did well to gross three hundred and eighty-five pounds. The biggest sale was a Burgundy-stone "Mother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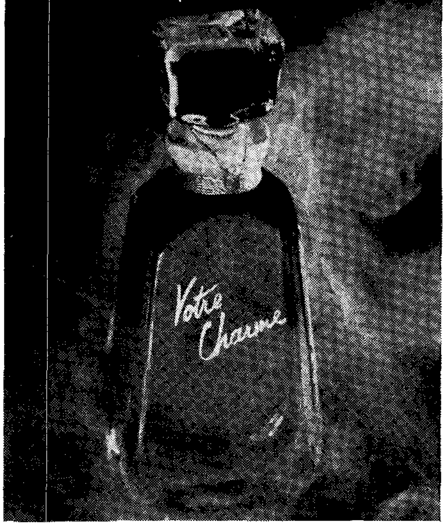

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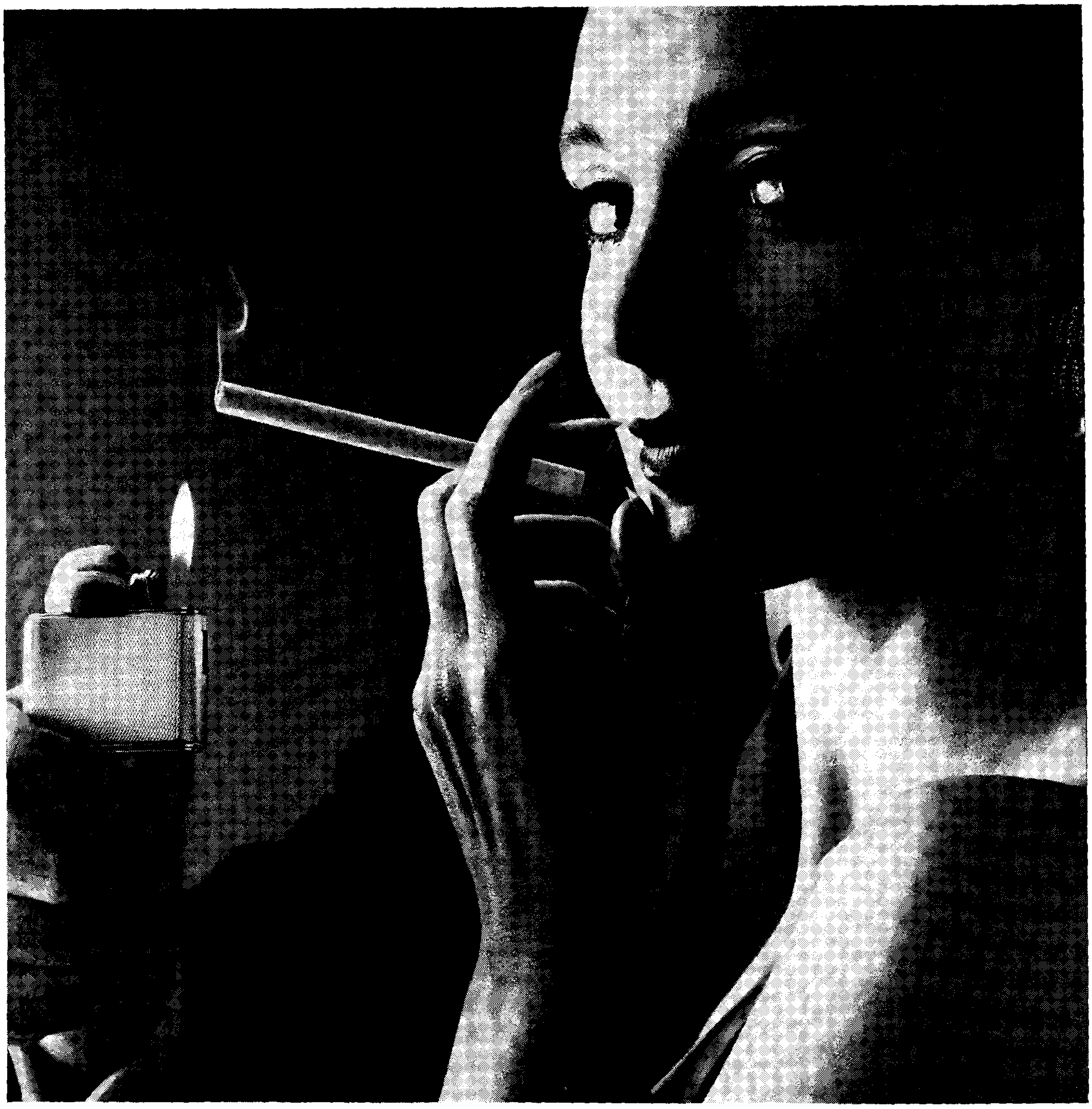

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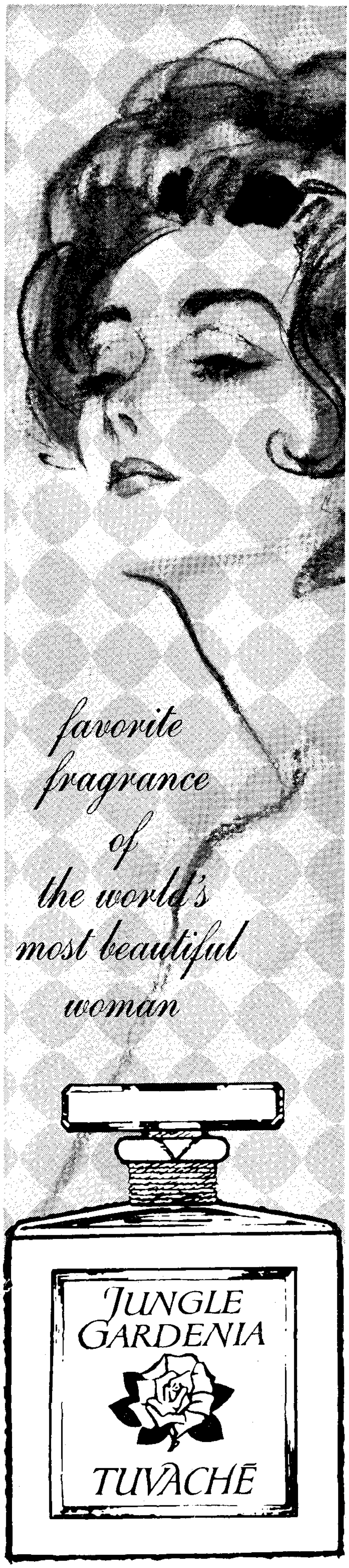

and Child" for seventy-five guineas. An ironstone head sold for a mere eight guineas. Before each of Moore's Leicester Galleries shows, there was a private-view day, which was another occasion for a party. In the days after the opening, while the papers were calling him names, Moore sometimes paced around Leicester Square all by himself, keeping an eye on the door of the Galleries, in the hope that someone would go in and buy something. His handicaps were not only the depression and his own comparative youth but the intense Philistinism of the English public. Although there is now in London a developing taste for modern art, the rest of England is unconverted; the educated middle class still tends to consider modern art a fad and a hoax. That pejorative word "academic" has some meaning in England. Successive presidents of the Royal Academy have blasted modern art from their pedestal. Sir Alfred Munnings, who made a fortune painting horses and huntsmen, was president of the Royal Academy from 1944 to 1949. Once, he refused to set foot in a Royal Academy Summer Exhibition because it showed a few tentatively modern works. By now, any self-respecting modern artist is unlikely to join the Royal Academy if he is asked to. One well-known artist was invited to join not many years ago, and when he mentioned the invitation to his dealer, he was told that if he added R.A. to his name he could find another gallery. If the Leicester Galleries had wanted to paste up quotes from notices of Moore's first show, it could have advertised:

> Bolshevism in modern art.—President, National Society of Art Masters.
>
> Many, I fear, will come to laugh; few, I fear, will remain to pray.—*Evening Standard.*
>
> Wrong-headed.—*Apollo.*
>
> The cult of ugliness triumphs . . . it is almost impossible to believe that ["Reclining Figure"] came from the hands of a man of normal mentality.—*Morning Post.*

Opposition ran throughout the Establishment. A year later, the *Times* reported that the Dean of St. Paul's was rewarded with laughter when he said at a dinner that such "modernistic atrocities . . . within the next ten years . . . would have been banished to the bathroom or even farther." In 1938, J. B. Manson, director of the Tate, asked the collector Robert Sainsbury for the loan of a Degas bronze, and Sainsbury agreed on the condition that the Tate borrow and exhibit a Moore as well. Manson refused: Moore would enter the Tate over his dead body. And

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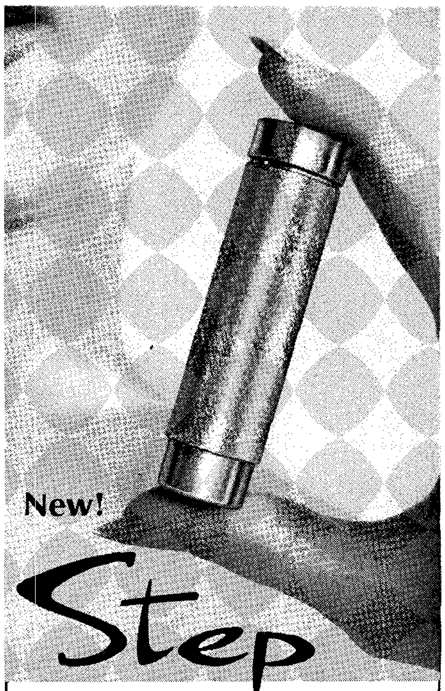

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it was not only the obvious conservatives who balked at modern art. The *New Statesman*, that bastion of advanced ideas, was more Philistine than the *Times*. As late as 1940, when Moore showed his great works of the late thirties at the Leicester Galleries, the *New Statesman* called them "exquisite chimney-piece ornaments . . . as deadly dry as late Stravinsky."

Moore has never responded to vilification. Today, if hooligans tar-and-feather his work, as they have done at least once, he thinks it best to pretend that he hasn't heard about it. But in the thirties the attacks had consequences. Even Sir John Rothenstein, when he was director of the City Art Galleries in Sheffield in the nineteen-thirties, was timid about showing Moore, whom he admired greatly. "The people there had never seen anything except 1850-to-1880 art," Sir John said recently. "Therefore, I borrowed things by Picasso, Rouault, and Italian primitives—not by Henry Moore. I wanted to avoid controversy." (The Picasso was Blue Period.) Ultimately, the attacks cost Moore his job at the Royal College. A note in the official chronology of his life, in the first volume of the *catalogue raisonné* of his work, says primly, "On expiration of appointment at the Royal College of Art moved to the Chelsea School of Art. . . ." But the move was involuntary. It was in 1932, the year after his first Leicester Galleries show, that his appointment was up, and that he moved over to Chelsea, where Raymond Coxon was already teaching. The *Morning Post* review of the Leicester Galleries show had said it was a scandal that the perpetrator of such monstrosities was allowed to pervert the young by teaching at the Royal College of Art. Moore's immediate boss, who was academic, took the article to Sir William Rothenstein and demanded that Moore be fired. Then the Royal College of Art Old Students' Association, most of whom were art teachers, passed a resolution demanding the same thing. Moore had not minded the newspaper abuse (to be attacked by the ignorant can be construed as a good sign), but now he felt that he was a burden to his old patron Sir William. He offered to find a job teaching somewhere else (Chelsea had already approached him), and, a little to his surprise, Sir William accepted his offer. (In his first years as a teacher, Moore had not always been successful in preventing imitation. Outside the sculpture school of the Royal College of Art in the late twenties, an old friend remembers, there were piles of rock-

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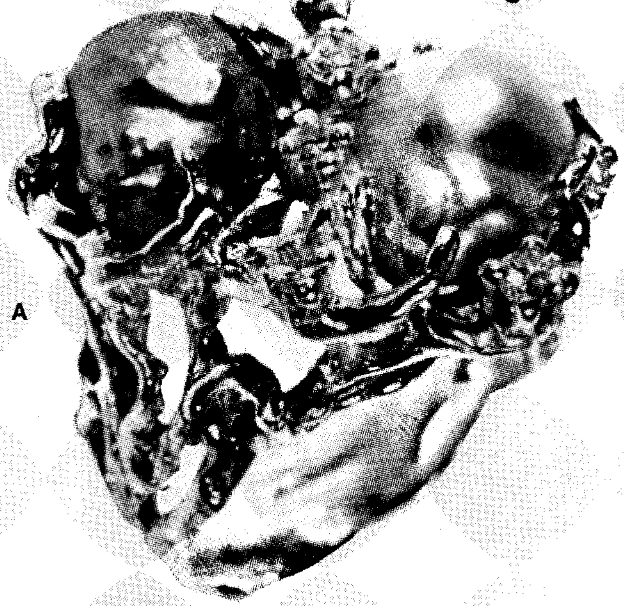

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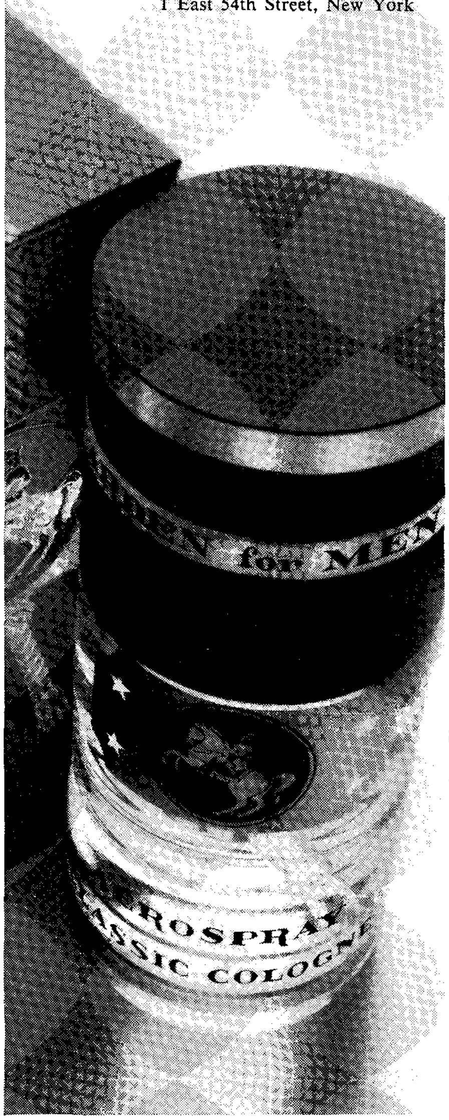

like mothers holding rocklike children over their heads. The friend recalls, "They were exactly like Henry except they were terrible." The longer Moore taught, the more successful he became at discouraging imitation. Some years after he had gone to Chelsea, a student applying for admission to the Royal College said that he wanted to be a sculptor like Henry Moore. They asked him why he didn't go to Chelsea and learn from Moore himself. Oh, no, said the student. He had tried that and it was no good; Moore was too conventional a teacher.)

The year 1932 was notable for something more than Moore's resignation from the Royal College. It was the Year of the Hole. As Judas Iscariot is famous for treachery and Henry Ford for motorcars, Henry Moore stands for the Hole. At one time, there was a cartoonist's category of statues-with-holes-in-them, like the enduring category of the psychoanalyst's couch, or the category of the two-prisoners-in-striped-suits-talking-on-their-cots. Moore is still identified among the unsophisticated as "the one with the holes." Yet he didn't invent the Hole. Michelangelo and Rodin and all other good sculptors had made use of natural spaces, like the space between arm and head in Moore's "Reclining Figure," and the modern, unnatural Hole—drilled right through a body—was the invention of Alexander Archipenko, in 1912. But Archipenko's Hole is small and decorative, a frivolous Hole. Jacques Lipchitz borrowed it and developed it, but the Hole did not really arrive until 1932, in Hampstead, when Henry Moore—he had carved holes before, himself, and he remembers keenly the excitement and the sense of discovery of the first cut through the block of stone—finally realized the potentialities of the Hole and made it central to his work. In an essay he wrote five years later, he defended the Hole by making three points about it. The first was negative, a denial that holes were untrue to the material of stone: "A piece of stone can have a hole through it and not be weakened—if the hole is of a studied size, shape, and direction. On the principle of the arch, it can remain just as strong." (Since everyone has seen holes in trees, he did not need to defend holes in wooden sculpture.) The second argument was formal, maintaining that to emphasize the three-dimensionality of stone, you can do one of two opposite things: you can emphasize its weight by the use of broad masses, embedding arms and head in the body,

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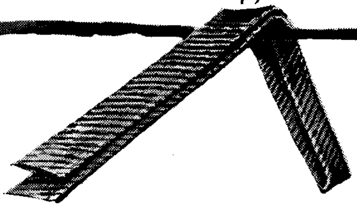

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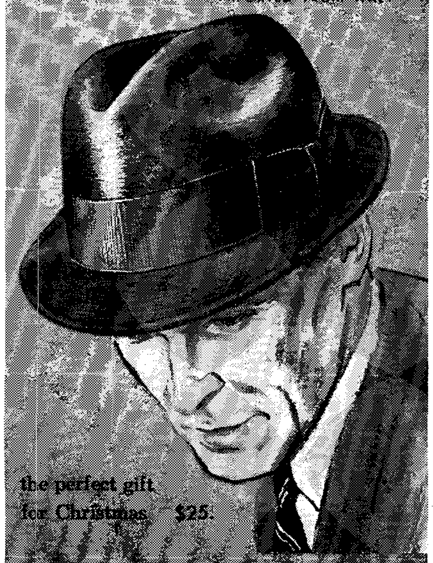

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as in early Moores, or you can open it up, with natural or unnatural spaces, to give the sculpture depth. ("By making holes through a block you can relate the front to the back.") The second method is paradoxical—emptiness creating a feeling of mass or volume—but it works. The third argument was only a hint ("the mystery of the hole—the mysterious fascination of caves in hillsides and cliffs"), but it led to a number of things. It was the first suggestion in Moore's writing that his figures might be metaphors combining woman and landscape. It was the first time that Moore had talked about the spiritual content of his sculpture.

But mostly the Hole is simply a further opening up of the block. It is the final item in Moore's bag of formal tricks, and begins his achievement of total three-dimensionality. Too often, his early work had been interesting only from one side—had lacked completion in the round. As he grew older, he felt that his enemy was not the professor of sculpture or the *Morning Post* or the Royal Academy but a long tradition of sculpture-as-relief, of surface scratches as opposed to the creation of depth and mass. In any age, some arts will dominate others, and for centuries painting had dominated sculpture, driving it from the round into the flat. The 1929 "Reclining Figure" showed the way back, and now the Hole was another step toward what Moore has called "that absolute, three-dimensional existence which is the object of sculpture."

—DONALD HALL

(*This is the first of two articles on Henry Moore.*)

●

Religion and Bible: Dr. Helmut Thielicke has served as Professor of Theology at Heidelberg University and at the University of Tubingen. He is rector of the University of Hamburg. He has more than two hundred titles to his name, including important oracles and monographs.—*Calendar of the University Center, Georgia.*

The little short oracles are the ones we like.

●

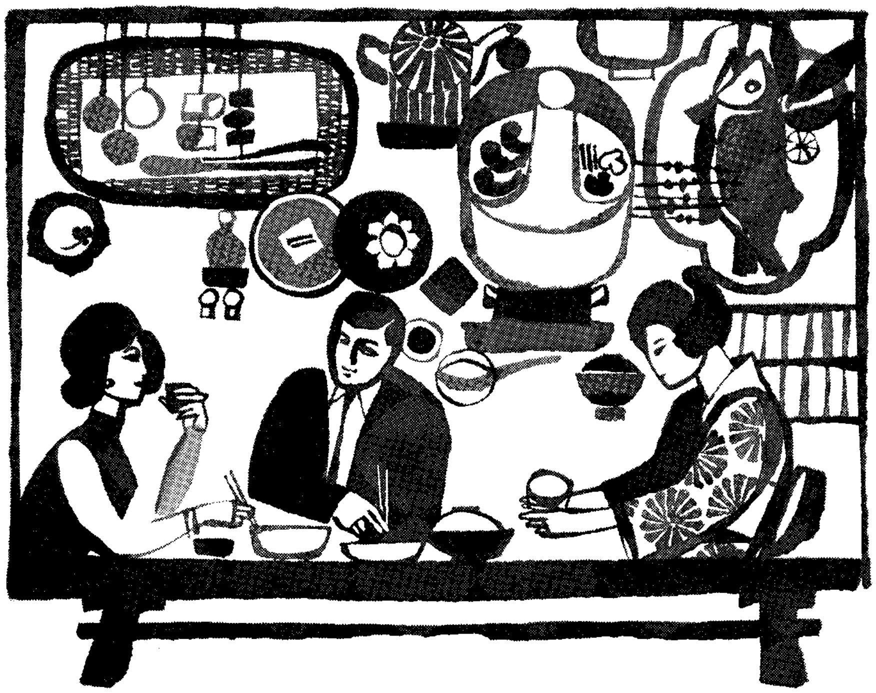
SACRAMENTO—Gov. Brown announced Tuesday that he will sign the bill reapportioning the Legislature at 10 A.M. today in the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors' hearing room.

Brown said the ceremony will take place in the Hall of Administration room at the invitation of the supervisors.

Neither Fish Nor Fowl

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Just give the facts, please.



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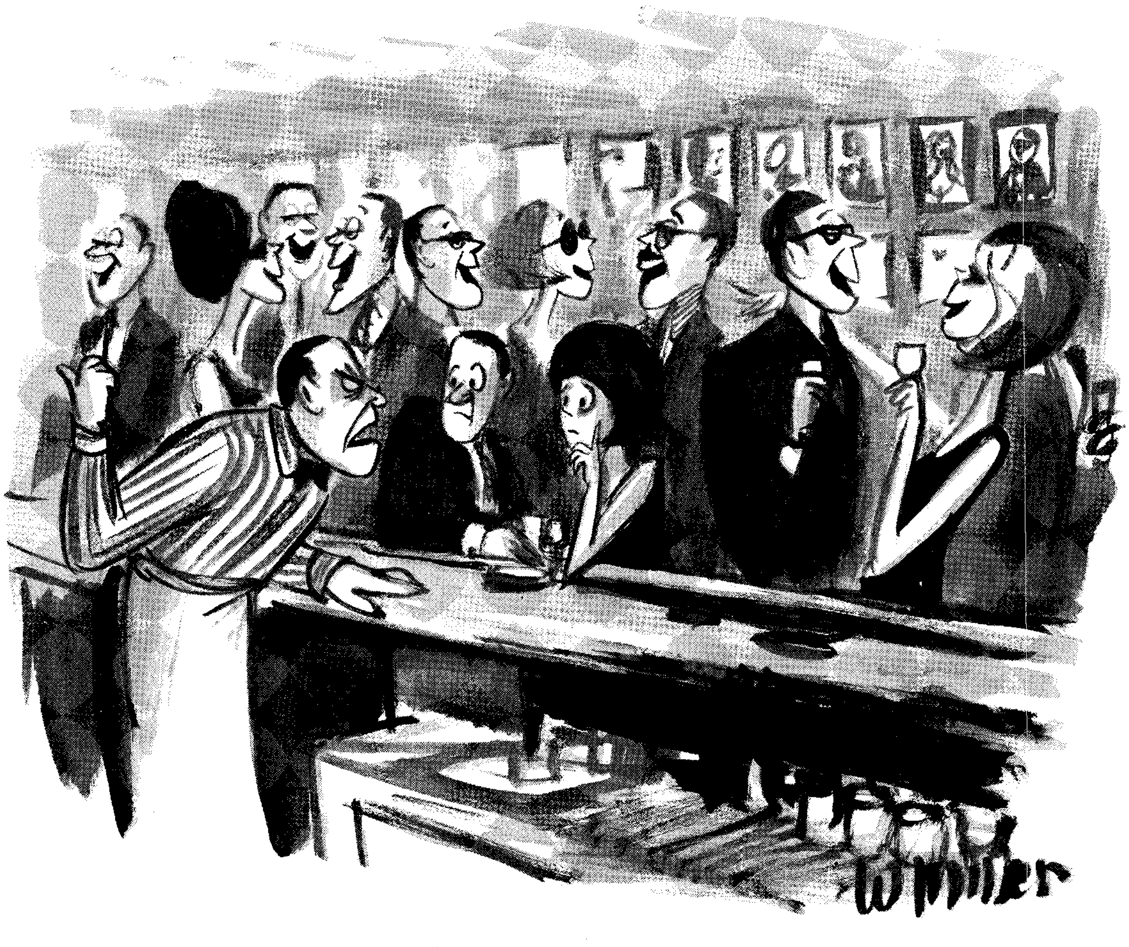
THE THEATRE

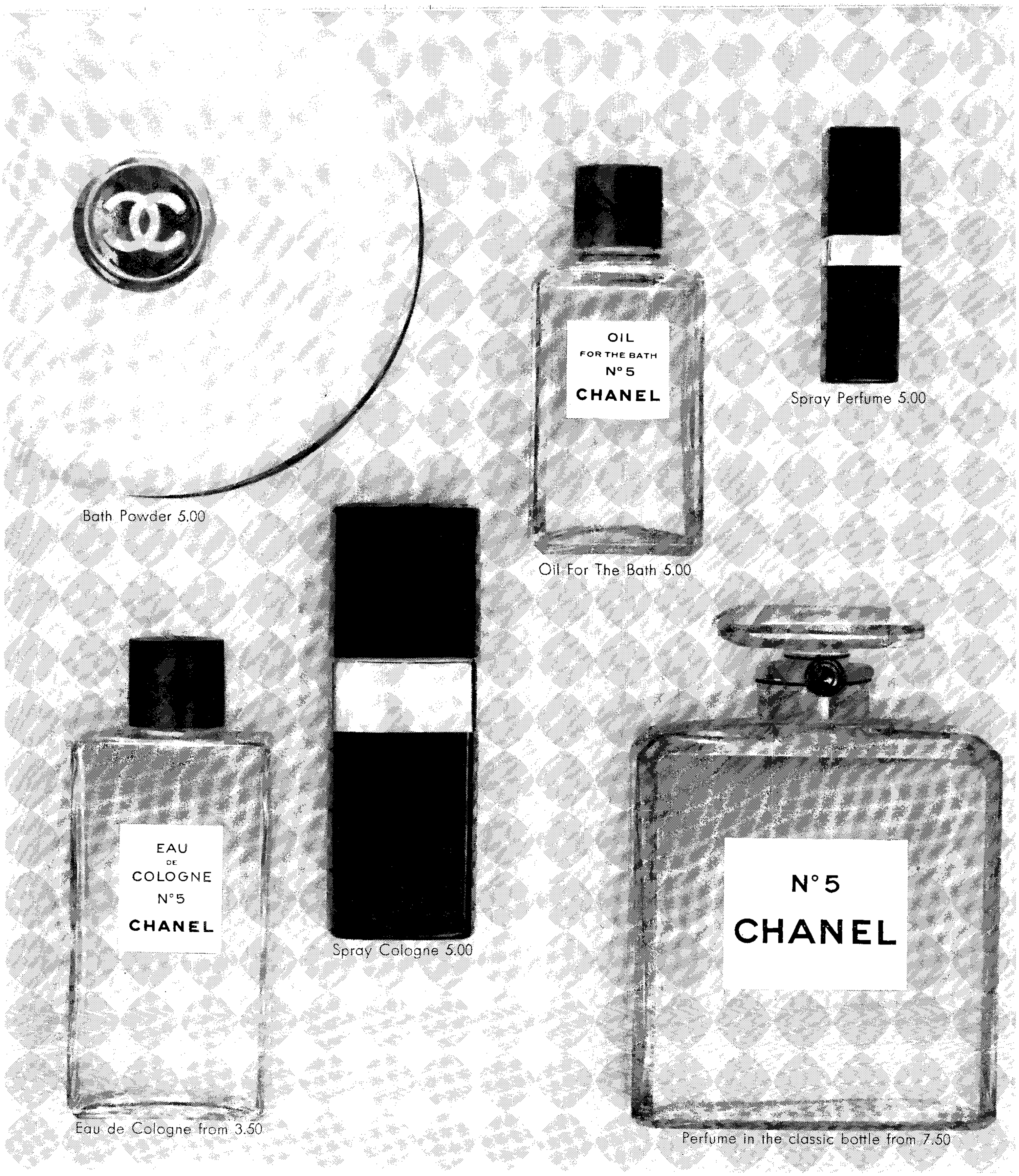
A LONG, LONG WAIL A-WINDING

THE protagonist of "Inadmissible Evidence," at the Belasco, is a compulsive talker, and when he gets going on his favorite topic—himself—there is virtually no stopping him. But if his loquacity is remarkable in volume, it hasn't enough substance to command our attention for any length of time. In the course of discussing himself, our hero—or anti-hero, if you will—indulges in all kinds of self-castigation, and the monotony of his masochism is never really relieved, even though he also takes an occasional swipe at the idiocies of the world we live in. The play was written by John Osborne, who in "Look Back in Anger" gave us an arresting portrait of one of Britain's Angry Young Men, but the leading character in "Inadmissible Evidence" is much too flaccid to skirmish with the Establishment. When we come upon him, he is a seedy solicitor of about forty, whose dreams of forensic glory have vanished with his youth. To establish the proper mood for his eventual soul-searching, Mr. Osborne introduces him as the defendant in a misty trial scene, in which the charges against him (they are all in his mind) are never made clear. But, blurred as this legal episode may seem to a spectator, it induces our man, who is called Bill Maitland, to reflect upon his life and times. As they are described, Mr. Maitland's doings, both private and professional, appear to have been singularly dismal, which isn't surprising, since he is a dismal man. I have no wish to dwell upon his shortcomings, but they are so obtrusive that it is impossible to gloss them over. Besides being a victim of logorrhea, he is afflicted with satyriasis, and is a great one for making passes at the girls in his law office and babbling about their conformations to his associates. Whether gamily describing girls or sullenly dressing down the members of his staff, though, he speaks in a relentless monotone, and he is phlegmatic even about being deserted by his colleagues, his regular mistress, and his incidental doxies. He seems equally unemotional as he considers the shambles he has made of his career, and I'm afraid he struck no sympathetic spark from me when I met him at the Belasco until he had a confrontation with his aloof and unresponsive adolescent daughter, in which he admitted that maybe the next generation would turn out better.

In the central role of "Inadmissible Evidence" is Nicol Williamson. He draws a definitive portrait of a middle-class bore, and even though Mr. Osborne has given him few opportunities for a change of pace, that takes a lot of doing, since Mr. Osborne is not one to skimp on dialogue and Mr. Williamson has to deliver most of it. Once in a while, however, some of Mr. Williamson's fellow-players are allowed to interrupt him, and they are quite helpful—especially Madeleine Sherwood, who depicts three of Mr. Williamson's clients, and Ted van Griethuysen, who depicts one of Mr. Williamson's junior clerks and also a harried homosexual in need of legal aid. Since my reaction to "Inadmissible Evidence" was, to say the least, negative, I should perhaps point out that the drama has been widely hailed in England.


"I'm warning you two! Heads up and scintillate, or out you both go!"

"ANYA," at the Ziegfeld, is a musical play that reminded me of the operettas of my youth. It goes along at a saunter, has an uncomplicated plot, and includes songs based on themes by Rachmaninoff that are pleasant to listen to. The work has to do with the ups and downs of a young lady who may or may not be the sole surviving child of Czar Nicholas II and who falls into the hands of a group of schemers anxious to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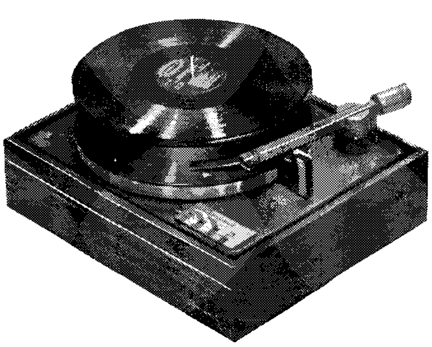

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get hold of the booty stashed away in England in the name of the Russian monarchy. Although "Anya" takes a while unravelling, it does benefit from worthy performances by Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, Lillian Gish, and Irra Petina, and every now and then the alleged Russians on view step around in lively style as they go about interpreting Hanya Holm's choreography. "Anya" was directed by George Abbott, who also collaborated with Guy Bolton on the book, and Robert Wright and George Forrest are responsible for whipping Rachmaninoff into a popular confection and for writing the lyrics. It's possible that if you find yourself in a mood for a leisurely spell of nostalgia, "Anya" will give you the proper ambience.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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Patrimoieties and patrilines. On the basis of their encounter with a few Walbiri men who were visiting the Warramunga, Spencer and Gillen (1904, p. 102) asserted that the Walbiri patrimoieties had the same names as the Warramunga patrimoieties—that is, the djabangari-djabanangga-djabaldjari-djungarai subsections were called the *uluuru* patrimoiety, and the djambi-djimba-djangala-djagamara-djuburula subsections the *kingilli* moiety. I could not confirm this statement.—*From "Desert People: A Study of the Walbiri Aborigines of Central Australia," by M. J. Meggitt.*

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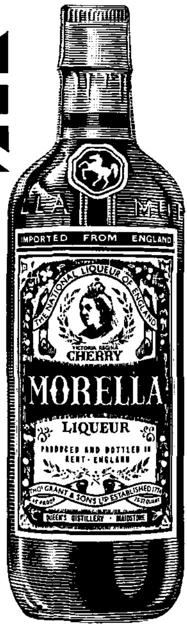
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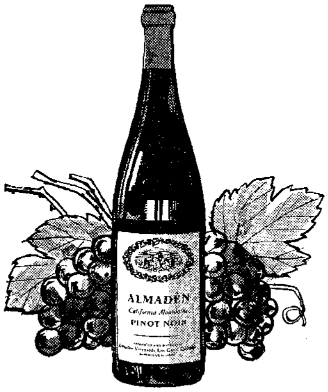

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THE RACE TRACK

Sundown

It will be without many regrets that the long season at Aqueduct comes to an end on Saturday. There were no superlative horses out this year, and not more than a dozen very good ones, and of most of the others, the less said the better. Moreover, it's my guess that when the last, fascinating tabulation of dollars is recorded, the New York Racing Association directors won't be happy about it. Since the state increased its take from the pari-mutuel, betting and attendance have fallen off. I have not asked racegoers about their fortunes or misfortunes, but, since I know the attrition of mechanical percentage when you bet on every race every day, there's no need to.

Hirsch Jacobs snowballed the layout, as the Las Vegas croupiers put it, in the Stuyvesant Handicap last weekend, saddling three horses for the mile race and running one, two with Flag Raiser and Turn to Reason. In fact, until the horses turned into the stretch it looked as though he'd be one, two, three, but his Isle of Greece tired and fell back to seventh place. Flag Raiser, who gave chunks of weight to the fourteen other starters, turned in a performance reminiscent of the days last spring when he was cock of the walk at the Big A. Breaking from the outside post position, Ussery, who handled him especially well, sent Flag Raiser booming down the half-mile straightaway of the backstretch in the lickety-split time of forty-four seconds. That was all he needed, and, easing up in the last furlong, he finished seven lengths ahead of Turn to Reason. Cupid was third, a length farther back. Flag Raiser was favorite in the betting (three Jacobs horses running as an entry on a Saturday—need you ask?), but there was also strong support for Louis Wolfson's Harbor View Farm pair, Irvkup and Sparkling Johnny. Irvkup made a good try, coming from tenth in the last quarter to be fourth, but Johnny didn't sparkle. Earlier in the week, Harbor View Farm won the Remsen, the last fixture of the Long Island season for two-year-olds, with Gary G., who led from beginning to

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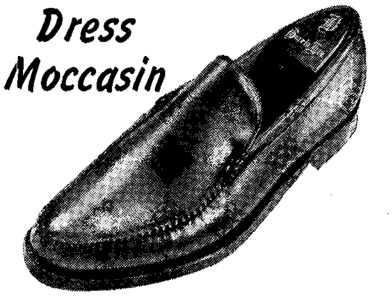

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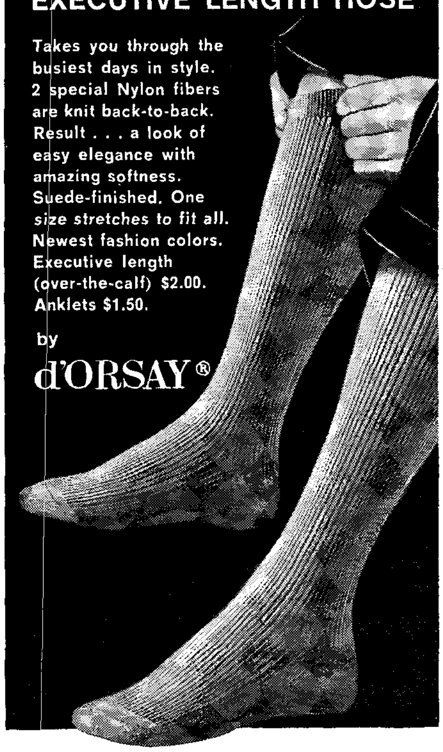

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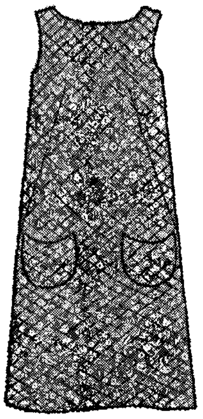

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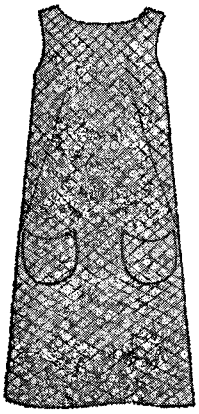

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end of the mile. Amberoid, whom the wiseacres made an odds-on favorite because he'd finished third in both the Garden State Stakes and the Pimlico Futurity last month, simply couldn't keep up. The Remsen was the eighth stakes race Mr. Wolfson's horses have won since they returned from Saratoga, and as this is written he heads the winning list.

FOR a number of reasons, too diverse to go into here, voters in the *Morning Telegraph-Daily Racing Form* poll have never elected a two-year-old Horse of the Year. (Native Dancer certainly deserved it in 1952.) Well, last week the Thoroughbred Racing Associations' board of selection, made up of the racing secretaries of the member tracks, chose not only a two-year-old but a filly—Moccasin—as American Champion of 1965. After all, if we must have a champion, why not Moccasin? She was unbeaten in her eight starts, five of which were stakes races, and she always won with consummate ease. She met no colts, but I daresay she would have disposed of them with little more effort than she put out in disposing of the fillies. She will winter in Miami, but because of her great size—right now she's bigger than many three-year-olds—Bull Hancock, who owns her, will give her plenty of time to muscle up before putting her into serious training. If she's under colors before next May, I'll be surprised.

AND here's a note from England. Tim Durant—dear me, it must be thirty years since he rode at hunt-club meetings, and occasionally through the field, at Belmont and Aqueduct—is in the saddle again. Although he's in his middle sixties, he has bought a jumper with first-rate form, named Aerial III, to ride in the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase next March. As a matter of fact, he got around two miles and five furlongs of the course at Aintree safe and sound on Aerial in the Becher 'Chase last month. That's as sporting a venture as I've heard of in many a day.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> *Rosary will be said at 8:30 p.m.* Monday at the Hennessey Funeral Home. Funeral services will be Tuesday at 8 a.m. at St. Augustine's Catholic Church. Burial will be at Holy Cross Cemetery. of the whole tax structure."—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

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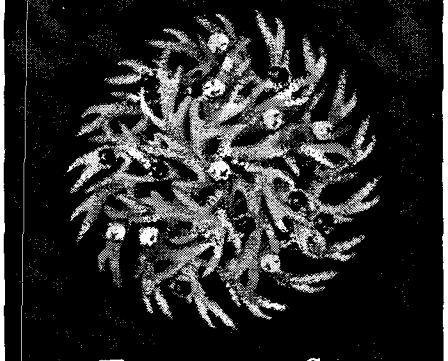

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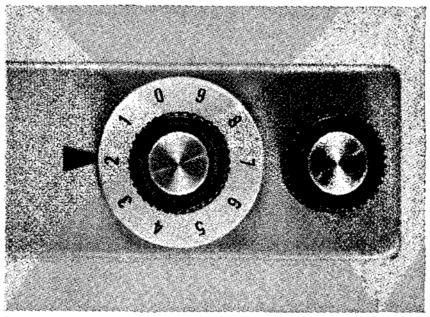

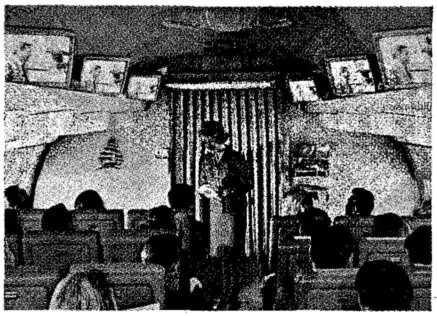

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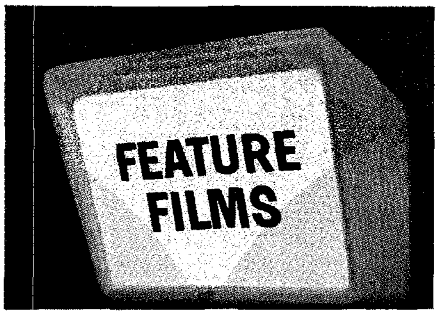

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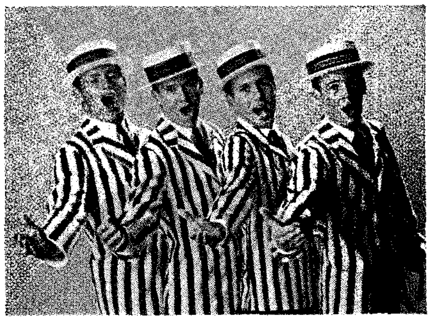

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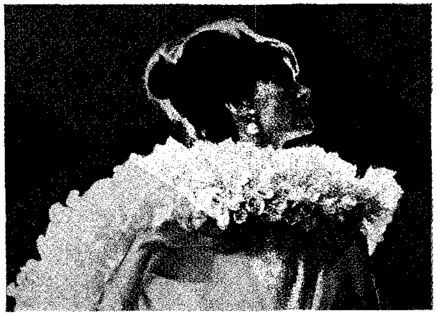

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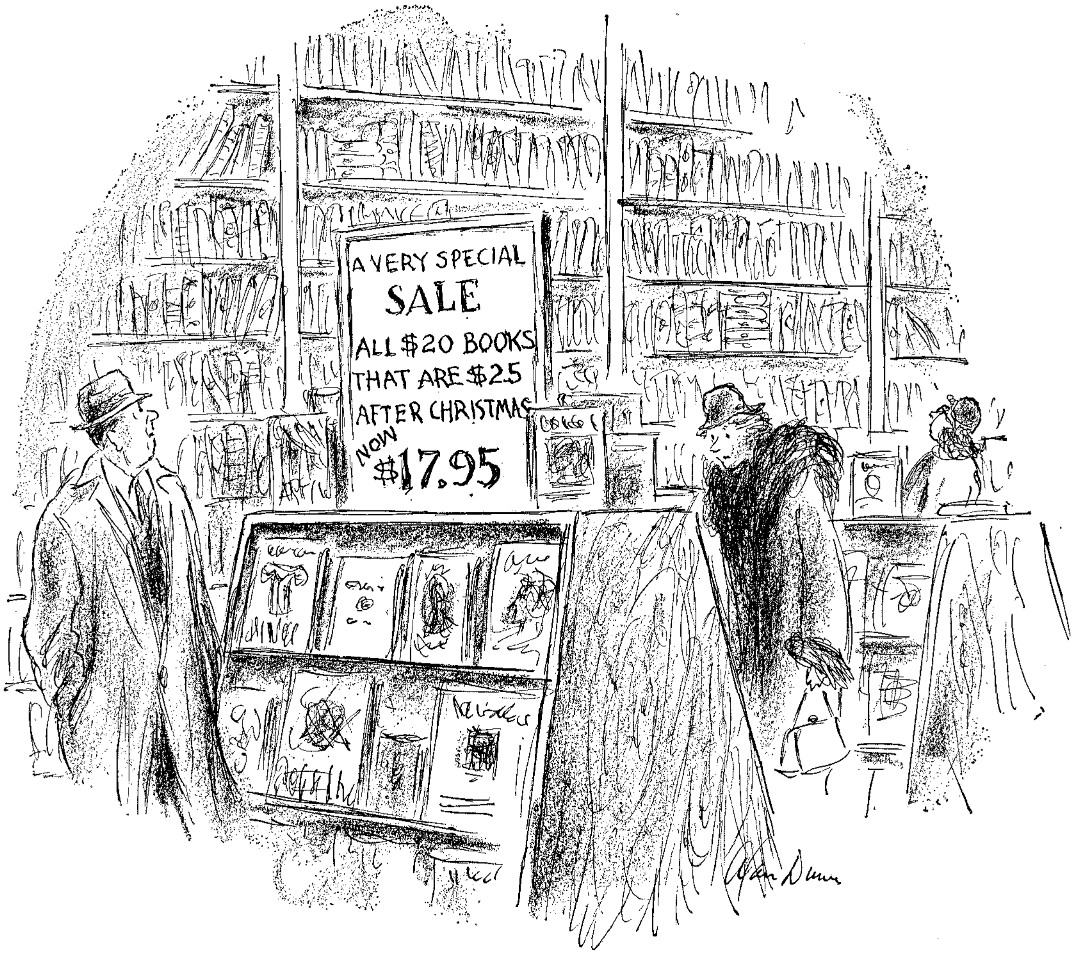
WITH A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO

WORD that the United States Patent Office had recently granted Patent No. 3,168,983 for a bluebird-shaped candle extinguisher that saves a child the trouble of blowing out the candles on his birthday cake reinforced our impression—always especially acute at this time of year—that there are no lengths to which some figures in the toy industry won't go in their drive to part us child-loving fools from our money. We didn't understand that they had a special reason for their current desperation, however, until we read an agitated editorial not long ago in a leading trade paper, *Toy & Hobby World.* Entitled "The Toy Industry and 'The Pill,' " it called for the mobilization of all forward-looking toy companies to devise ways of compensating for the recent decline in the national birth rate, "a fact that hits the toy and hobby business smack in the pit of the stomach." The editorial continued, "As our market now stands, we must depend on the nation's children. If that group grows smaller, it means our industry must get more dollars from each child's family. . . . The annual purchases of each toy customer must be increased." You may consider this our caveat for the season.

The response of the major toy manufacturers to this crying of havoc has been to loose the dogs of war on the toy counters, as many parents don't need to be told. ("But, Mom, all the other kids have Battle Action Booby Trap sets that explode when you hit the hidden mines.") Most of the toy armaments are labelled "harmless," of course, but anyone who plans to give them house room is going to have to get used to certain assumptions. For instance, had you realized that the hideous screaming noise of the toy grenade launched by something called the Screaming Mee-Mee Rifle was "the sound of the century"? That is what its manufacturer calls it. Moreover, in response to the daily headlines from the Ia Drang front, a large share of these toys are specifically designed to fit out the boys in the family for guerrilla warfare, a form of endeavor that few of them, according to some views, need lessons in—or, anyhow, further equipment for. Still, we all know that what turns up in the toy departments often reflects the newspaper headlines, tragic or otherwise, and not all toy customers are depressed by this development. Back at the time of the French Revolution, for example, an enterprising Paris manufacturer introduced a toy guillotine on the market, and as soon as Goethe heard about it he wrote from Weimar asking somebody to buy one for his little boy. G. K. Chesterton, discussing whether or not benevolent relatives should equip young children with armies of tin soldiers, remarked crossly that whenever anyone called this promoting militarism in future generations he found himself thinking of what well-meaning donors might search for instead—"little tin figures of philanthropists, rather round and with tin top-hats . . . little leaden dolls of Conscientious Objectors in fixed attitudes of refined repugnance; or a whole regiment of tiny Quakers with little grey coats and white flags." We can't say we've encountered any of Mr. Chesterton's toy Doves—or gone looking for them, come to that. Nevertheless, notice is hereby given that any relative who has on his list a polypropylene minefield will have to use his own hi-impact styrene mine detector. He'll get no help from us.

THERE is one development on the military front that we feel obliged to mention, however, if only as a service to maiden aunts or others who are totally out of touch with such matters, and that is the vast popularity among the younger boys of G.I. Joe. This Joe is a twelve-inch doll, and is described by his manufacturers as "fully articulated," by which they mean that his legs, his arms, his head, and even his fingers can be bent this way and that. Also known as "America's Movable Fighting Man," he comes in the battle dress of the Army, the Navy, the Marines, or the Air Force, has a small scar on his right cheek in lieu of a Purple Heart, and can be had for about $4 almost everywhere you turn, including



satin sylfaire® quilt...

a long self tie lounging robe trimmed with a border of floral embroidery.
Candlelight, pink and blue.
Lili-at-Ease $25.00*

by Barbizon

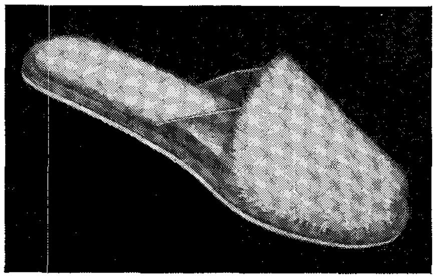
For nearest store
write Barbizon 475 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

*slightly higher in western areas

Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street. No doubt the most cheerful view to take of these combatants is that they are just a set of dolls for little boys, who for some time have been casting envious glances at the colonies of eleven-and-a-half-inch playmates their sisters have been assembling in *their* corner of the playroom. The widespread incidence of one of these girl dolls, Barbie, has come to be of international interest. The Soviet magazine *Nedelya* recently took time out to denounce her. In this "egoistic, feather-brained" doll, with her single-minded "passion . . . to change clothes as often as possible," said *Nedelya* sternly, "girls from the capitalist world embody their hopes and see their fates." As a matter of fact, ever since an amateur statistician informed us that at least twenty-five million examples of the Barbie-Midge-Tammy-Tressy-Ken-Allan type of doll have been sold in the last few years, we've had a recurrent nightmare in which throngs of these undersized blobs of plastic swarm out of the nurseries at the stroke of some midnight and take over: tonight the neighborhood, tomorrow the world. And now it turns out that they have their own fully articulated army at the ready. Since the summer of 1964, twelve million G.I. Joes have been sold—not all of them, we must fervently hope, embodying the hopes and fates of their young owners. Naturally, as with Barbie and her kind, part of their charm for the kids (and expense for the parents) is that boxes and boxes of extra gear for these fellows are also terribly available almost everywhere. At Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), such extras cost anywhere from about $3.50, for a field-jacket set, to $8, for some deep-sea-diving apparatus that really works in the depths of, say, a bathtub. Extra weapons and other front-line ordnance are also on the shelves; for instance, a pee-wee mess kit is ninety-seven cents, a crash helmet $1.17, and a field pack $1.97 at Woolworth's.

It may comfort you to know that most of the eleven-and-a-half-inch girl dolls are probably too busy just now getting their hair set, doing knee bends, and having their faces fixed to spare any time for *coups d'état.* Remember Tressy, the doll whose rooted Saran hair is not only washable but extendable? (Press a button in her stomach and her short hair can be pulled halfway down to her shoulders; press again and it's halfway to her waist; insert a plastic key—or a paper clip—in the small of her back and it's up around her

Should you wear your Dearfoams at a party?

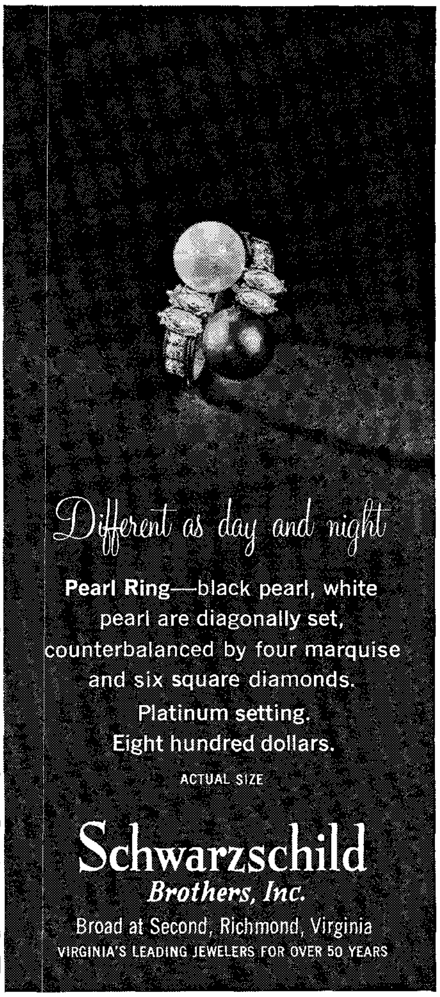


Yes, if you're daring and just can't wait to enjoy the blissful comfort of this deep, deep soft foam cushioned washable scuff of BORG pile . . . **Caress,** with Soft-Tuff sole, available in White, Cerise, Pink, Turquoise, Black. $3.00.

And best of all, it's washable.

Dearfoams

Available at the hosiery counter at Lord & Taylor, New York, all branches, and other fine stores or write Gustave Dearfoam, 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

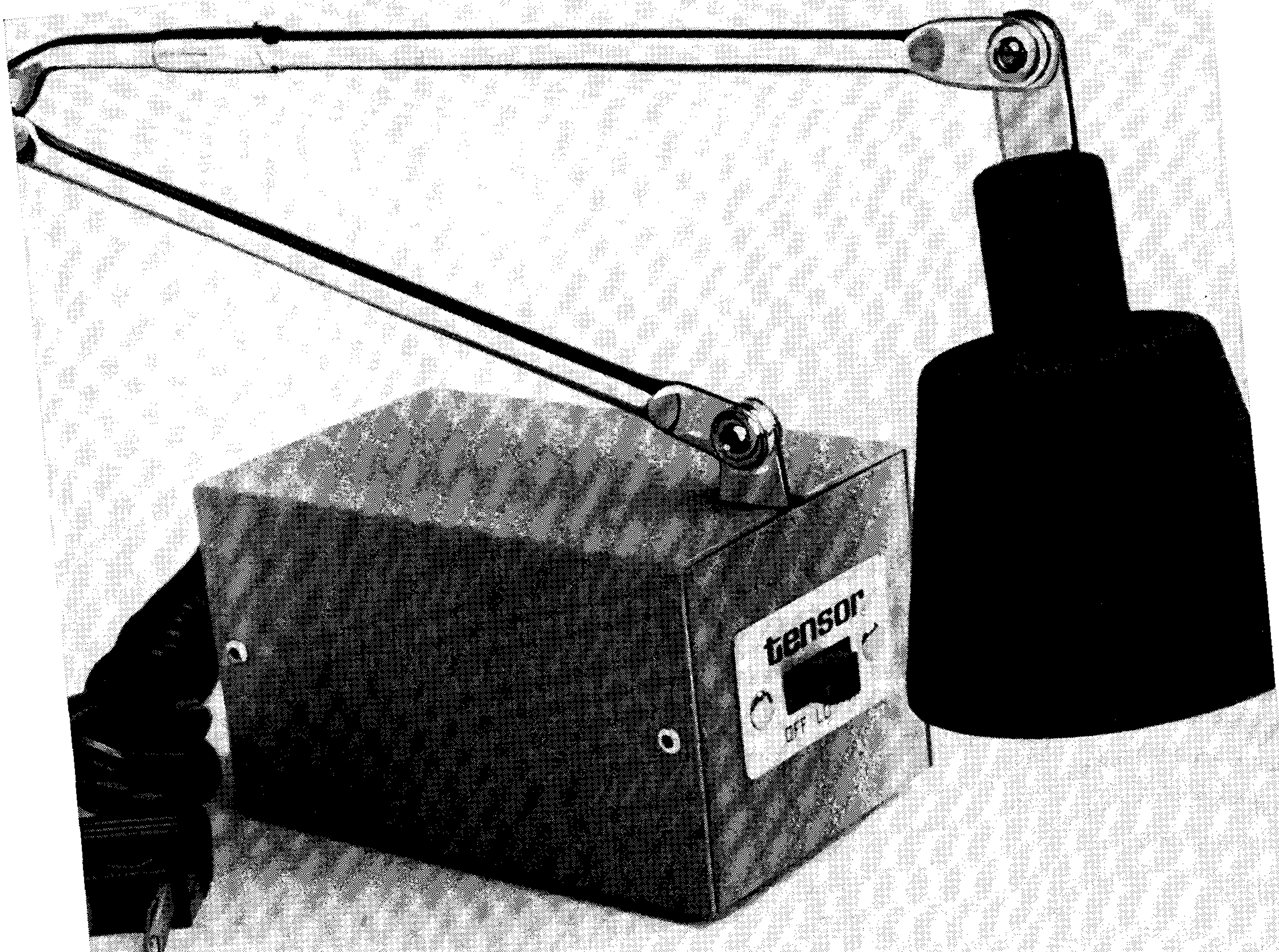


Different as day and night

Pearl Ring—black pearl, white pearl are diagonally set, counterbalanced by four marquise and six square diamonds.
Platinum setting.
Eight hundred dollars.

ACTUAL SIZE

Schwarzschild
Brothers, Inc.
Broad at Second, Richmond, Virginia
VIRGINIA'S LEADING JEWELERS FOR OVER 50 YEARS



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How can we make you a promise like that?

We're not really taking much of a chance. The guarantee is built right in.

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The model shown here is the famous Tensor Lifetime Model. Should anything go wrong with it in normal usage, take it to the Tensor service center nearest you (there are more than 80 of them across the country). They'll fix it for you, free—anytime. For the rest of your life.

Tensor's Lifetime Model is the finest high-intensity lamp you can buy. It has to be. Or how could we make a guarantee like this?

Tensor lamps from $9.95 to $19.95. (Lifetime Model 5975 shown, $17.50). Made in U.S.A. At department, stationery, and specialty stores everywhere. UL and CSA approved. Tensor Corp., Brooklyn, New York 11207.

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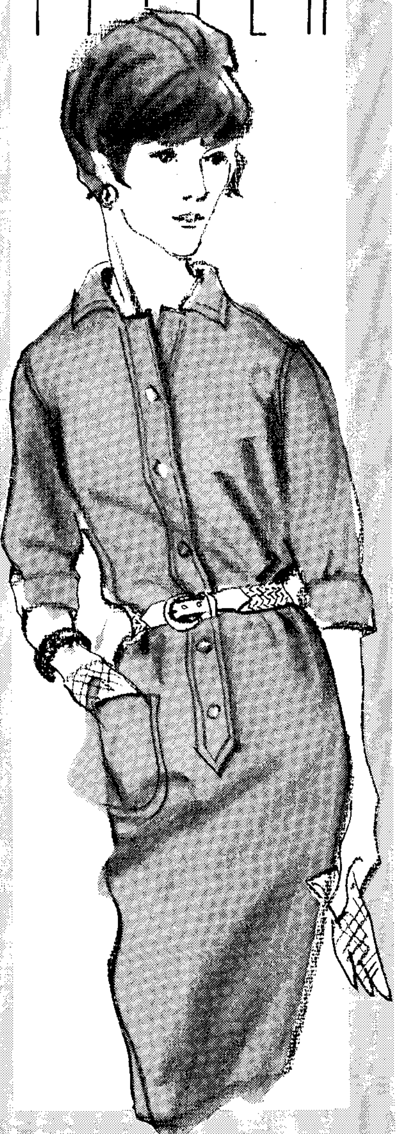
BONWIT TELLER



THE FAMOUS ROADRUNNER AT BONWIT'S

Popping up for a new season...the great little dress of porous cotton homespun, by Novis Denne of Arizona, that takes shape with a hemp stretch belt. Marvelous colors: grande green, high noon yellow or orange ice. 6 to 16 sizes, 19.00

Mail and phone orders filled.

SPORTS FLOOR

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ears again.) "Her Hair *Grows!*" was last year's boast about Tressy. Now it's "Hair That Grows! Legs That *Pose!*" Which means that she can bend her knees. What is more, Tressy is now "the only doll with a natural cosmetic complexion." This is your cue to buy not only Tressy herself ($5 at Rappaport's, for instance) but a Tressy Cosmetic Kit set ($2.98 at the same place), which includes "safe, nontoxic" eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, nail polish, lipstick (in the Romantic Red shade), and so forth. As soon as the home beauty operator gets the whole mess on the doll's face, she can wipe it off, and repeat the process endlessly. Or, if that should pall, she can take up the sponge-tipped safe, nontoxic hair-coloring applicator that comes with the kit and use it to dye Tressy's natural-cosmetic platinum-blond hair dark brown, then wash *that* out and start over. And so the golden hours glide by.

The manufacturers of Barbie and her best friend, Midge (both of whom also now come with flexible legs, and cost about $3 all over town), take a different approach to the hair-dyeing problem among dolls. They encourage you to buy something called Color 'N Curl. It's right there on the counter beside Glue 'N Glaze, Melt 'N Color, and Count 'N Spell. Color 'N Curl, which is $11.95 at Rappaport's, includes a five-inch electric hair dryer, rollers, curlers, a comb and brush, a wig stand, four different chemically treated wigs, a hair-style manual, and a set of activating and neutralizing solutions, which, we understand, are nothing more mysterious than sal soda, water, and vinegar. Each wig can be changed to still another unlikely color—from dandelion yellow to shrieking violet, for instance—and then changed back. Since the wigs won't fit over the rooted hair that Barbie and Midge arrive with, their heads have to be temporarily replaced (no hacksaw required; they twist in and out easily) by two hairless heads, which come with the Color 'N Curl set. Some little girls find this decapitation half the fun. Another head-switching trick can be perpetrated on a twelve-inch doll named Cinderella. She comes with two outfits (a maid-of-all-work dress and a ball gown, naturally), two pairs of shoes, and two heads, one with a simple Buster Brown hair arrangement and the other with a pompadour and tiara. Youth at Play, 1128 Madison Avenue (83rd), has her for $5.98. Also provided—no sense in leaving anything to the little folks' imagination—are a pail and broom, a plastic slipper, a velvet pillow, and a

The plushest, newest, supper club in New York is the old St. Regis Maisonette:

with dancing as delightful as the new decor. To the music of Charles Turecamo and his orchestra.

The St. Regis
Fifth at Fifty-Fifth
Reservations: PL 3-4500
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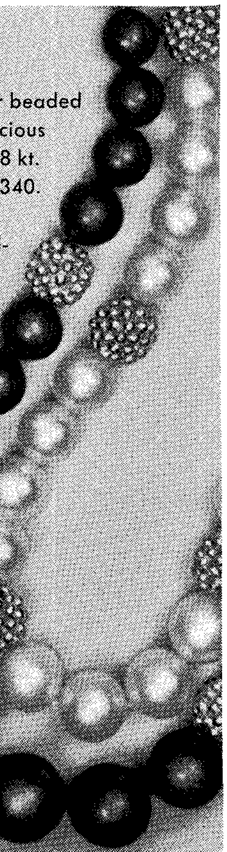

Beaded Beauty

Refreshingly new, our beaded necklaces of semi-precious gems and acorns of 18 kt. gold. With coral . . . $340. Pearls . . . $750. Lapis Lazuli . . . $675. Available with other gems.
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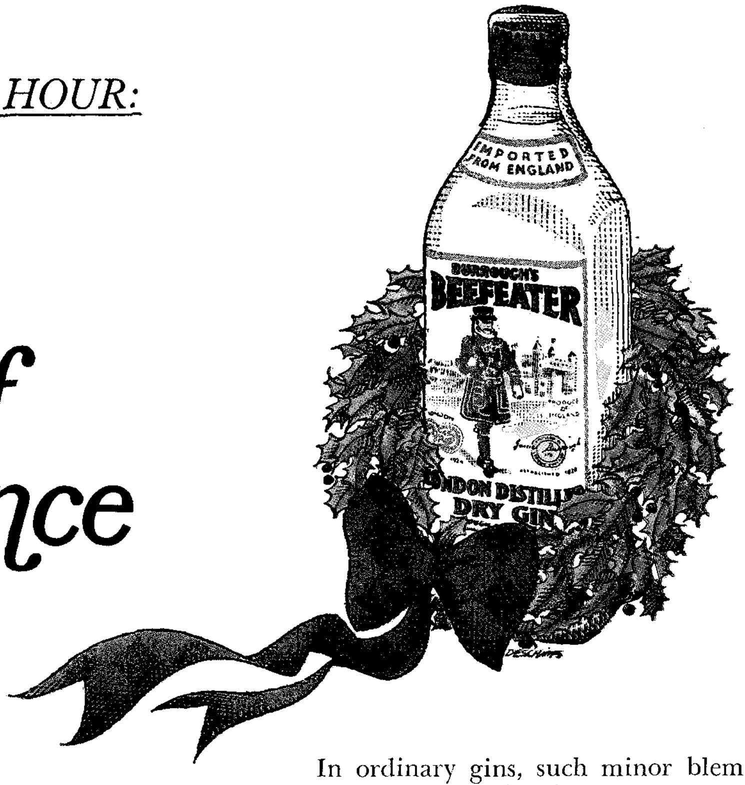
THE GROWNUPS' HOUR:

The Gift of Excellence



THE STORY of excellence in gin is the kind of story that might well be told at the *grownups'* hour—that pause in the rush of the day that is set aside for rational discourse on adult topics, over an excellent martini.

Gin was born in the 17th century, when a Dr. Sylvius (Franciscus de la Boe), a professor of medicine at the University of Leyden, invented a drink based on the juniper berry. His purpose was to make a medicine for the fever that attacked Dutch seamen.

The English, whose soldiers fought in the Low Countries, picked up the drink. By the time of the Restoration, in 1660, England was distilling her own gin in large quantities. This lighter, clearer drink relied not on the juniper alone, but also on other herbs and barks and roots and fruit rinds.

But, in those early days, gin remained a seaman's and soldier's drink, sold by the glass in the gin shops that abounded in 17th and 18th century England.

In 1820 a small distillery was opened in Lambeth, within long bowshot of the Tower of London. Here James Burrough devoted himself to distilling something better in gin. His purpose was to make a gin fit to rank with the noble whiskies, the aged brandies and the great wines that graced the Georgian gentleman's sideboard.

One of the requirements of a great gin is to start with an utterly clean spirit. The slightest trace of alien flavor can throw off the delicate balance of the final flavor the distiller seeks.

In ordinary gins, such minor blemishes may be masked. In a great gin, they cannot.

The clean spirit

The invention of the column still by Aeneas Coffey in 1830 made it possible for the Burroughs to distill the doubly cleansed spirit needed for their gin in larger quantities. And from this time forward, a superlatively dry, soft-finished gin became more widely available.

NOTE: Beefeater gin, the Burrough family gin, got its name from the Royal Yeomen who stand guard over the crown jewels at the Tower of London. The Beefeaters were formed as a corps by Henry Tudor, grandfather of Elizabeth I, in 1485. Termed "buffetier" from one of his duties, that of supervising the buffet at royal banquets, the royal guard came to be known as a "Beefeater."

There is only one Beefeater gin and its quality today continues to be doubly safeguarded by family care.

"We use our original stills today," reports Eric Burrough, "and when, as is obvious, we have to add a new one, it is made to the exact old pattern."

A member of the Burrough family personally attends the measuring of ingredients. A member of the family approves each finished batch of Beefeater gin before it is allowed to leave the famous Lambeth distillery.

This care is well rewarded as the Beefeater tradition continues to grow. Beefeater gin today is the leading premium gin, not only in England, but wherever English is spoken. The real reward can be yours, and perhaps your friends', in the coming holiday season.

BEEFEATER
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Excellence doubly safeguarded

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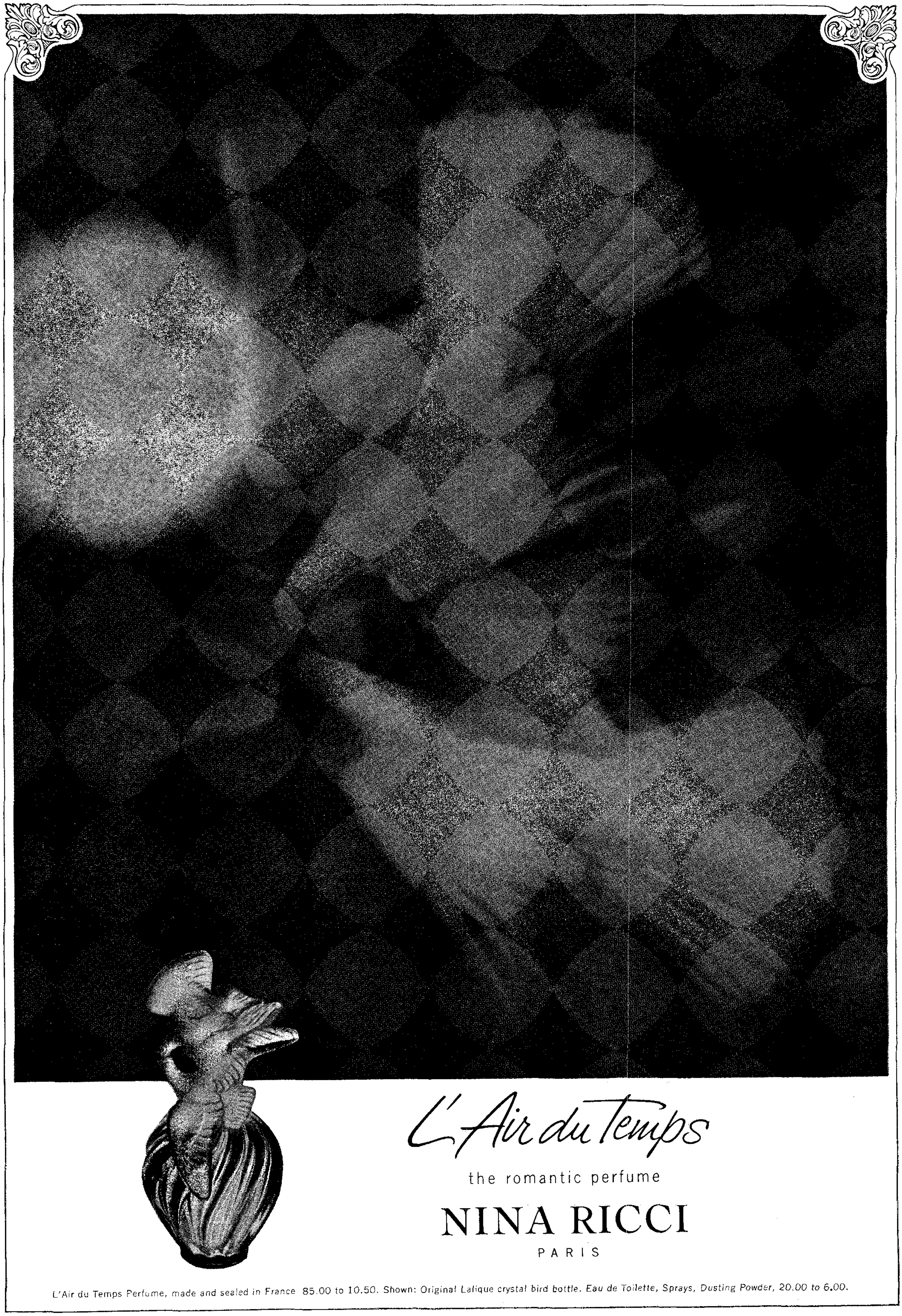

L'Air du Temps

the romantic perfume

NINA RICCI

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L'Air du Temps Perfume, made and sealed in France 85.00 to 10.50. Shown: Original Lalique crystal bird bottle. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 20.00 to 6.00.

cutout clock poised to strike midnight.

A sociological sidelight: Come the eleven-and-a-half-inch-doll revolution, civilization is apparently not going to be based on anything cornball like the family unit, as ours is said to be today. Last year, the Ideal Toy Corporation, which makes Tammy ("She's Ideal!" and $3) and Pos'n Tammy ("pos'n" is Ideal's word for "fully articulated;" she's $3.98 at Stern's), brought out Tammy's Family—Mom, Dad, Big Brother Ted, and nine-inch Little Sister Pepper. Only Little Sister has survived the twelvemonth. (With those bendable limbs, she's $3.49 at Stern's.) Oh, Tammy's Mom or Tammy's Dad might turn up on a few isolated toy counters, but they're no more than vestiges of a vanished foot-high way of life, and the same thing is true of the Littlechaps, another family group. Friendships are still tolerated, however. Pepper has a seven-and-three-quarter-inch "play pal" called Salty (would you have guessed?), plus a nine-inch girl playmate named Dodi. Actually, with her perky face, shining blue eyes, and long auburn hair, Dodi is quite a nice little doll—one you wouldn't mind having underfoot, as it were. Gimbel's has her for $2.99 and Salty for $2.09.

The hundreds of sets of extra clothes you are urged to buy for these dolls are always labelled "With Accessories," by which are meant golf bags, datebooks, and so on. Stern's is selling for $2.99 a nine-inch girl doll with six spare outfits, which the store describes in its Christmas catalogue as "accessorized." The Good News outfit, which is basically a green-orange-and-yellow slack set for Tressy (seventy-nine cents at Stern's), is accessorized to the extent of an inch-and-a-half-wide copy of the New York *Times*, with a tiny headline reading "200,000 Electrical Workers Are Set to Quit Jan. 15; Spurn New Pay Offer." In view of this good news, you'd better hang on to those candles.

Last winter, somebody came out with Tressy's Penthouse, so it seems only fair to mention that this year

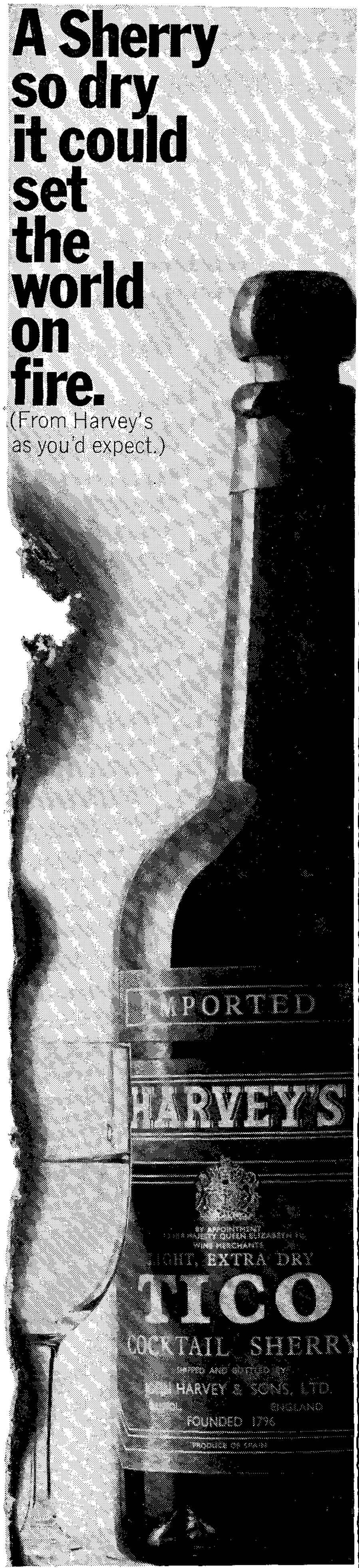
Models Coat works like a charm

Rumor has it that Models Coats are strictly for relaxing.
Not so. They do little chores and some not so little with abundant style.
And isn't that the way you like to do things? So be quick about it.
Snap on blue and white stripes with a pocket full of applique,
a cookie-cutter collar. Or zip into a shift of solid with
occasional stripes. Blue or pink with white.
Both in polyester and cotton,
sizes 8 to 18. About $12.

Models Coat

At fine stores listed or write Models Coat, A Division of Swirl, Inc., 1350 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

New York, BLOOMINGDALE'S; Atlanta, RICH'S; Baltimore, HUTZLER'S; Boston, FILENE'S; Chicago, CHAS. A. STEVENS; Cincinnati, MABLEY & CAREW; Cleveland, THE MAY CO.; Columbus, F & R LAZARUS; Dallas, SANGER-HARRIS; Denver, NEUSTETER'S; Detroit, HIMELHOCH'S; Hartford, G. FOX & CO.; Houston, SAKOWITZ BROS.; Indianapolis, L. S. AYRES; Miami, JORDAN MARSH; Newark, BAMBERGER'S; Philadelphia, THE BLUM STORE; Pittsburgh, KAUFMANN'S; Phoenix, DIAMOND'S; Rochester, B. FORMAN; St. Louis, STIX, BAER & FULLER; Salt Lake City, Z. C. M. I.; Trenton, NEVIUS-VOORHEES; Washington D.C., WOODWARD & LOTHROP; West Los Angeles; BULLOCK'S WESTWOOD.


A Sherry so dry it could set the world on fire.
(From Harvey's as you'd expect.)
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there's a dwelling around that should be of rather more interest to the five-to-ten-year-old girls who presumably spend the most time with these dolls. It's called Pepper's Tree House and stands about twenty inches high. The gnarled tree trunk and the red-roofed house are plastic, and the green foliage is cardboard. Below the tree is a working teeter-totter, and hanging from a limb is a plastic tire swing just the size for a nine-inch doll to fit into. A ladder rises to the house, which has an open front and contains a table, a chair, a stool, various cooking utensils, a window box, and a live-in black cat. At Alexander's, for $7.49. For quite another reason, we'd like to mention Pepper's Juke Box, which is $4.50 at Polk's Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd). It's really just a music box that plays "Music! Music! Music!" when you wind a knob at the back, but it looks like a seven-inch version of the real thing, with lots of ersatz chrome, lots of push buttons, and lots of tiny records, and, across the plastic bow front, a listing of seventy selections, which, like the buttons, are just for show. However, you think the toy business doesn't have problems? The designers were apparently advised not to list any song title that had ever been copyrighted, and therefore had to think up seventy titles even more meaningless than those on the standard jukebox menu. The kids won't care a rap one way or the other, but just reading over the numbers that the thinkers came up with for this imaginary hit list might brighten your afternoon; for instance, "Apennines," "Jaw Bone," "Two-Ply," "Mince Pie," "Justifiable," "Tepid Love," "Limpidity," and—what may be our favorite—"Round Day."

IT should be a relief to move out of the terrific teen world and into the baby-doll department, but is it? Among the more obstreperous infants we've encountered there is Baby Boo, a platinum blonde, twenty-one inches tall, who cries steadily for hours and *hours* on two D batteries. However, we know several ways of putting her out of her misery. All you have to do is stick a pacifier in her mouth, or pick her up and clasp her to your chest, or cover her with a blanket, or *turn off the light*. Naturally, it's all done with a photoelectric cell, and, naturally, with her torso full of heavy machinery, this doll is about as cuddlesome as an electric toaster. Still, her talents are undeniably bizarre, and that's the kind of thing that little girls seem to cry for

distinctively GUBELIN...
Cuff links.
18K yellow gold
$110.
Ladies' bracelet watch.
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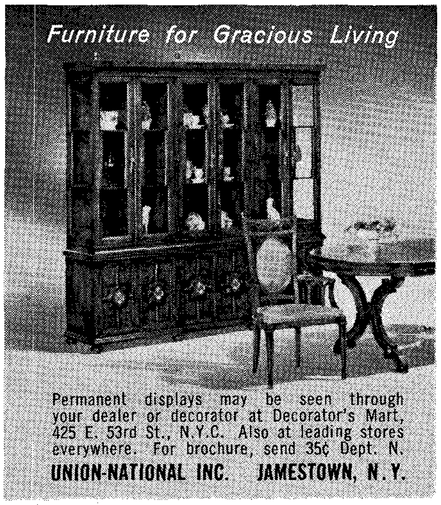
Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

He's executive v. p.
of a major manufacturing
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Just arrived on the
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Back in town again –
this time to address an
important industry group.

Destination: New York's
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(his Sauna will be waiting)

The Warwick • 54th Street on the Avenue of the Americas (212) Circle 7-2700 A Loew's Hotel • Preston Robert Tisch, President

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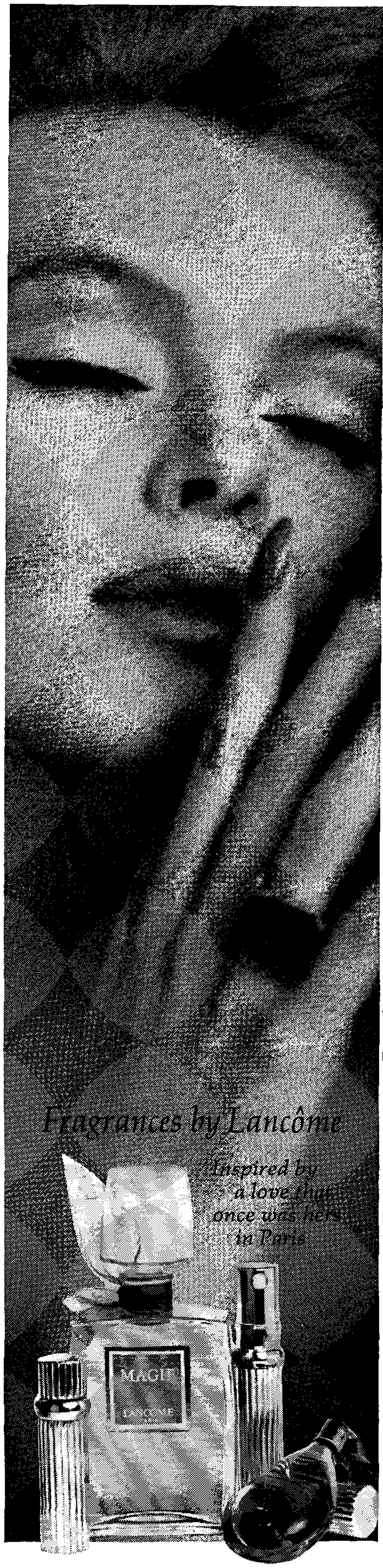


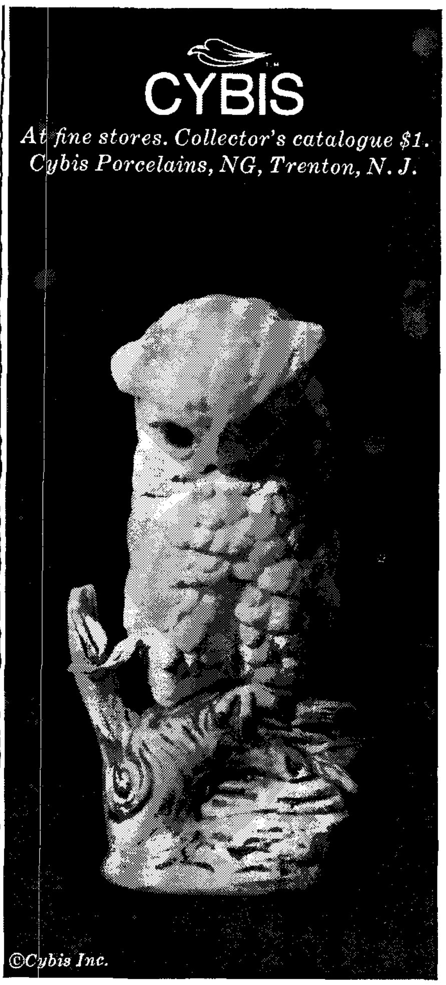
LANCÔME
Division of Cosmair, Inc.

Magie, Envol, Tresor... fragrances of France, now available here in bottles, mists and fluted silver flacons.

these days while their sensible parents are out collecting paintings of Campbell's-soup cans. Rappaport's has her in a red-and-white romper suit for $17.35, including batteries and the pacifier. And don't forget to insert the latter when you put out the light at bedtime, or she'll be yowling her head off with the dawn, just like some other twenty-one-inch girls you may know. In Baby Boo's case, however, you can dispose of the whole problem by confiscating her D batteries.

After you've met Baby Boo, all those dolls who "cry real tears" but don't make an infernal racket about it deserve some grateful attention. We were startled to run into one called Sniffles ($2.99 at Macy's), but it's all right—it turned out that all she shed was tears. Also visible along the wailing wall are Tiny Tears (seventeen inches tall), Teeny Tiny Tears (twelve inches), and Teenie Weenie Tinie—no, *Tiny*—Tears (nine inches). The two bigger Tears girls (they are $7.99 and $4.29, respectively, at Gimbel's) both wear party dresses and arrive with their own bottle and pacifier and their own bubble pipe, with which they can blow bubbles. Teenie Weenie, who can't blow bubbles, just wears a romper suit; she's $2.98 at Macy's. All three of these dolls have Rock-a-bye Eyes, which means that as their new mother rocks them their eyes slowly close. In case the new mother isn't up to this exertion—probably the same girl who put in for the birthday-candle extinguisher—there is now on the market a Tiny Tears Talking Cradle, which plays six very small records. (They slide into a slot in the cradle's pink or white plastic side. Push a lever and a child's voice sings nursery rhymes, says, "I love you, Mommy," and so on.) This cradle comes in two sizes, the one for the two smaller dolls going for $7.99 and the one for the larger doll for $8.99, at Alexander's. (A nice, quiet walnut cradle is at Altman's for $12. It is nearly two and a half feet long, and fitted out with a pink mattress and pillow.)

A dry-eyed, twenty-inch doll named Pussy Cat, at F. A. O. Schwarz for $12, has straight blond hair, soft vinyl arms and legs, and a kapok body, and is so well-behaved you'd scarcely know there was a baby in the house. Marybel, who is sixteen inches tall, is described as the Doll That Gets Well, but she's nothing of the sort, poor thing. She keeps coming down with dread diseases and having one terrible accident after another, all requiring her mother's constant, blissful atten-


CYBIS

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1.
Cybis Porcelains, NG, Trenton, N. J.

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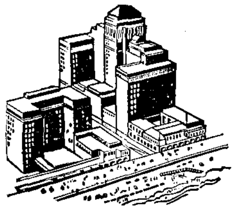
PLAY SANTA

What do we want for Christmas this year? Your presence, of course.

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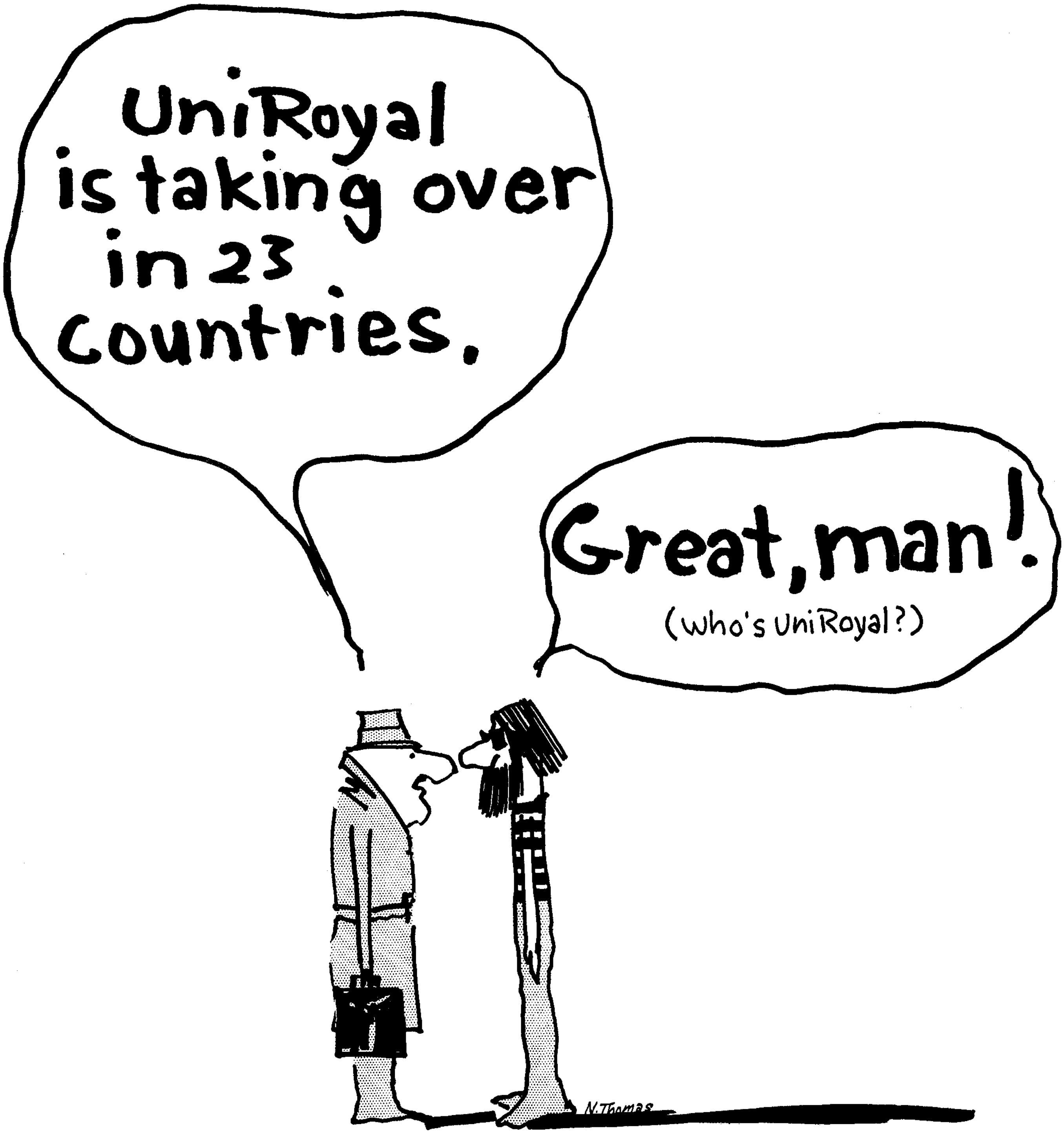
UniRoyal is taking over in 23 countries.
Great, man!
(who's UniRoyal?)
N. Thomas

Peace.

Uniroyal is taking over in name only. It's the new, worldwide trade mark for the U.S. Rubber Company and it also replaces the dozens of different names and trade marks we've been using in 23 countries.

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Uniroyal stands for all these products and many, many more. It also stands for people who collectively speak 150 languages and dialects; it stands for paychecks in 150 different kinds of money.

Most of all, Uniroyal stands for a company that is now meeting the research and manufacturing needs of the whole polyglot world—instead of simply the needs of the country it was born in. That's progress with a capital "U."

UNIROYAL
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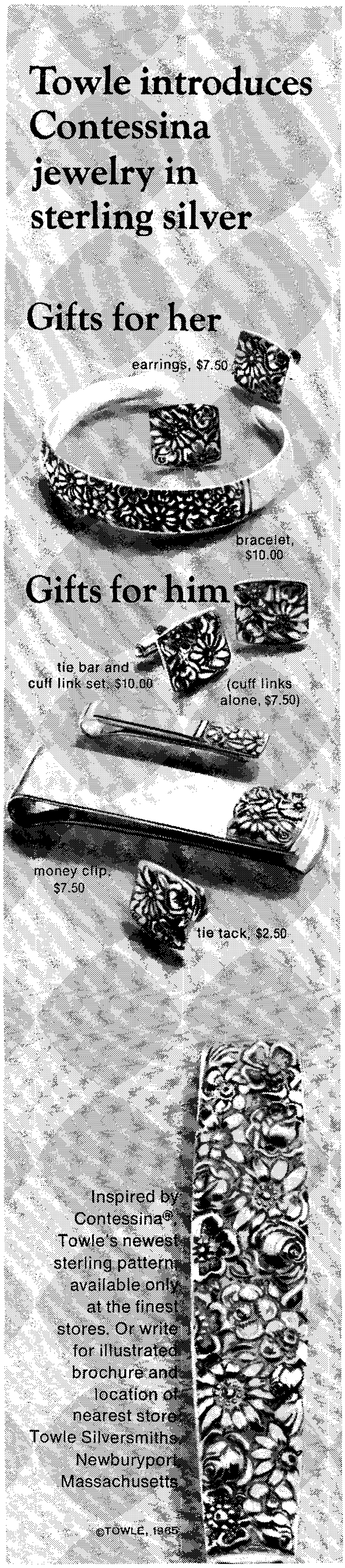
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Inspired by Contessina®, Towle's newest sterling pattern available only at the finest stores. Or write for illustrated brochure and location of nearest store. Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts

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tion. Marybel arrives wearing pajamas and bathrobe, and also a bow in her long blond hair to keep up her spirits. With her comes an imposing array of emergency equipment: adhesive tape and gauze for making slings and eye patches; an assortment of spots for simulating the mysterious rash of the moment; a pair of crutches; and a cast for each arm and each leg. Without Blue Cross, she's $13 at Stern's. A blond doll named Baby First Step is said to be capable of toddling as far as two miles on her two D batteries. Nineteen inches tall, she stalks tirelessly about in a pink dress and white shoes, and, including power, she costs $20 at A. C. Epstein, 1286 Madison Avenue (93rd). Another nineteen-inch, battery-powered blond pedestrian is named Goody Two Shoes. Wearing a blue dress and white Mary Janes, she's $17.40, all told, at Best's. According to her publicity people, she can not only walk by herself but drag a small pull toy after her, and she can also walk barefoot. Nevertheless, possibly with some thought that people expect it of her because of her name, she brings with her an extra pair of shoes—red sandals. (The Goody Two Shoes in the old story was overjoyed to have a shoe for each foot, not two *pairs*, if you remember, but then this is the Affluent Society.)

APPARENTLY, not all toy designers read the headlines—or, if they do, we can't think what it was that made one of them decide this was just the year to come up with a Plantation Doll House. There it is, however, for $29.95 at Rappaport's. Made of pine and hardwood painted white, it is two and a half feet high and has four Doric pillars, a piazza, green shutters, six large rooms on two floors, and an attic. No slave quarters, though. There are a few pieces of furniture on the veranda but nothing indoors, which brings us to the fact that Shackman's, 2 West 35th Street, has an extensive collection of furnishings that are suitable for post- as well as ante-bellum doll mansions. The pieces here are all hand-finished hardwood, the drawers and cupboard doors open and shut more easily than those in some larger pieces we're acquainted with, and the fittings are brass. To give you an idea of prices, a seven-inch corner cupboard is $2.25; a Duncan Phyfe-style dining-room table, which comes with an extra leaf and thus, in the event of a real doll bash, can be extended to six inches, is $1.75; a seven-and-a-half-inch grandfather clock whose wooden case is painted with Pennsylvania Dutch de-

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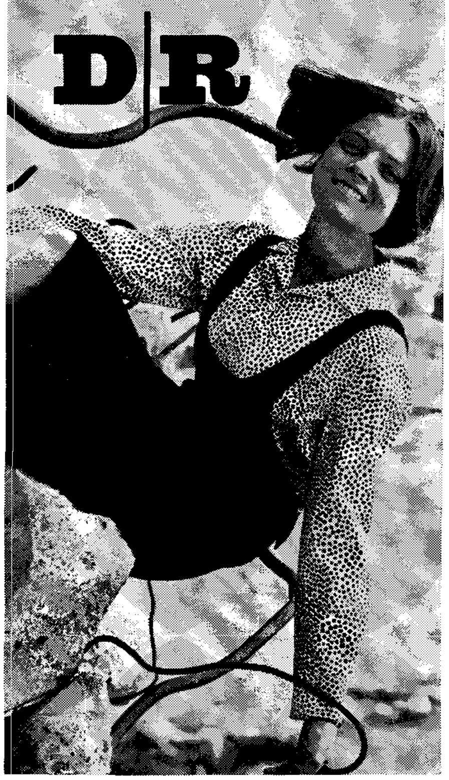

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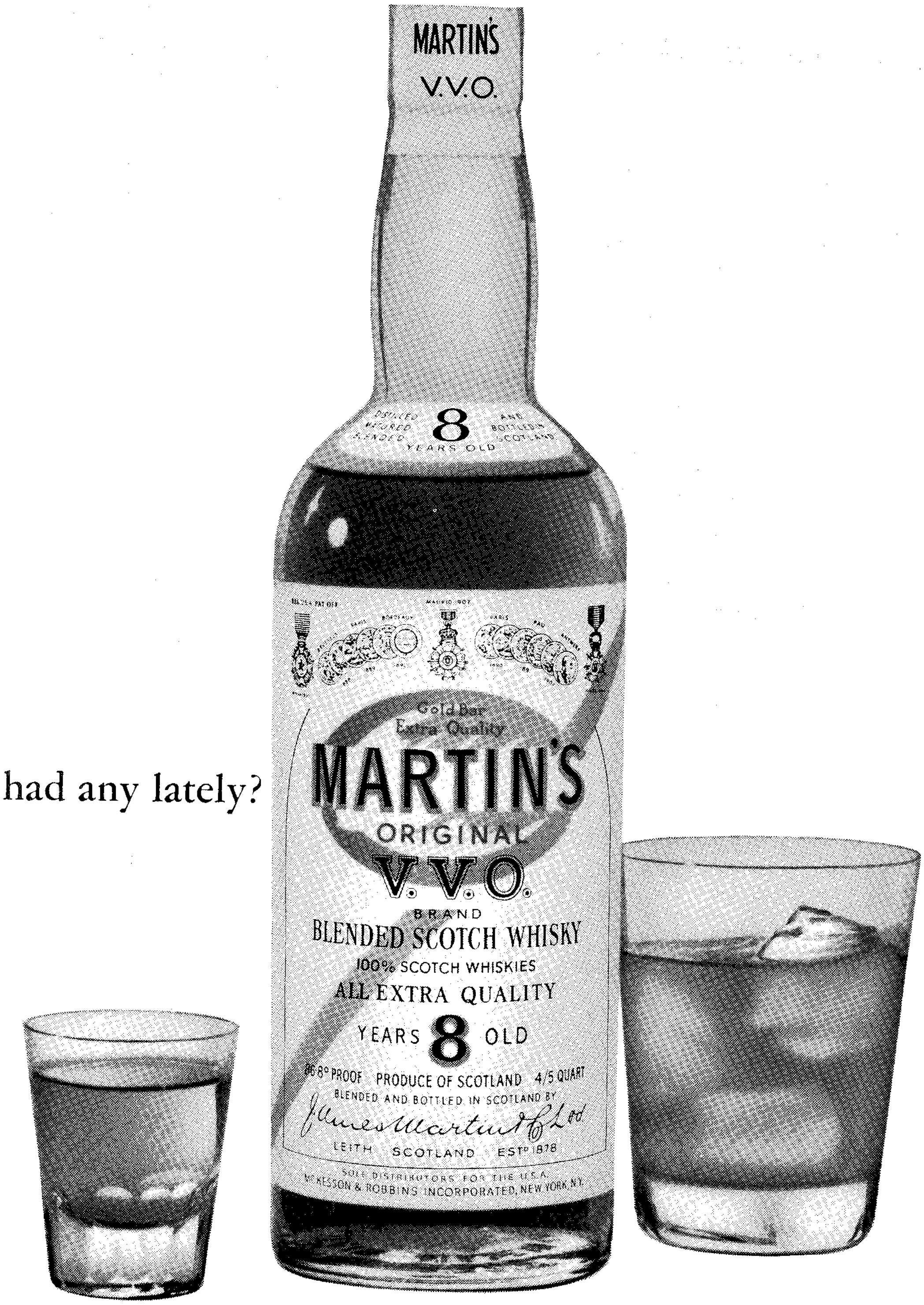
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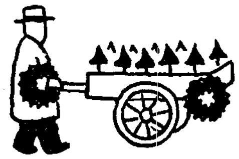
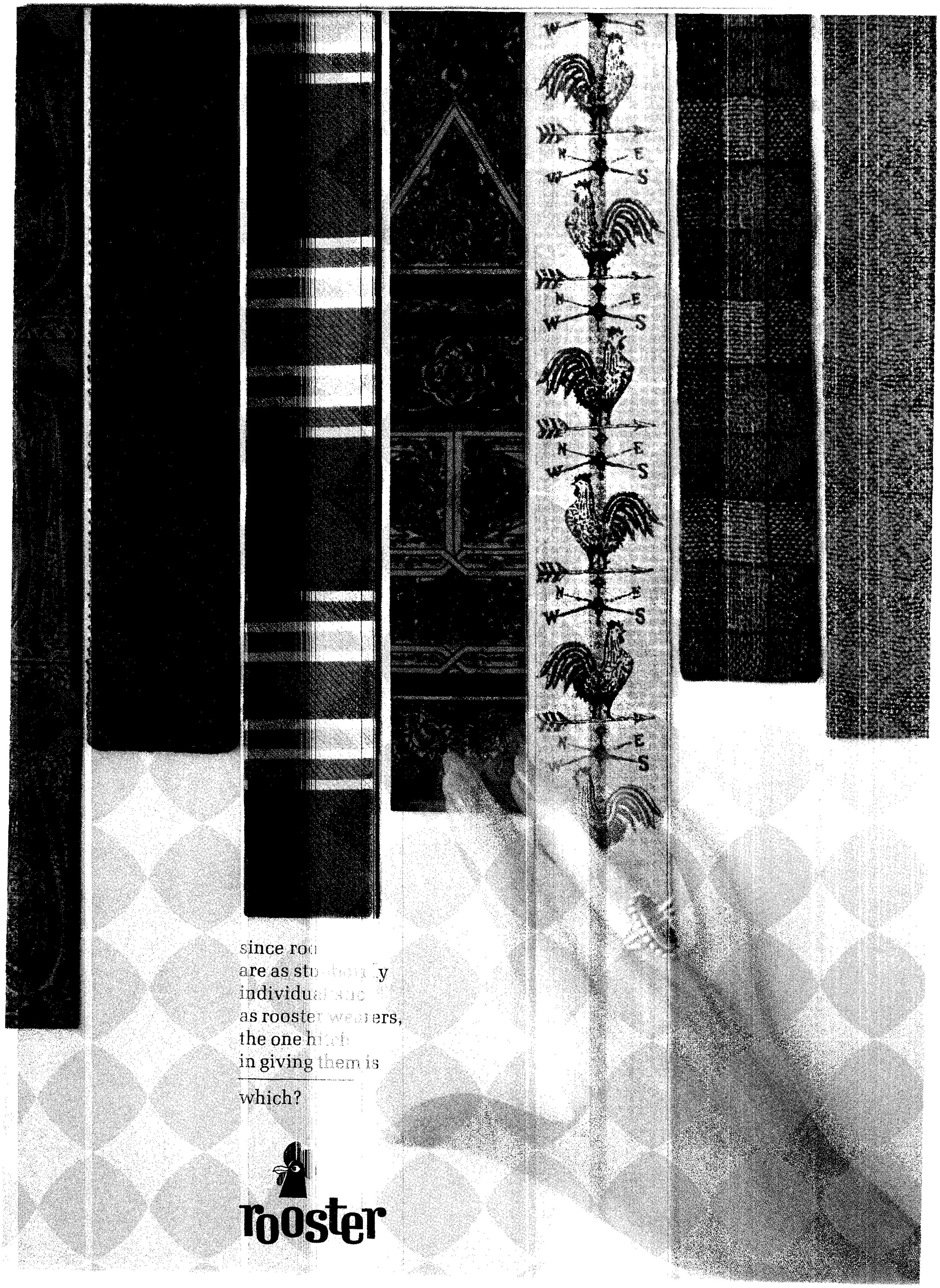
signs and whose German-made clockwork really keeps time is $5; and an old-fashioned wall telephone, an inch and three-quarters high, is $1. You might also be interested in the miniature coal stove over at the Museum Shop of the Museum of the City of New York. It is made of cast iron, has removable burner plates, and is eight and a half inches tall, counting its gingerbread stovepipe. It costs $7 as is or $8.50 with a set of tiny pots and pans, a coal bucket, and a scoop.



FOR younger children, who don't care a pin for period authenticity, Creative Playthings, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, sells, at $31.95, a set of more primitive and considerably sturdier doll furniture, most of it carved from solid blocks of wood. Included are items for the kitchen, bedroom, dining room, playroom, and bath. "Dramatizing with these, a child develops concepts of family roles in society," says Creative Playthings. (That's the way they talk over there, where they apparently haven't heard that the family is on its way out.) For $21.95, Creative Playthings will supply a house to put all this furniture in—the Folding Floor Plan Doll House, which is thirty inches square when it's unfolded, and eight inches high. The four walls of the house, which are of plywood, are hinged, the interior partitions are removable, and, for storage, the whole thing folds up into a compact package only three and a half inches thick. There is no roof, and Creative Playthings explains its absence by saying that this "circumvents the frustration of conventional doll-house roofs."

Also roofless and, presumably, free of trauma-inducing potentialities is a thirteen-inch yellow wood-and-plastic school-bus pull toy, which Schwarz sells for $3.95. Besides the driver, it is occupied by seven small, peglike scholars, who fit into round holes instead of seats. Each of them wears both a different expression and a different hat. For more family play, what about a ten-inch plastic Lacing Shoe with Play Family, for $3.50, also at Schwarz? With the shoe come the old lady who lives in the shoe, her four roundheaded children, and a dog, all of wood. A fifty-inch shoelace, with which a child can practice lacing up shoes, holds the front of the shoe-house together, and each inhabitant is obliged to enter through his own particular window, which is tailored to him both in shape and in color. Or, if you want to give a four-year-old the satisfaction of outdoing all the king's horses and all the king's men, you can give him a High Hat Humpty Dumpty, who costs $3.98 at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street (near Sixth Avenue). He is fifteen inches tall and is made of felt and denim, and his arms, legs, and High Hat all come off, but a young fellow who can master ties, laces, buttons, snaps, and a zipper can put Humpty Dumpty together again. Another toy whose educational quotient won't oppress pre-schoolers is Dump Truckers, a foot-wide heavy-plastic trucking station with three openings that match the rear silhouettes of three heavy-plastic dump trucks. When the operator of this station figures out the correct entrance for a given truck, he shoves it through the swinging doors, and a large wooden ball drops from a loading trough into the truck, which can then be unloaded on the station roof and sent scooting off down a side ramp, ready for another load. Youth at Play has this for $6. A boy who is interested in travelling farther than in and out of the garage would appreciate a foot-long camp-out trailer, called the Weekender, which costs $5.95 at Macy's. Built something like a panel truck, it has doors that open at the back and sides, and a red-and-white striped tent arrangement that swings down from the roof for camping purposes. Inside the truck are a refrigerator, a sink, and seats that convert into a bed.

Tyke Bike, which is $3.98 at Gimbel's, among other places, has a solid-wood frame and seat, four rubber-tired wheels, and the swooping handlebars known among the motorcycle avant-garde as ape hangers. It's almost impossible for a child to tip it over, and even if some daredevil should contrive to do so it wouldn't matter, because the seat is only eight inches off the ground. For a hot-rodder who is too big for a Tyke Bike but not big enough for a two-wheeler, the latest thing seems to be an X-15. (Rappaport's has it for $30.) This thirty-inch, three-wheel, pedal-powered vehicle has a steel body, a bucket seat with a seat belt, and a joy stick that guides the rear wheels and can send the X-15 careering and banking sharply all over the house. It's also equipped with that *V-rroom!* thing that makes a noise like a motor, but fortunately there's an on-and-off switch. For less rambunctious types—or for two kids on a rainy day—Childcraft, 155 East 23rd Street, recommends a portable double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easel, for $9.50, which has two hinged hardboard panels, each two feet high and twenty inches wide, to be set up on, say, a card table, where two children can express themselves at the same time. Then, there are the familiar Card Table Playhouse and Card Table Firehouse, each made of painted cloth, plus a wooden dowel to give the roof a realistic peak. When the supper bell rings, these can be rolled up and put away like a beach towel; $3.95 apiece at Schwarz.

IF you persist in trying to keep the boys in the family out of the front lines, they'll probably insist on being outfitted as secret agents instead. Find them an old trenchcoat, and after that there's no problem, because when the Big Daddies of the toy industry aren't reading the headlines they're poring over the best-seller lists and the latest Nielsen reports. At the moment, lethal attaché cases and other espionage aids are ubiquitous. The James Bond Secret Agent 007 Shooting Attaché Case fires plastic bullets out of one side and stealthily proffers a flexible dagger out of the other, and, in addition, it explodes (caps) if the case is opened the wrong way. Inside is a Luger-type pistol that, with the help of various attachments, becomes a twenty-nine-inch automatic rifle with a sniper's telescopic sight. Also in the case are a coding-and-decoding machine and an assortment of such undercover necessities as an international passport and counterfeit foreign currency. A. C. Epstein has this for $14.95. Reiss Brothers has an undercover agent's implement that looks like an innocent camera. When you press the shutter, out springs a barrel, and it's a deadly cap pistol. This is called the Zero M Snap-*Shot*, and costs $2.49. The Zero M Radio-Rifle ($3.98 at Rappaport's) looks like a transistor radio but converts into a cap-firing rifle. We might also mention a shooting attaché case called Secret Sam ($12.49 at Polk's), not only because the camera inside it takes real pictures through a hole in the side but because the wicked-looking rifle that is included is equipped with a silencer. Perhaps, after all, there's something to be said for the trend toward stealth.

The Corgi people, who make those miniature metal cars, have also got into the spy act. They've brought out a three-and-three-quarter-inch Aston-Martin like James Bond's, with retractable machine guns in the front fenders. The top lifts up, and the ejector seat ejects an armed passenger while Driver 007 speeds off—or he does if you give

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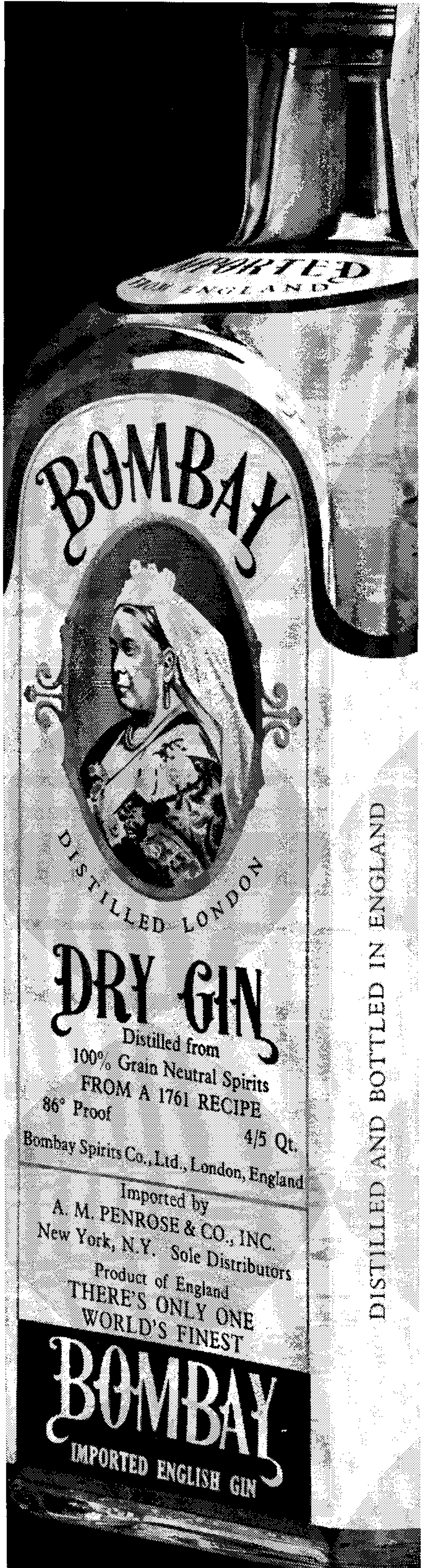
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the Aston-Martin a good, swift push. Complete with secret instructions and a James Bond badge, this is $3.50 at Schwarz. Espionage games are also with us. The James Bond Secret Agent 007 Game requires the players to move inch-and-a-quarter plastic figures around a board that is decorated with squares marked "Cemetery," "Warehouse," "Casino," "Sewer," etc. This costs $1.98 at Youth at Play. Brentano's has the James Bond 007 Game ("Enter the dangerous world of James Bond. . . . Play it if you dare!"), which involves a velours board and the capture of tiles marked with dots, the number 007, and the letters B, O, N, and D. The payoff is in poker chips, and the price is $5. As far as we can see, it has nothing whatever to do with danger or James Bond; the letters on the tiles might just as well be E, L, S, I, and E, for Elsie Dinsmore, except that Elsie isn't the biggest commercial bonanza since Davy Crockett.

Have you thought of sending these bloodthirsty young men off on safari? If so, Macy's has an Electronic Jungle Target Range with Rifle. A plastic gazelle, zebra, rhinoceros, and tiger jump into range one after another on a moving treadmill, and the boy shoots at them with a beam of light. When he makes a hit, the animal goes down, a bell rings, and the next target moves into place. Two flashlight batteries are needed for the target, and a nine-volt transistor battery for the gun, the whole ensemble coming to $15. With a less complicated but far noisier weapon, a bazooka-like thing called a Zero M Sonic-Blaster ($11.95 at Rappaport's), which fires a strong blast of air, a boy can blow a cardboard airport that comes with it all to pieces (it can all be put right back together again)—or, for that matter, wreak havoc on those birthday candles. (An over-age friend of ours bought one to scare the pigeons off his terrace with.) On the other hand, the boy you have in mind might prefer to test his spatial perception on the baseball field. For members of the junior Hot Stove League, a vast improvement over those games in which getting a hit depends on spinning a dial, or some such, is Bottlecap Baseball, which is played on a four-by-four-foot sheet of heavy vinyl marked out like a diamond. The members of both lineups are bottle caps, and so is the ball, and the contestants shove them around the board according to rules elaborate enough to impress Wes Westrum. It looks like the best kind of game—the sort that might have been worked out one afternoon by

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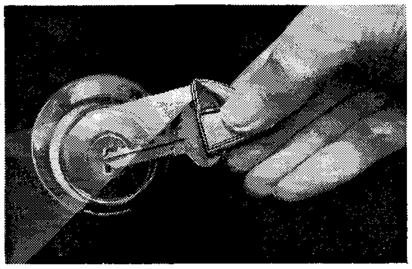

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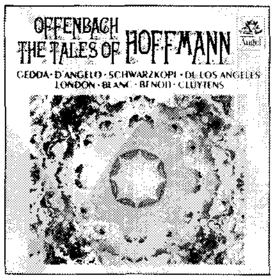
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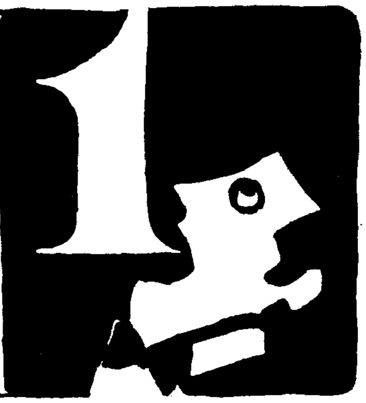

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a twelve-year-old shortstop when a larger-scale game he was interested in had been called on account of rain. It turns out that this is just what it is; he grew up and put it on the market. Stern's has Bottlecap Baseball for $3.99. When the sun comes out, your own first baseman might appreciate an outdoor game called Strike Zone Pitch Back, which consists of a strong Dacron net in a steel frame, roughly five feet high and three feet wide (the frame is held in place by heavy mooring pins). When a ball is pitched against the net, it bounces back to the pitcher; the price is $9.95 at Schwarz. For a basketball fan, Childcraft has a basket that rings a bell when a goal is scored. A six-inch rubber basketball and the hardware for mounting the basket come with it; $2.98.

ONE of the best toy-train notions we've seen in some time is A. C. Gilbert's electric-train layout that is divided into seventeen-inch-square metal panels, which fit together like tiles on a kitchen floor to compose a railroad landscape, complete with bridges, a tunnel, houses, street lamps, trees, shrubbery, and, of course, tracks. When it's time to stow the railroad away, the houses and the tunnel and so on (but not the tracks) slide off, and the panels can be stacked one on top of another. An eight-panel set, with two remote-control switches, a fifty-watt transformer, and a four-car train with a smoke-puffing locomotive and tender, is $49.99 at Gimbel's.

Polk's has a kit, for $2.98, with which a boy can build a crystal radio set—so Polk's assures us. It's a simple screwdriver assembly, and if he gets Floyd Gibbons from the old KDKA in Pittsburgh, they'll give you your money back, all in two-cent stamps. For two-way communication, Stern's offers a Walkie Talkie set for $21.88, including a nine-volt transistor battery. Using the Citizens Band, it will both send and receive at distances up to six hundred feet. A dedicated seaman of your acquaintance might be carried away by a ten-inch Marconi-rigged sailboat called a So'wester, on hand at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street. It's one of those rugged Maine-woods toys, and it will stay on true course if its sail and tiller are set right for the wind; $6.50 for this—and *bon voyage*. If the same mariner would care to build his own ten-inch wooden sampan, Bloomingdale's sells a do-it-yourself sampan kit—a Spanish import, by the way—for $4. The same store has a box containing a hundred and twenty-

Spritzer& Fuhrmann has a'Yorkie' that's worth its weight in gold.

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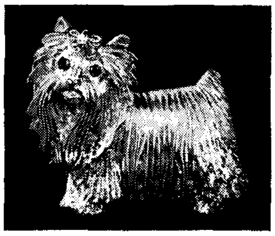

Our exclusive Yorkie is solid 18K gold. And if that isn't elegant enough, it also has genuine sapphire eyes and a petite diamond in its bow. Note also the beautiful hand detailing on its textured coat.

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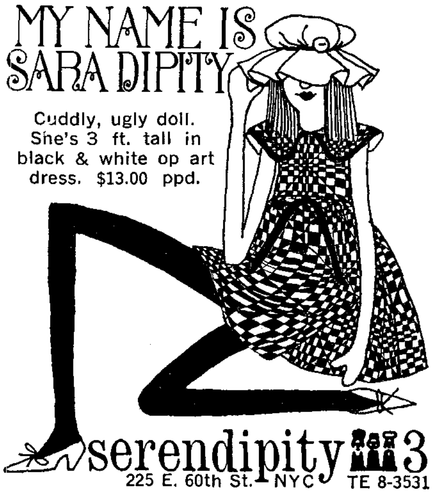

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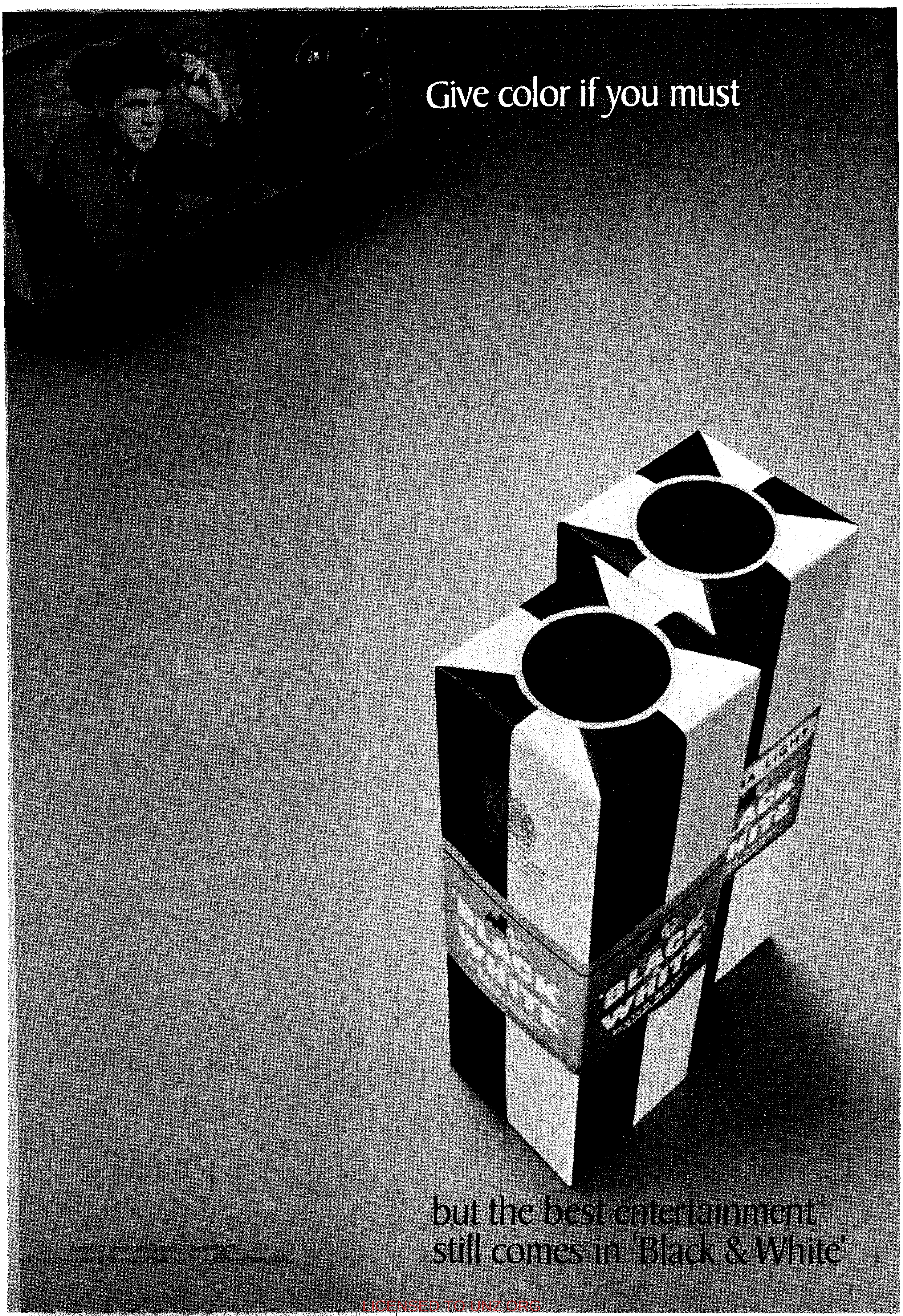
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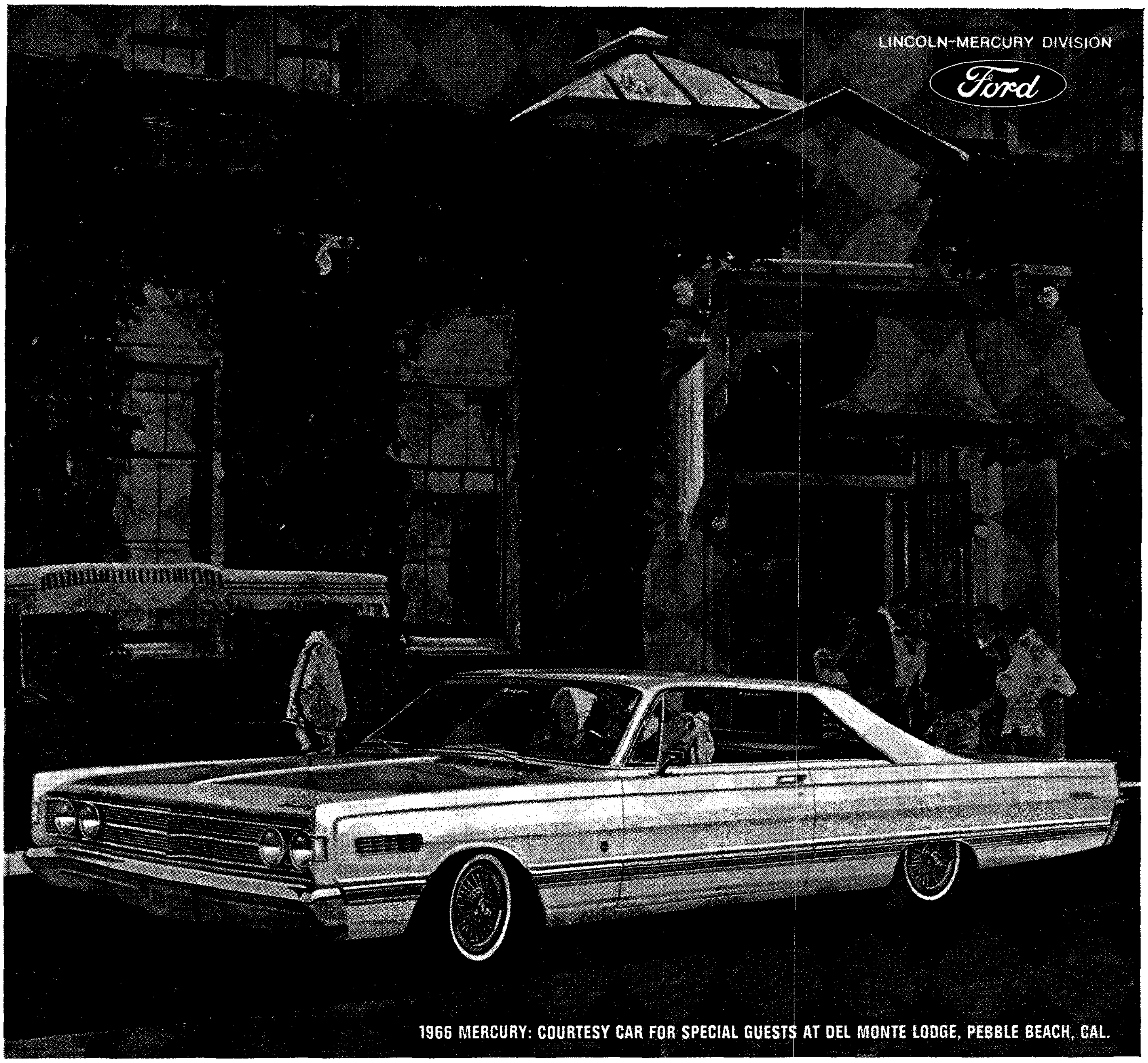

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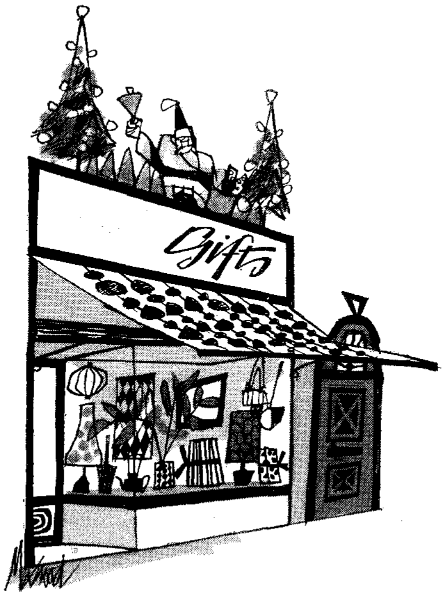
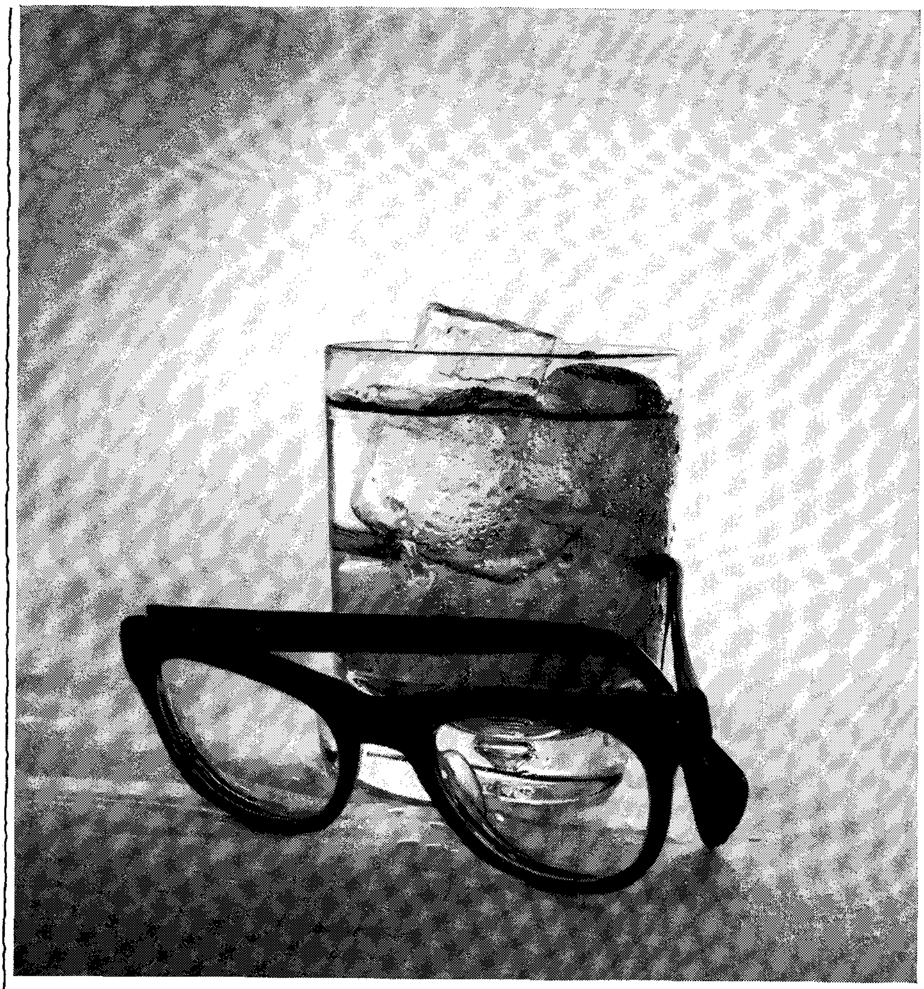
four plastic pieces that, when they're properly attended to, make a three-foot Blue Devil Destroyer—not just a model to put on the mantel but a powerful war vessel that will cut quite a figure in the swimming pool or the duckpond. It has a motor that requires *six* D batteries, and its controls can be set to steer it along a circular, figure-eight, or rectangular course, or to go dead ahead; with all six batteries, it's $13.15.

THIS year, as everybody must have realized by now, marks the hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Alice in Wonderland," and there is practically no end to the objects you're being urged to buy to celebrate the occasion. Schwarz, for example, suggests its "Alice in Wonderland" coloring book, nearly twenty inches tall and thirty-two pages deep, for $3. Lord & Taylor, among others, has a new Alice doll, fourteen inches tall and wearing a blue dress with a pinafore, for $10. The classic Cyril Ritchard reading of "Alice," unabridged, on four Riverside records (SDP 22), is yours for $6.95 at Brentano's, and packed among these records is a facsimile of the first edition of "Alice" with the Tenniel illustrations. If you'd rather just listen to some of the high spots of both "Alice" and "Through the Looking Glass," ask for Caedmon's "Nonsense Verse" (TC 1078, $5.95), in which Ritchard, Beatrice Lillie, and Stanley Holloway do many of the usual Carroll favorites. Some of Edward Lear's nonsense poems are on the other side. A happy Christmas present for a devout "Alice" fan would be "Alice's Adventures under Ground," obtainable for $4.95 at almost any bookstore. "Alice's Adventures under





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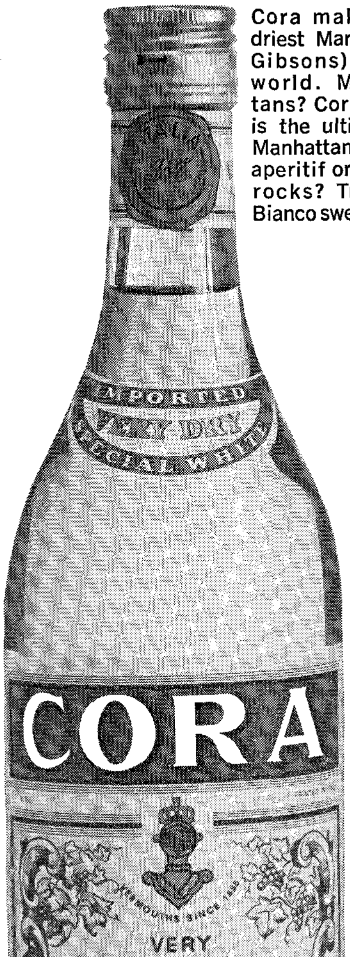

Cora makes the driest Martinis (or Gibsons) in the world. Manhattans? Cora Sweet is the ultimate in Manhattans. As an aperitif or on-the-rocks? Try Cora Bianco sweet white.

CORA VERMOUTH

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Ground" is the title of the original manuscript of the Alice story, which the University Microfilms subsidiary of the Xerox Corporation has persuaded the British Museum to let it publish in photo offset. Illustrated by Charles Dodgson himself and set to paper in his own firm, clear hand, it is the version he sent along to little Alice Liddell and her sisters on Christmas Day in 1862 to help them remember that historic afternoon on the river. The story begins and ends in the familiar way ("Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank . . ." and ". . . remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days") but is less than half as long as "'Wonderland," and a number of cherished characters are missing, among them the Cheshire Cat and the Mad Hatter. Whereas the Alice in Tenniel's drawings is a sturdy figure who looks as if she could cope with whatever came along, in Dodgson's sketches she seems more a puzzled little girl in a bad spot. There is something touching about her—and, indeed, about the whole notion of a story given to us as the author himself wrote it down, with an occasional inserted letter or amendment; the next page of print one reads seems to put up a barrier between the author and the reader. There can't be many holograph manuscripts that, like this one, would be ideal for the photo-offset process, but the possibilities must be giving the printing industry some hard moments. A montage of a dozen or so pages of "Alice's Adventures under Ground" and eleven of Dodgson's illustrations is also on the market as a round jigsaw puzzle. It has more than five hundred pieces, so don't waste it on a six-year-old. When the last piece is in place, it makes a nice wall decoration, twenty and a quarter inches in diameter, for a room dedicated to a child of any age. The Patchin Place Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, has it for $3.50.

FOR those of you who had a children's record in mind, herewith a few program notes. With one exception, all the records on this list can be bought at almost any store where records are sold, and all of them are 33⅓-r.p.m. and monaural. (A number of them are also available in stereo.) The exception we mentioned is Dimension 5's "Dance, Sing and Listen Again!" record (D 111, $4.95), the work of a creative pair named Esther Nelson and Bruce Haack, and you'll find it only at Childcraft and Schwarz. In the event that the pre-school chil-

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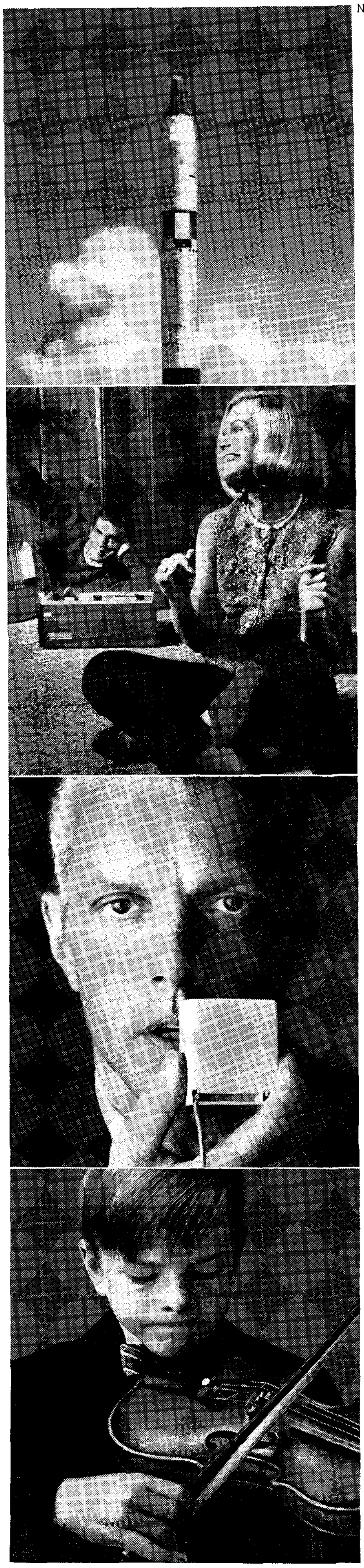
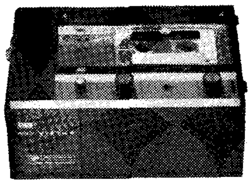
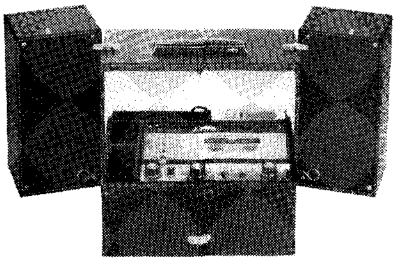
From RCA VICTOR From $49.95.*



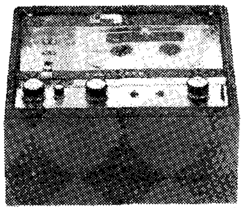
National Aeronautics and Space Administration



Relay I

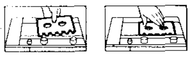


Relay III



Module Mark I

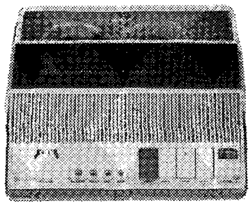
Four RCA Victor Solid State snap-in cartridge models that load in seconds.



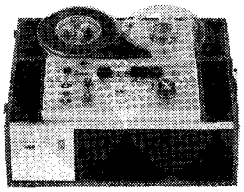
1 *Just snap a tape cartridge into the Relay I or Relay II* and you're ready to record. No messy rewinding, threading or tangling. Solid State throughout (transistors have replaced tubes) plus the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits. VU meter recording level monitor. **2** *Relay III* has two 9″ oval speakers, two 3½″ tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones. VU meter. **3** *Here's the audiophile's delight*—the *Module Mark I*—a Solid State stereo tape cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15,000 cps (at 3¾ ips).

*Optional with dealer for the *Tiros I.*

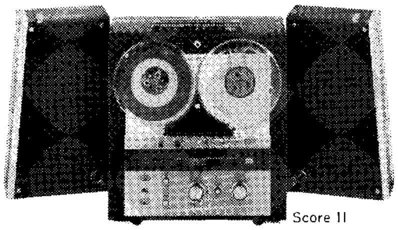
RCA Solid Copper Circuits are the circuits of the Space Age...they replace old-fashioned handwiring for better performance, greater dependability, fewer service headaches.



Tiros I



Score I



Score II

Five RCA Victor Solid State reel-to-reel models. (with a choice like this, why look further?)

1 *They're battery operated* so you can get the message *wherever* you go. They're also Solid State (no tubes to burn out). The *Tiros I* and *Tiros II* are two-track reel-to-reel models with optional 110-volt AC "battery saver" adapter. Complete with microphone, batteries, earphone, 3″ reel of tape and reel. **2** *Score I* is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model with big 6″ oval speaker, tone control, tape usage counter and VU meter. Pause switch simplifies tape editing. Comes complete with 7″ reel of tape, reel, microphone and auxiliary cable. **3** The stereo *Score II* reel-to-reel recorder has two 9″ oval speakers, two 3½″ tweeters in swing-out, detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound feature, too. Or see the *Module Mark II* reel-to-reel tape deck—plays through your present stereo amplifier-speaker system.

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dren you're playing Santa Claus for seem to you to be spending the best years of their lives flat on the living-room carpet before one electronic gadget or another, the musical numbers on this record are designed to get them to kick off their sandals, lift their voices, and join actively in the fun. In a sequence called "Silent Movies," for example, Miss Nelson, having supplied the necessary definition of a silent movie, gives a running vocal account of what's happening on the imaginary screen (a duel and chase involving a Keystone Cop and a burglar) while Mr. Haack plays a histrionic accompaniment on a honky-tonk piano. Fully allowing for five-year-old amorality, the record invites the children to play the role of either The Law or The Outlaw, as the spirit moves them. If this doesn't stir the laggards on the rug, a number on the other side called "Children's Hoe-Down" ("Grab your partner by the nose and skip around in your fancy clothes") ought to do it. The acid test of a children's record, as we've suggested before, is whether you can stand to hear it played in the next room twenty-four times in a single morning. One of those that come out true blue is Folkways' "Sing a Rainbow" (FC 7637, $5.79), a collection of ballads, mostly of the folk variety, sung by Ginni Clemmens, who has a clear, strong, easygoing voice and has chosen songs—"Boatmen Dance," "Buffalo Gals," and so on—that are a pleasant respite from the ones that have been done to death on similar records. She is assisted by seven or eight children, of assorted ages, who sound like real kids instead of midgets straight from Central Casting. In RCA Camden's "Noisy and Quiet, Big and Little" (CAL 1070, $4.15), Tom Glazer, another singer who remains endurable in spite of any number of encores, delivers a dissertation, musical and otherwise, on decibels and dimensions. For instance, a little boy who feels dwarfed by the ocean waves is reminded that he looks awesome to a fish. And there's a song about how much noise grownups make shouting "Quiet, please!" In case any of that shouting should have some effect, Dorothy Olsen has brought out a new RCA Camden record called "Songs for the Quiet Time" (CAL 1069, $1.98), which you won't be sorry you invited in. These songs aren't *too* quiet. As Chicken Little, for instance, runs around crying "Dear me, the sky is falling!" to a muted Calypso beat, she seems to be in remarkably gay spirits for a bird with all her responsibili-

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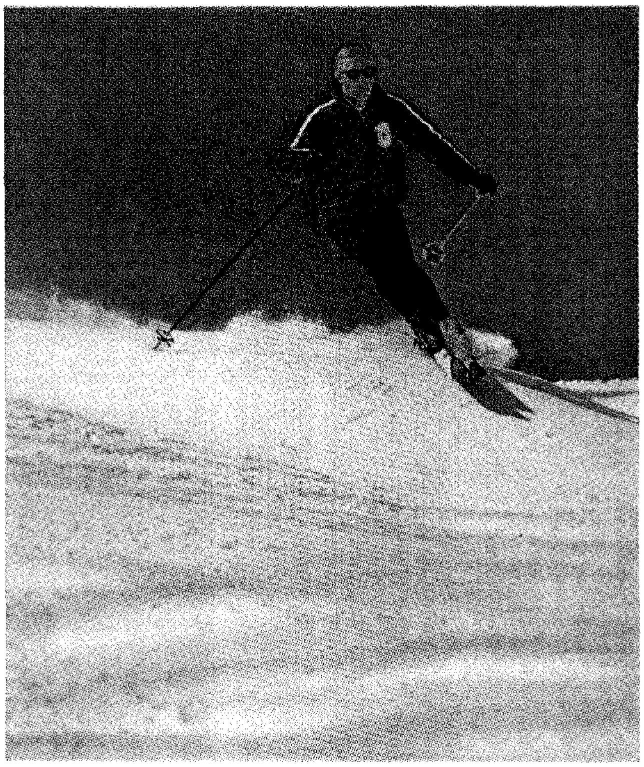

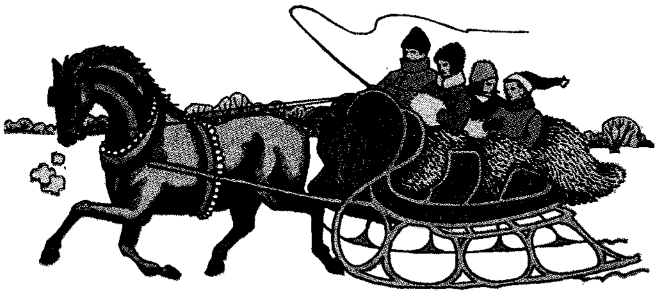

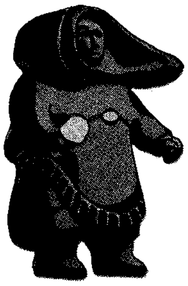

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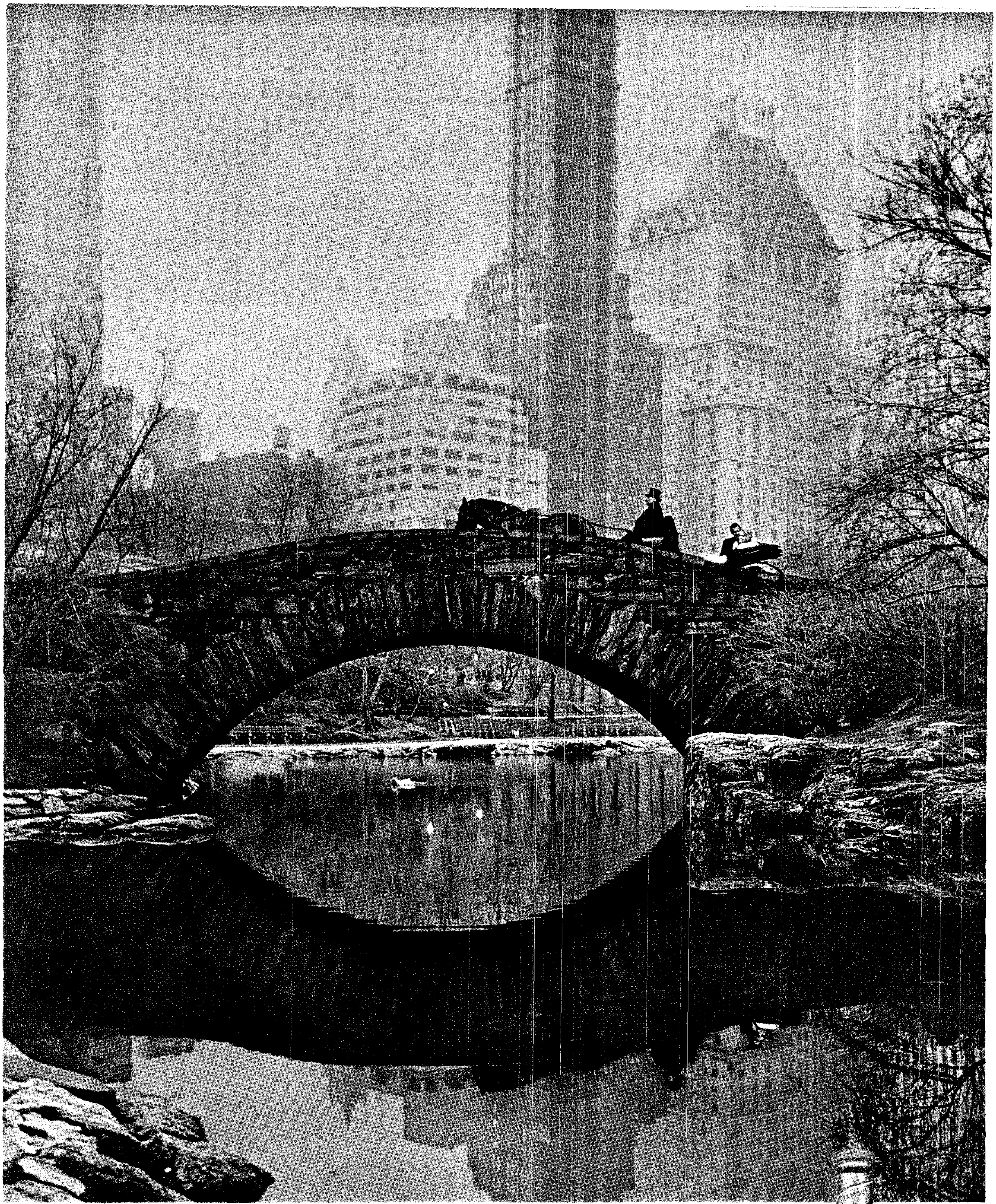

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Evenings that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE

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ties. Probably not of interest to the nursery contingent but welcome in certain youngish circles would be a Folkways collection of seventeen "French Christmas Songs" sung by Hélène Baillargeon and a children's chorus (FC 7229, $4.15). A folder that comes with this gives both the French and English words of all the carols and a page-long description in French and English of how Christmas is celebrated in Noël country. Our last musical suggestion is RCA Camden's "Hansel and Gretel" (CAL 1024, $1.98), which is actually the sound track of a highly abbreviated cinematic adaptation of Humperdinck's opera which was produced not long ago by Michael Myerberg. Anna Russell stars in this, and is suitably scary as Rosina Rubylips, the worst witch of them all. Serious opera lovers won't care for it, of course, but since few young children are prepared to sit through an afternoon of the real thing, there's something to be said for treating them to a recorded musical fairy tale in which the music is worth listening to and the characters don't all sound like Bugs Bunny.

The biggest news of the year, if you ask the Pathways of Sound people, is that Julie Harris can now be called on to read E. B. White's "Stuart Little" aloud to the children in the house. (Stuart is someone they insist on hearing about over and over, and Mother may be a little hoarse.) Miss Harris is just right, reading along in a brisk, quiet voice without a single lapse into the archness that would be bound to set Stuart's sensitive whiskers aquiver with distaste. Since not a word of the story is left out, it fills two records (PS 1036 and 1037), and they're $3.98 each. For the same company, Maurice Evans has proceeded further with his recounting of the adventures of Christopher Robin's friend Pooh. The result is called "The Most of Winnie-the-Pooh" (POS 1038, $3.98), and the fun includes "The Discovery of the North Pole," "Kanga Comes to the Forest," and "Search for Small." Pooh, who is portrayed as a solemn Cockney, bumbles along as usual. ("'Pooh,' said Rabbit, kindly, 'you haven't got any brains.' 'I know,' said Pooh, humbly.") But, naturally, everything comes out right in the end.

It is impossible to account for it electronically, but just before Boris Karloff starts to tell a story the air around the phonograph seems to vibrate and there is a leaning forward on the part of the assembled company as if it were convinced that some highly dramatic event was about to take

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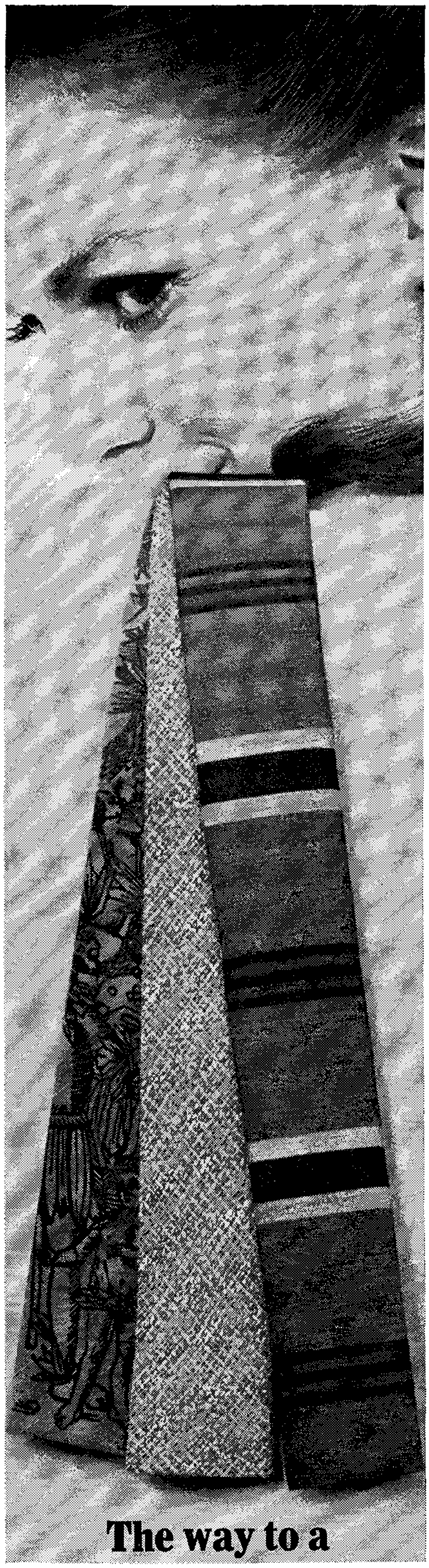

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place. And so it usually does. In Caedmon's "Just So Stories" (TC 1038, $5.95), the whale gets his throat, the camel his hump, and the rhinoceros his skin, all under the most curious and memorable circumstances. The other side of the record is, if possible, even better. Mr. Karloff reads a somewhat abridged version of "Mowgli's Brothers," and, as you well know, they mostly don't make stories for children like that anymore. The tale begins, of course, with the appearance of baby Mowgli at the wolf's cave, and it ends with the portentous words "The dawn was beginning to break when Mowgli went down the hillside alone . . . to meet those mysterious things that are called [ominous, Karloffian pause] Man." Our final communiqué from the record department is directed to those relatives who have suddenly discovered, to their dismay, that the little boy or girl for whom they used to buy items like "Pat the Bunny" has suddenly grown into a hulking high-school senior. What to do now? Well, would you care to take a chance on "The Caedmon Treasury of Modern Poets," with the poets reading their own poems? The two records in this treasury (TC 2006, $11.90) offer the voices of twenty British and American poets—for example, Yeats, Eliot, Cummings, Auden, Frost, Aiken, Dylan Thomas, Marianne Moore, and Wallace Stevens. Yeats (reading "Innisfree") sounds like an elderly Irish ham actor down on his luck. Marianne Moore is a bit skittery and girlish. Frost is brusque and hurried, and seems to be put out about something. Of course, this may not be your young friend's kind of thing at all. On the other hand, hearing the familiar lines read in the poets' own slurred, imperfect voices and realizing that—as Auden says of Yeats on one of these records, reading his "In Memory of W. B. Yeats"—poets are, in many ways, "silly like us" could prevent some teen-ager from ever again thinking of poetry as just so many pages of lifeless print to dissect for tomorrow's English assignment.

AND now for the usual last roundup of miscellany. A year or so ago, teen-agers in the more go-go circles would as soon have been seen doing the fox trot as be caught without their own guitar, on which they could play those songs about how disadvantaged they are in both life and love. Now matters are even worse: the guitar has to have an electric amplifier. The least expensive fulfillment of this specification that

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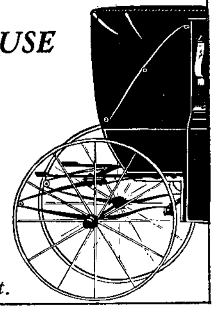

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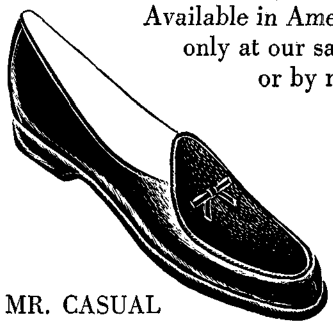

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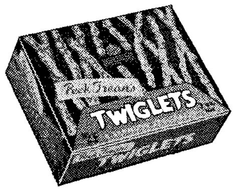
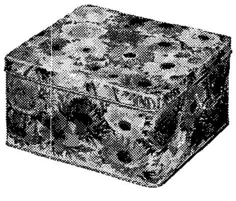
we've come across is something called a *Tiger Guitar with Amplifier*. The guitar itself, nearly three feet long, is made of heavy rosewood-colored styrene, and has three nylon strings and three metal ones. Its portable amplifier runs on transistors plus four D batteries. Altman's, for one, has this; $23.30, including batteries. At the Gingerbread House, a four-foot Buckingham Palace cloth Guardsman in all his red-black-and-gold splendor turns out to be a utility bag for laundry, shoes, or the like; $6.50. The same store will provide another stylish Guardsman—wooden this time, and really a nutcracker—for $9.50, and the Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop has a somewhat similar Guardsman, fourteen inches tall, for $12. The Gingerbread House naturally couldn't resist a musical jewel box, seven inches long, in the shape of a gingerbread house—and you may have the same problem. It is made of wood and decorated with bright-colored painted cookies, candy canes, hearts, and so on. Its insides are red plush, and when the roof is lifted the music starts up; $6.95 for this. As an alternative to Screaming Mee-Mees all around, how about the Small World dolls? Eight inches high, they come in twelve different costumes loosely representing the parade-day garb of twelve geopolitical areas of the world—the Far East, South America, and so on. Tucked in with each of them is the name and address of a different child from one of twenty-six nations, a name from Pakistan going in the box with the Far East doll, for example, and a name from Ghana with the doll representing Africa. The names are provided by such groups as the World Ambassadors of Peace or through the Ministries of the individual countries. Accompanying each of the dolls, which sell for $2.88 at Macy's, are a fountain pen, stationery, and a small international dictionary to help get this toy-counter People to People movement under way. Those little girls we all know who prefer horses to dolls of any kind are in astonishing good luck this year. The Miller Harness Company, 123 East 24th Street, carries the Horsey Set. There are three lovingly detailed plastic horses—a thoroughbred racer, a hunter, and a Western quarter horse—each standing better than two hands high (ten inches, that is). They live comfortably in a wood-and-hardboard stable that has three stalls and a hayloft equipped with a block and tackle and a small bale of hay. The stable is $10, the horses are $4 apiece, and three suitably dressed

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riders (their names are Jim the Jockey, Harry the Hunter, and Kenneth the Cowboy) are $4 each. And even toy horses are now accessorized. Among the additional items you are at liberty to buy for them is a blacksmith set, which the manufacturers choose to call the Shodding the Horse Accessory Set. It consists of four plastic horseshoes, an anvil, a pair of pliers, a mallet, a mounting stool, and a hitching post, all for $2. Quite another sort of beneficiary might be delighted to make room among those Sonny and Chér records for a Dawk. What is a Dawk? "A Dawk," it says on the box a Dawk comes in, "is the original constant loser. It neither walks nor talks, just stands there in silent protest." A Dawk, which costs $2.39 at Stern's, is a plastic object nine inches high whose yarn hair, in various unfortunate colors, covers it, face and all, from the top of its head to the hem of its nameless plastic garment. Over the hair it wears a pair of dark glasses, and in its hand it carries a blank picket sign. A couple of dozen signs come with it, saying things like "Put It Off" and "If It's Hard—Why Do It?" Their reverse sides are conveniently vacant, inviting the expression of other sentiments. Two of the best-selling games in the country, according to a running record that *Toy & Hobby World* keeps when it isn't worrying about the birth rate, are Scribbage and Yahtzee, either of which can be bought for $1.98 at Brentano's or at almost any game counter. Scribbage consists of thirteen plastic dice and a three-minute egg timer. The dice are marked on each side with a letter and also with a point value. (E is 1, for instance, and Q is 8.) Each player throws the thirteen dice and sees how large a score he can rack up within the egg-timer limit by building words in any direction, crossword-puzzle style. Obviously, any number can play, including one. There is no board, which makes the whole thing nice and portable, and in case you feel a long wait coming on, the set fits snugly in a coat pocket. Yahtzee describes itself on its box as "The FUN Game That Makes THINKING Fun!" What it turns out to be is a game involving poker values. Five ordinary dice come into it, and there is some paperwork, but it all pretty much comes down to such thinking as five of a kind beats a straight flush. For $2.98 at Rappaport's, we found a set of Tarot Fortune Telling Cards. Tarot cards, an enclosed folder explains, were the predecessors of our own playing cards, and were used primarily for divination. They have names like the seven of pentacles, the ace of cups, the three of wands, and the seven of swords. Speaking of weapons, follow us along in the game department. Let's see, there's Guided Missile, Time Bomb, Conflict, Hit the Beach, Dogfight, Combat, Countdown, Battle Line, Battle Action, Battle-*Cry* . . . Well, Merry Christmas anyway. Or, better still, *pax vobiscum*.

• •

MONDAY

Awake, like a hippopotamus with eyes bulged
from the covers, I find Monday, improbable
as chair legs, camped around me, and God's terrible
searchlight raking down from his pillbox on Mount Hood,
while His mystic hammers reach from the alarm clock
and rain spangles on my head.

Cliff at my back all week I live, afraid
when light comes, because it has deep whirlpools
in it. I cross each day by the shallow part but
have often touched the great hole in the sky
at noon. I close my eyes and let the day
for a while wander where all things will, and then
it settles in a fold of the north.

At the end, in my last sickness, I think I will travel
north, if well-meaning friends will let me—to bush,
to rock, to snow—have nothing by me, fall
on the sky of earth in the north, and let my heart
finally understand that part of the world
I have secretly loved all my life—the rock. But now
I gradually become young, surge from the covers,
and go to work.

—William Stafford

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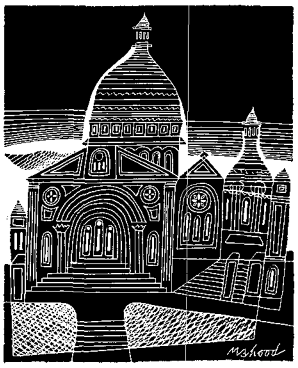
LETTER FROM PARIS

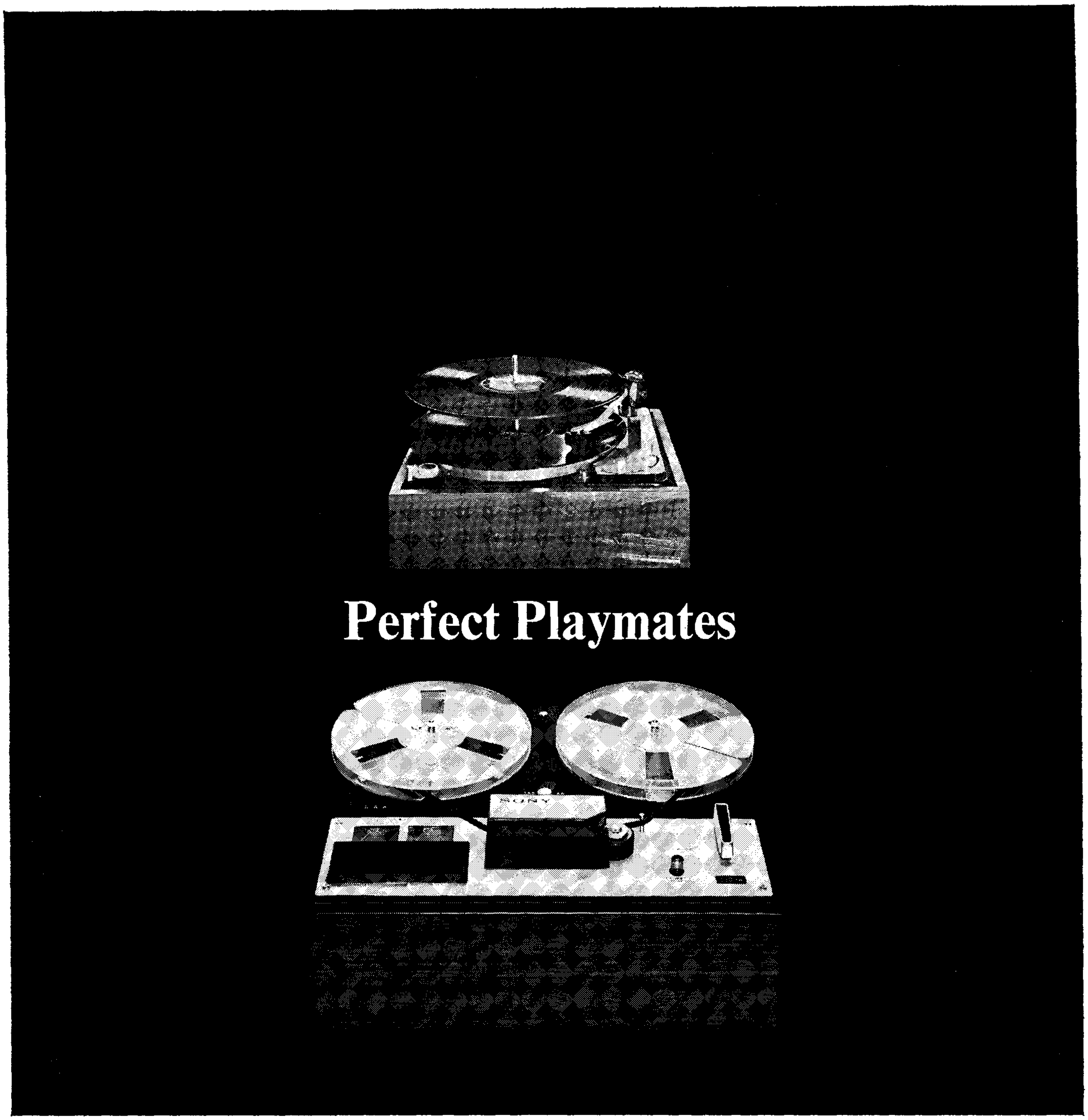
DECEMBER 1

UNTIL this weekend, it was not thought that the small crowd of five other candidates for the Presidency of General de Gaulle's Fifth Republic could impede de Gaulle himself from coming in with a dominant majority of about sixty per cent of the votes. His total is now calculated as down to fifty-one per cent, which would be safe but humiliating, considering the semi-royal standard of his personal expectations. At fifty per cent he will have to submit—though would he?—to the disgrace of a run-off with the rival who has the next-greatest load of votes. The leading rival in personality, and as a public discovery, is the Kennedyesque, pleasing young moderate politician Jean Lecanuet, who will probably come in only third—an obscure Senatorial nobody, known only in Demo-Christian Mouvement Républicain Populaire circles until two weeks ago, when, for the first time, he stepped in front of the state TV cameras, where for seven years de Gaulle had been the nation's great politico-historical star. The biggest irony is that de Gaulle, who introduced and perfected this mass medium here, founding his Fifth Republic on his well-articulated words and holding his government together by his transmitted voice and the photogenic image of his strangely Gothic visage, should now be faced by an election from which he is bound to emerge damaged by these TV electoral beginners, who for a fortnight have been stealing his show and his votes. Shops that rent out TV sets report a three-hundred-per-cent jump in their business during this Presidential contest. Until last week, de Gaulle seemed to be the only Frenchman in France uninterested in the campaign. He was like an elderly giant standing on his own private hill, viewing from afar the landscape with figures. It seems incredible that he planned to use only the final eight minutes of the two hours of TV time allotted to each candidate, until his worried Ministers and Premier Pompidou dared to harass him. They were deeply alarmed for him and for themselves by the headway made by his rivals, and by French citizens' habit of listening on some six million TV sets in fashionable salons, in bourgeois parlors, and on modest kitchen tables to the evening's attacks on the General and his government, like a new kind of cynical night-club entertainment brought into the home. He has now turned to his election duties belatedly. With the election itself due on Sunday and the campaign ending on Friday, he will talk twice during these next few days on the radio, and will appear twice on TV, where all six candidates will say their final say (separated by seven-minute "musical interludes"), with the last word going to the lucky Lecanuet (their positions on this program were drawn by lot), preceded by de Gaulle, like a runner-up on what has always been his own political show.



In many ways, everything has been strangely changed in this last week, as if the cork had blown out of a bottle of soured wine. A stream of criticism, dissatisfaction, candor, resentment, and even abuse of de Gaulle has flowed out into the public French air. The dignified, tactful critiques that the French press has in the past given him, often in full measure, have suddenly become a kind of turgid flood, draining angry, pent-up emotions away. For example, the cover of a recent copy of the weekly *L'Express*—noted, it is true, for its career of candid anti-Gaullism—bore as its opening campaign contribution a handsome colored photograph of de Gaulle in evening regalia, with the carved Élysée entry gate pictured just behind him, like a small stone coat of arms. Beside his photo was printed in large letters "*De Gaulle—à Vie?*" ("De Gaulle for Life?"). Inside, the editor, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, in his personal political column, gave the following terse, harsh answer to his own query: "May General de Gaulle live as long as God wishes, but what the country needs is his political death."

The famous satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*, its wicked humor always blisteringly against any government or establishment, has for two years been running a brilliant takeoff of the Duc de Saint-Simon's court memoirs of Louis XIV, with de Gaulle referred to as Le Roi and the weekly Élysée events inscribed in pastiche ducal



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style. Following de Gaulle's November 4th warning on what would happen to France if he were not reëlected to guide it on December 5th—a warning in which he stated, "No one could doubt that France would immediately collapse and undergo a disintegration without reprieve," which unpleasantly recalled to the French of today Louis XV's prophecy "*Après moi le déluge*"—the *Canard* gave the following vicious portrait of what de Gaulle had looked like giving that speech on the TV screen: "On that contentious face—quarrelsome, grating, plastered by makeup so as to meet the public gaze—old age had already established its opening ruins. The eyes set within the overripe circles launched sparks. Holding his long, plucked neck far forward, as if to bay his phrases louder and nearer, and as if in a windy tempest, he let fly his harangue in a heated voice. In proportion as he sought to snare his listeners, there seemed visible, twisting in the vipers' nest of his seventy-five-year-old passion, his unbearable haughtiness, the dizzied mind, his pride, the violent ambition to labor at the absolute deification of his omnipotence, the bitter thirst to reign, the folly of believing that were he to perish all would be wiped away—the low and crass appetite to disparage all that is not he himself."

After de Gaulle's Tuesday-night TV speech, his first but so belated, and generally called his speech of riposte to his rival candidates and critics on all sides, it was astonishing to read the enfeebled comment in the next morning's *Figaro* editorial. "One would have wished," it said, "that the President of the Republic, whose eviction on Sunday . . . will not fail to plunge France into confusion, had made up his mind to let us know what his plans are for choosing his successor." Thus *Figaro* spoke as if the fight were already over. "Instead of this implacable battle between the holder of power and those who at any price want to dislodge him," *Figaro* continued, "we could have wished to hear from both sides propositions of a nature to give us confidence in our tomorrows." The theme of chaos was one of the more telling familiar threats that had dotted de Gaulle's speech of the night before—by no means one of his great ones, even at this critical moment—when he said of his five rival candidates, "Their mutual contradictions, their irreconcilable followers, and their divergent combinations demonstrate clearly that the accession of no matter which one of them to the supreme governmental post would in-

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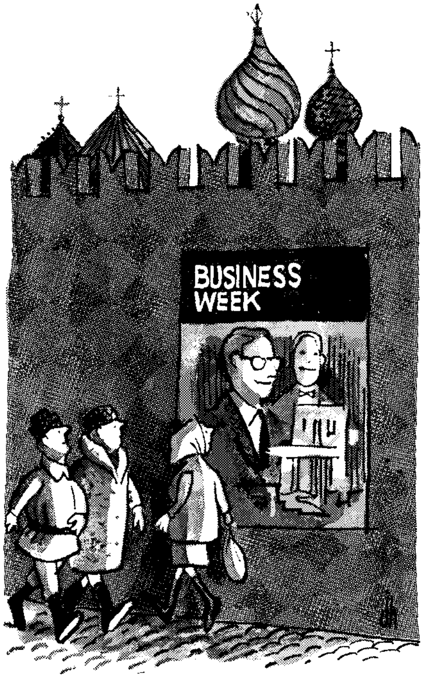

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Recently, a BUSINESS WEEK advertisement appeared on the front page of *Izvestia,* the Soviet government newspaper.

The ad showed several military caps bearing the names of famous U.S. "Generals" — like General Motors, General Mills, General Tire, etc. The headline was "How Do You Sell The Generals?" (the answer, naturally, was BUSINESS WEEK.)

However, BW didn't run the ad. It was reprinted by the Soviet press, who saw red and decided that our use of military headgear wasn't all in pun; that it symbolized the warlike attitude of American business.

Tut, tut, tovarich, you have us all wrong. We were only trying to say that BUSINESS WEEK reaches top brass in these and other high-ranking American corporations; that BW is the most efficient way to advertise to management. However, thanks for the free plug, *Izvestia,* and thanks for spelling our name right.

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BUSINESS WEEK

fallibly mark a return to the odious confusion in which the French state formerly dragged itself along, to the misfortune of France."

The five candidates running against de Gaulle are certainly a mixed group, yet characteristic, in their non-similarity, of France's inevitable, classic mélange—rich, bourgeois, and revolutionary, like a bag containing scraps of colored stuffs left from the past. Vaguely under the third heading comes the most touching candidate, who turned up just a half hour before the candidacy list was closed. He is a fifty-eight-year-old suburban watch repairer named Marcel Barbu, who announced himself to the Conseil Constitutionnel in the Palais-Royal by saying, "I represent the Association Immobilière of Sannois"—a modest little section a few kilometres to the northwest of Paris—"of which I am the head. I do not expect to be elected President. My only aim is to profit from the Presidential campaign by laying bare on TV my difficulties with the government in matters of building and rentals. To pay the ten-thousand-franc candidate's deposit"—put up by some loyal friends—"seems cheap for the privilege of talking to fifty million French people about our troubles." Were he ever President of France, he says, he would at once appoint a Ministry for the Rights of Man. His family was "poor and atheist." After marriage, he and his wife founded work centers for the making of watchcases. When the war came, he took what money they had and, on the theory that all men are brothers, divided it with his workmen. He was himself in the famous Vercors Maquis, was early arrested and sent to Buchenwald, but survived, and on liberation in 1945 he was able to find his wife and family, which now consists of twelve children. The next year, he was elected Communist deputy from the Drôme Department, but refused to sit with the Communists, finding them too conventional, he said. So he sat on a stool to the left of the Party parliamentary benches, and later resigned. A few years later, already disgusted with the French government, he staged a hunger strike for eight days, during which he lived in an old automobile. In his TV speeches, he perspired a great deal from nervousness but stuck to his points and his criticism of de Gaulle, talking shrewd, truthful, idealistic common sense.

The other candidates are more experienced and ordinary. Pierre Marcilhacy is the candidate of the liberals. Formerly an Independent, he was so

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independent that he resigned from the party. Nearly two inches taller than de Gaulle and well to do, with a nice Paris town house and a country place, made from a mill, in the Charente, where he is a senator, he is married to a former mannequin from Vera Borea. Her family were Dutch Army people. He himself, the son and grandson of lawyers, is a lawyer who is now attached to the Conseil d'État—a high connection indeed. During the German Occupation, he defended some of the French *résistants* in the special courts. He thinks the General's shapeless financial policies, and those of his Finance Minister, have dilapidated "the fortunes of Papa"—the French phrase for sound family investments.

Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, aged fifty-eight, candidate of the extreme right, is a very different kind of lawyer. He defended ex-General Salan, of the plastic-bomb-throwing Secret Army Organization, and saved Salan's head; before that he was Chief of Information for Pétain in the Vichy government. His hobby is playing with lead soldiers. A brilliant, bass-voiced, melodramatic law-court performer, he is a deputy himself and the grandson of one. His electioneering speeches have been witty and class-conscious, and his enemies say that the number of votes cast for him will indicate how many Vichyites and Fascists are still alive in France.

The leading candidate in terms of political importance is François Mitterrand, standing for the united left, including the Communists and all sorts of Socialists. Aged forty-nine, he is the son of a railroad worker who was also a reader of Latin and Greek. Mitterrand is a university man and a lawyer, and met his wife when both were in the Resistance, for which brave work she received the Croix de Guerre. He entered Liberation politics, was a Minister for the first time at the age of thirty-one, and has served in Parliament as an expert on African affairs. He is a solid, political-brained man and talker, who says he believes that Socialism will increasingly model the society of tomorrow, and that new Socialists must be ready to take part in business expansion, as the basis of the prosperity that Europe must have for that new society. Mitterrand is not an easy or a popular man, being intelligent and obstinate. From the first, it has been supposed that he will be de Gaulle's most important vote-getting rival, since he has the entire Communist Party behind him, ordered to vote for his name. This is the first time since 1936

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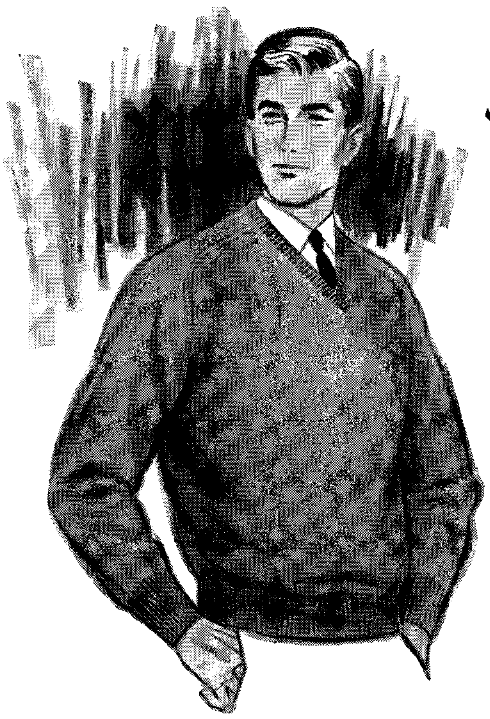

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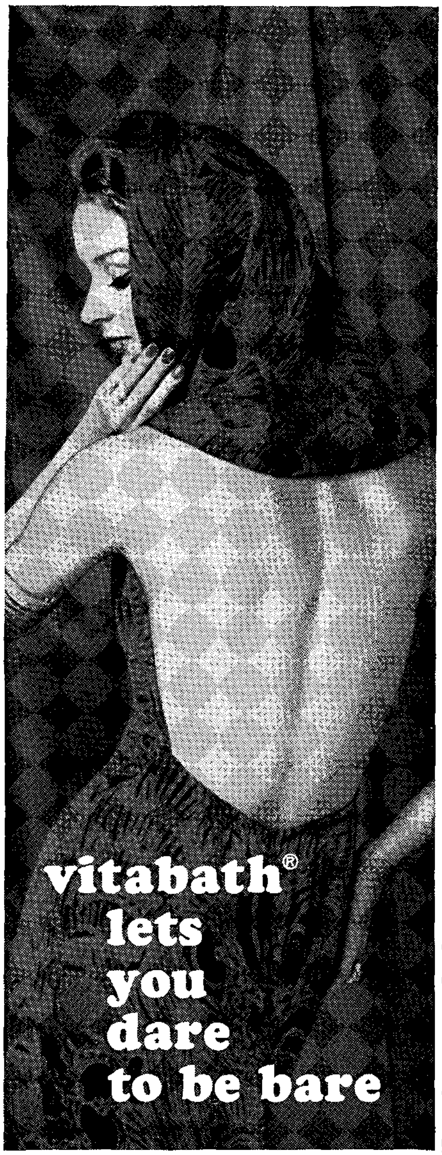

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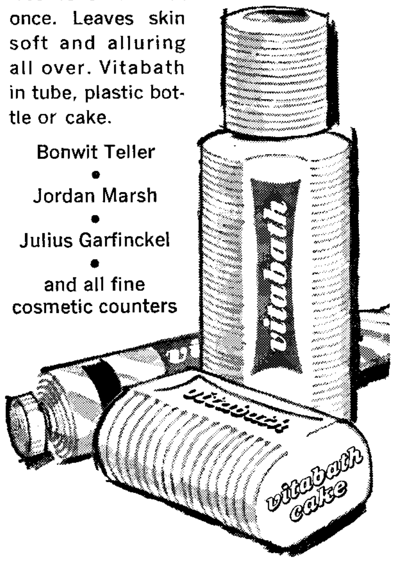

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and that year's famous Front Populaire, under Léon Blum, that the entire French left, dropping its internal squabbles as to which way leads best to Marxism, has united to make itself felt against the right and the middle.

As for Lecanuet, he says that he became a candidate to try to change the way things have been going. During the war, as a youth, he was in the Resistance as an exploder of plastic bombs on railroad tracks, majored in philosophy, became rather a pet of Simone de Beauvoir and Sartre as a student. Now forty-five, he is an exceptionally fine brand-new TV performer—handsome, and with clear, orderly ideas for bettering France. "One can see that France has been the last in production growth for the last seven years, last in housing, and last in salaries and income to keep up living standards, especially for farmers," he said on TV. "On the other hand, it has been the first in high prices and in taxes per capita. I am fighting against solitary power—power that is absolute, consular, without dialogue, without control, without any counterweight." He is pro-European and pro-Common Market, and was an M.R.P. Christian Democrat, "but not a clerical," when he resigned to run against de Gaulle. He is the youngest candidate to enter the lists and the only previously unknown one who, it is thought, will be heard of again before his political career is much older. He is the discovery of 1965. —GENÊT

•

We are now ready to consider the removal of an operator as an operation on operators, and this operation of removal will be the inverse of the operation of combination.—*"Arithmetic: An Introduction to Mathematics," by L. Clark Lay.*

Maybe *you're* ready, but we're not.

•

The FBI said the fugitive is known to have a vicious and uncontrollable temper, especially when drinking. Because of his antagonistic nature, even his friends are reported to avoid his company and he is believed travelling alone.—*Dayton (Ohio) Daily News.*

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•

OUR FORGETFUL JOURNALISTS

[*Barbara L. Wilson in the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

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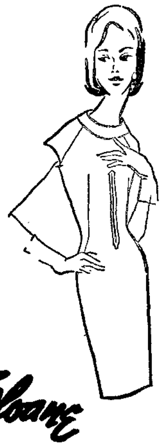

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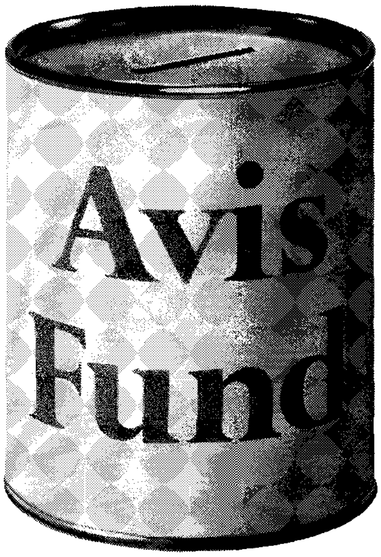

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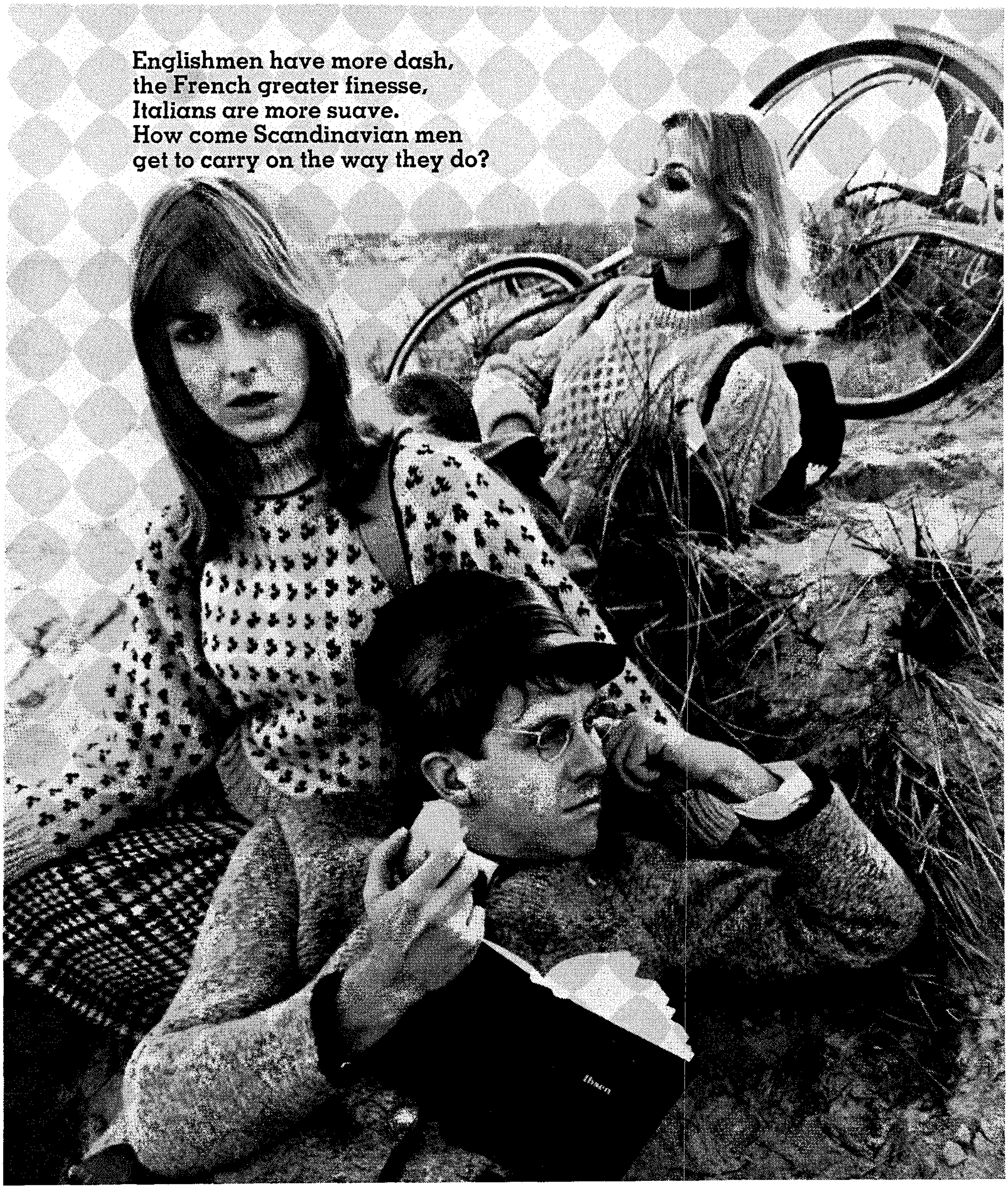

**Englishmen have more dash,
the French greater finesse,
Italians are more suave.
How come Scandinavian men
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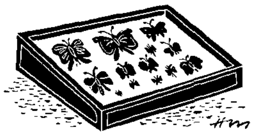
THE PRICE OF PEACE IS CONFUSION

AT almost every major university in the country, mimeograph machines operate by night in cluttered student apartments, coffeehouses are filled by day with animated political debate, an outdoor platform is occupied nearly every afternoon by speakers deploring some aspect of American foreign policy, and students rush home each evening to pore over copies of the *Times*, *Le Monde*, and the *Congressional Record* as if they contained reviews of a production in which the students themselves were playing a major part. The source of this activity is a student protest movement that offers, as the students are fond of saying, "not an ideology but a rallying cry." And the cry itself is vague and changeable enough to reflect a curious fact about America in the sixties: there are very few revolutionary positions that the Establishment does not already, at least nominally, occupy. Students who are revolutionary in spirit, however, after protesting a bit for mere protest's sake, have come up with real social criticism in three phases: the Free Speech Movement, which began as an attack upon the bureaucracy of the large university and turned into a protest against the impersonality of all institutions that, like the government welfare program, have lost contact with the people and values they were designed to serve; the Civil Rights Movement, which began as a campaign for Negro rights and turned into a campaign for eliminating local pockets of poverty; and the Peace Movement, which has begun as a protest against American military involvement in Vietnam and is turning into an attempt to influence all of foreign policy. On many campuses, all factions of the peace movement are united in an Independent Committee to End the War in Vietnam—a frail, tangled coalition of forces and personalities that includes groups ranging from religious pacifists to militant supporters of the Vietcong; sociological types ranging from children of left-wingers of the thirties to what one student called "some of your preppier New Englanders, who are in it for moral reasons;" a few students who simply hope to evade the draft; a few representatives of national, local, and ad-hoc committees; a few hard-line members of the Young Socialist Alliance (Y.S.A.), who are commonly referred to as Trotskyists and are known within the movement, familiarly, as the "Trots;" and a new breed of lonely hangers-on and demonstration enthusiasts who might be described as Sunday Outing Radicals. Most of the students involved regard the United States position in Vietnam as at best unjust, and most of them feel that a post-Nuremberg ethic requires them to oppose a war that they cannot in conscience support. How to go about it is another matter. Since there has been, for good or for ill, no long-standing tradition of student protest in this country (as there is in France, and in other countries that do not regard college students as children), American students seem to have borrowed their tactics from several contemporary sources. From Aldermaston and, more recently, from the civil-rights movement comes the protest march. From the Johannesburg Negroes' burning of their identity cards stems, apparently, the American students' draft-card burning. And the extreme form of Buddhist protest against the Diem regime seems to have inspired at least one American student to burn himself to death.

These manifestations, quite naturally, have caused alarm. The possibility that a generation of young might refuse to carry on the military business of their generally permissive society seemed, for a time, to threaten the nation in a not yet demilitarized world. There was also concern for the fact that, in their enthusiasm for the movement, many students were leaving their studies and shuttling back and forth among the campuses of the nation as vagabond dropouts in a vaguely academic orbit. And the unkempt appearance, condescending manner, and frequent acts of civil disobedience of many of the demonstrators added to an impression that this particular lot had spoiled, and that something must be done to keep the rest from being ruined. Militant counter-movements quickly sprang up on many campuses. In August, Congress passed legislation that provides a maximum penalty of five years in prison for draft-card burners. In October, Attorney General Katzenbach said that the Justice Department had found in the peace movement evidence of Communist infiltration. These developments, coupled with a certain predisposition on the part of student revolutionaries to draw a sense of risk from somewhere, confirmed in the minds of students an already widespread suspicion that the government was conspiring against them. Few demonstrators at Columbia now, to take one example, have any doubt that their telephones are being tapped; anyone who brings a camera or a notebook to a demonstration is immediately pointed out to all bystanders as an agent of the F.B.I.; and students seem to stand in hourly expectation of an academic purge of dissidents, followed by a rapid punitive draft. But the peace movement has also matured. Most of the early leaders now concede that radical action on the peace issue was a tactical mistake. (The disruption of an R.O.T.C. ceremony at Columbia last May 7th, for instance, which was once thought of as "a milestone," or "a hairy idea," is now spoken of on campus simply as an "aberrant demonstration.") As for the charge that the peace movement inadvertently prolongs the war by misrepresenting American public opinion, it has been treated in several of the movement's countless "position papers"—most recently in "A Position Paper on Tactics," by a student named Robert E. Bogosian, who suggests that communiqués be sent at once to Peking, Hanoi, and the Vietcong informing them that the demonstrators speak only for themselves and that theirs is a minority position, which, obviously, it is. As for the charge of Communist infiltration, the demonstrators tend to dismiss it (Students for a Democratic Society has dropped its anti-Communist clause) as "irrelevant." Post-Stalinist Communism no longer seems to these well-travelled children of prosperity a monolith, or even a particularly potent expansionist force. "If an American still wants to be a Communist, we think that's his business," says David Gilbert, a leader of the peace movement at Columbia. The charge of Communist *inspiration* for the movement, however, seems particularly wide of the mark. If anything has characterized the movement, from its beginning and in all its parts, it has been a spirit of decentralization, local autonomy, personal choice, and freedom from dogma. On many campuses, even simple majority rule is regarded as coercive of the minority;



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policy decisions require a "consensus." As a result, very few policy decisions are made. In fact, it often appears that the movement may be, in the end, more right than left—that it may have picked up a dropped conservative stitch in the American political tradition. Individualism, privacy, personal initiative, even isolationism and a view of the federal government as oppressive—these elements of the right-wing consciousness have not been argued in such depth (least of all by the right wing itself, with its paradoxical insistence on domestic police expansion and on military intervention abroad) since 1932.

OVER the Thanksgiving weekend, the student peace movement and many other groups of diverse moral and political persuasions—all apparently united by an overriding concern that the United States get out of Vietnam—converged upon Washington. By Sunday night, the student demonstrators had divided into several major factions, and the student peace movement faced a crisis that had very little to do with its attitudes toward the war in Vietnam. The first split, which occurred well before the march, was down the middle, between a liberal institution and the student groups. In August, more than three hundred demonstrators calling themselves the Congress—and, later (to avoid the acronym "COUP"), the Alliance—of Unrepresented Peoples staged a sit-in on the steps of the Capitol in a protest that combined the causes of peace and civil rights. When the demonstration was over, some of the participants met to form a new group, the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam. The Coordinating Committee was to be situated centrally, in Madison, Wisconsin. It was to have no membership and no specific policy. Its function, under its chairman, Frank Emspak (a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin), and a secretarial staff of four, was to issue a weekly newsletter and facilitate communication among the members of various far-flung organizations—an alphabet heap that included, among others, YAWF, W.F.P., W.I.L.P.F., P.L.P., M. 2 M. (for the May 2nd Movement), C.P., S.P.U., W.R.L., Y.P.Y.F., T.U.P., C.F.R., I.W.W., C.F.IV.I. (for something called the Committee for a Fourth International), Y.S.A., I.S.C., C.N.V.A., M.F.D.P., S.S.O.C., V.D.C., and S.D.S., together with numerous local "independent" and ad hoc committees. The Coordinating Committee successfully coördinated a number of nationwide activities, most notably the marches on October 15th and 16th (the International Days of Protest). It was decided to hold a national five-day convention of the Coordinating Committee in Madison over the Thanksgiving holidays. Then it was learned that Sanford Gottlieb, political director of SANE (the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy), and other sponsors were urging a national peace march on Washington on the Saturday after Thanksgiving. Since the Coordinating Committee wanted no conflict between the two events, it decided to move its convention to Washington. In time, however, it became apparent that SANE's invitation to march had been what the students refer to as an "exclusionist call." Although anyone might march, SANE reserved the right to authorize the slogans that the marchers could carry. Any poster that could, in SANE's judgment, politically compromise the movement would be excluded from the demonstration. The Coordinating Committee, which had always stressed its non-exclusionist, non-centralized, laissez-faire character, expressed outrage ("They're leaning over backwards to define not what they are but what they're not," said one student), and the march organizers, having no practical means to censor the posters anyway, capitulated. The rift between SANE and the Coordinating Committee, however, was established almost from the outset—if not in official policy, then certainly in spirit. The next jolt to the student movement came not from what it looks upon as the creeping, ineffectual liberalism of SANE but from the thirties, and from within the Coordinating Committee itself.

The first few hours of the convention in Washington ran smoothly, with the arrival on Wednesday of delegates from all over the country at convention headquarters—a basement in a predominantly Negro neighborhood of Washington. There were a few cheerful posters taped to the bleak stone walls ("God Bless This Office and All the Revolutionaries Who Work Here" and "The Price of Peace Is Confusion"), but the room was basically an office devoted to the serious business of registering fifteen hundred delegates and alternates, and assigning them—two or three to a room, if necessary—to the Harrington Hotel, where twelve workshops, or discussions, on such subjects as Peace and Freedom, National

Program, Organization Structure, the Draft, and Community Organization were to be held. A few arriving delegates began to confer in the strange, conditional idiom of Anglo-American dialecticians ("I would be prepared to argue that . . ." and "Yes, well, in that case I might want to maintain that . . ."), but, perhaps because the room was overheated, most of the delegates left the basement as soon as they had registered.

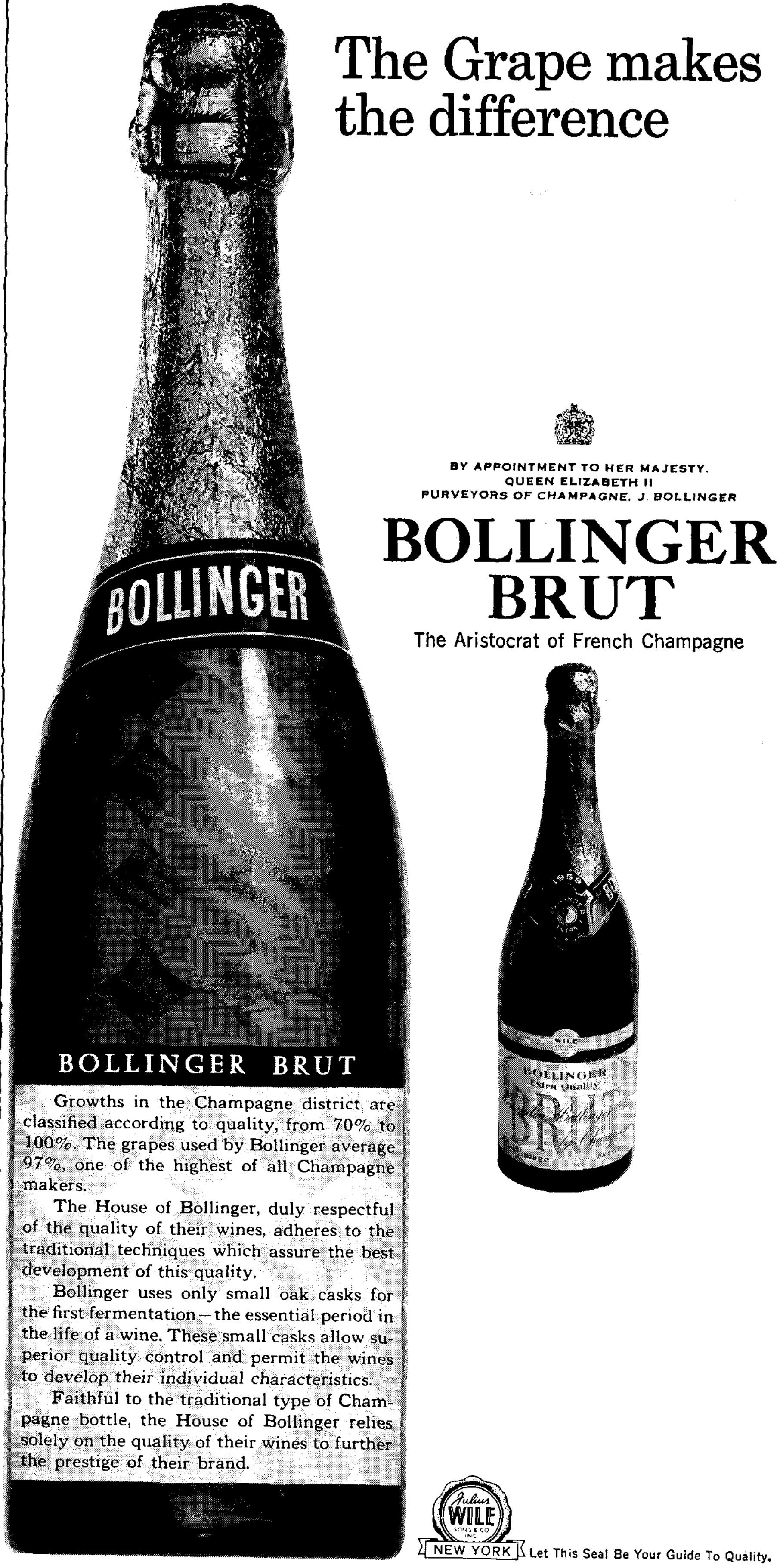
Late Wednesday evening, at the Second Act Coffee Shop, around the corner from headquarters, a crowd of delegates gathered, and a kind of civil-rights alumni reunion appeared to be taking place. Ray Robinson, a tall, handsome Negro veteran of countless civil-rights and peace campaigns, seemed to know almost everyone from somewhere or other. He was telling of his participation in a protest march from Canada toward Guantanamo ("Uncle Sam said, 'Man, you can't go 'cross that water. Cuba's over there' ") when Stephen Frumin, an intense young delegate who had attended the University of Wisconsin, broke in. "The war and my perception of things have escalated," he said.

"We may be a minority, but at least the press is giving us equal time," said another delegate. "They think the fact that some of us have beards is interesting. It's a sign of the boredom and banality of American life."

"I hope we get some things decided at this convention," said Vicki Cooper, a delegate from Pittsburgh. "There are so many issues that are still receiving much heated debate. If we could get some of this clarified, maybe the press would stop describing the *people* involved in the movement and pay some attention to our ideas. We might even put up political candidates, although it would have to be in a participatory, democratic way. I couldn't permit any major decisions to be made for me. If I couldn't have a major say, I wouldn't follow them."

At nine o'clock Thursday morning, at the Harrington Hotel, a meeting of the Coordinating Committee's presiding committee was held, at which, with a great deal of gravity and circumspection, very little was accomplished. Emspak conducted a low-keyed discussion of whether rigid standards should be set up for delegate credentials. It was decided that since few, if any, delegates would want to falsify their registration, standards should be loose.

When the committee adjourned, a young man from Youth Against War and Fascism tried to sell a "Support the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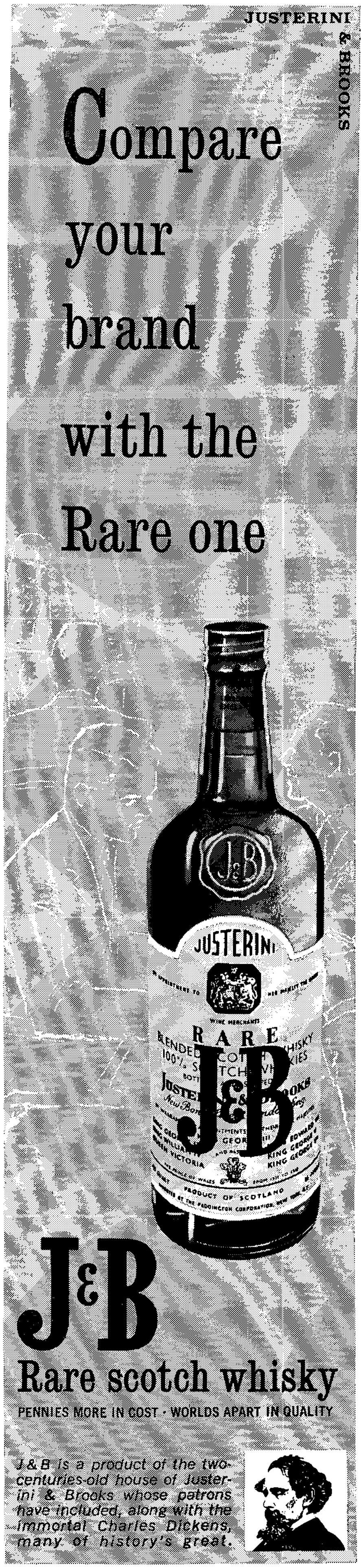
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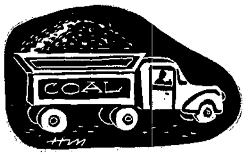
National Liberation Front" button to Mary Walker, a middle-aged delegate from the Committee on Non-Violence of Denver. "No, thank you," she said. "I have a thousand 'Stop the War' buttons back in Denver. I think that gets the message across."

"A Reverent Silence Is Requested," said an old sign above the door to the nave of the Lincoln Memorial Congregational Temple, where the first plenary session of the convention was held, at twelve-thirty on Thanksgiving Day. Within moments, however, there was neither silence nor reverence anywhere in the building, for a power struggle, in a completely unexpected form and at a completely unexpected time, threatened to split the Coordinating Committee. What started it was a leaflet signed by thirty-three delegates and alternates, most of whom identified their local committees as either the Committee to End the War in Vietnam (C.E.W.V.) or the Vietnam Day Committee (V.D.C.), proposing an additional workshop "that would provide an opportunity for the independent committees to discuss their own programs, structure, and tasks." The workshop, the thirteenth, was to meet concurrently with the twelve others, which were preoccupied with essentially the same problems. This may have struck some of the delegates as strange, but only the most knowledgeable at once besieged the platform with cries of "Point of order!," "Amendment takes precedence!," "Sit down!," "Shut up!," "Let him speak!," and "Two-thirds of us don't know what's going *on!*" (At one point, Emspak actually had to restrain someone intent on wresting the microphone from him.)



As Jens Jensen, a delegate from Cambridge, Massachusetts, rose to say that "no one wants to be divisive in the slightest," Marilyn Milligan, Jack Weinberg, and Jerry Rubin—all members of the Berkeley V.D.C. and signers of the controversial document—gathered around Steve Weissman, a Californian, also of the V.D.C., and one of the early leaders of the Berkeley free-speech movement. "What have I signed?" asked Marilyn Milligan. "I knew we shouldn't have signed. Those so-called members of independent committees aren't independents at all. They're Y.S.A. The Trots seem to be trying to steal the movement."

"Every generation has got to learn," said Weissman. "The Trots have still got their sense of *imminence*. They're still listening to history and not to people."

Aside from a few converts to the Young Socialist Alliance, it was difficult to imagine what the "Trots" hoped to gain from splitting and undermining the National Coordinating Committee. Some delegates thought Y.S.A. was trying to bring the whole movement into its own sectarian line. Others thought Y.S.A. was maneuvering to form a hard-core cadre of extreme radicals within the non-exclusionist N.C.C., and others speculated that the urge to take over an organization—no matter how formless that organization might be—was simply a reflex acquired from the bitter struggles of the thirties.

The delegates on the floor, however, most of them still unaware of what was going on, voted to adjourn and to give the thirteenth workshop permission to meet after the plenary session if it chose. The meeting was held briefly in the basement of the church. There were some impassioned appeals to disband, and the workshop voted to adjourn until seven-thirty that night, when it would decide whether to adjourn for good.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to the twelve scheduled workshops and, for those who wanted them, seething discussions about "structure." The anti-draft workshop, under the leadership of Staughton Lynd, a professor of history at Yale, began in the church balcony, with a series of reports from various regions: "I'm from New Orleans, and the consensus out there seemed to be that a person should do anything that he feels he can do in conscience," and "I'm from Chicago, and we simply could not get even a simple majority to endorse any organized program of draft opposition. We don't feel that without an extreme consensus we ought to get into the anti-draft bag." Another workshop met in the nave of the church, in full view of the balcony. Practically every remark there was greeted with tempestuous applause, and at one point Professor Lynd leaned over the balcony to shout, "Friends, do you think you could *not* applaud every time somebody says something?" This was greeted by the first laughter of the afternoon.

At seven-thirty, when the meeting of the thirteenth workshop was slated to begin, the room was packed and overflowed into the hallway. Jerry Rubin rescinded his endorsement of the leaflet and pronounced it "beyond my comprehension" that he should ever have signed such a thing. Then, having moved that the meeting adjourn and having lost by a small margin, Rubin led the Berkeley delegation and many of the real independents out of the meeting and to Room 407, where the Berkeley delegation held a meeting of its own.

"That was stylishly done," said Steve Weissman in Room 407. "But now, as I see it, the Berkeley delegation, as one of the oldest, truly independent committees here, should draft the strongest statement possible denouncing the attempt to split the movement."

"Do you think we should lay it on the line that Y.S.A. is behind it?" asked Rubin. "In a way, they've packed the delegations and we're faced with a *fait accompli*. Y.S.A. chairs the independent committees from San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Cleveland, just for a beginning, and they've got ten years of political indoctrination behind them."

Ray Robinson bounded angrily into the room. "I've just been caucusing with the Mississippi people downstairs, and they're going to resign this goddam thing," he said. "They're cutting out. *Three times* now, they've been asked to come up to Washington for peace and they have just been *used*. The infighting has got to stop. One of the girls from down there asked me a simple question. She asked what she came up here for—you dig? She didn't come here to *meet* people, and listen to Y.S.A. interpret ideology for the ones who don't know where they're at. You college people messed up again, I tell you that, brother."

"We know, Ray," said Weissman. "And we're trying to draft a statement. But is that all—is there a bitch besides that?"

"Yeah," said Robinson. "The Mississippi people just aren't being made to feel welcome."

"I know just what they mean, and it isn't just the Mississippi people, either," said Beverly Sterner, a member of C.N.V.A. "The opening of the session was so sterile and so cold. No orientation. No word of welcome."

The Berkeley delegation didn't draft a statement that night. It didn't have to. Word came upstairs that the thirteenth workshop's meeting had been persuaded to adjourn, after all, by Rubin, who had gained admission, recanted his endorsement yet again, and confessed that he had been "taken in by Y.S.A." This last remark was pronounced "not in good taste" by mem-

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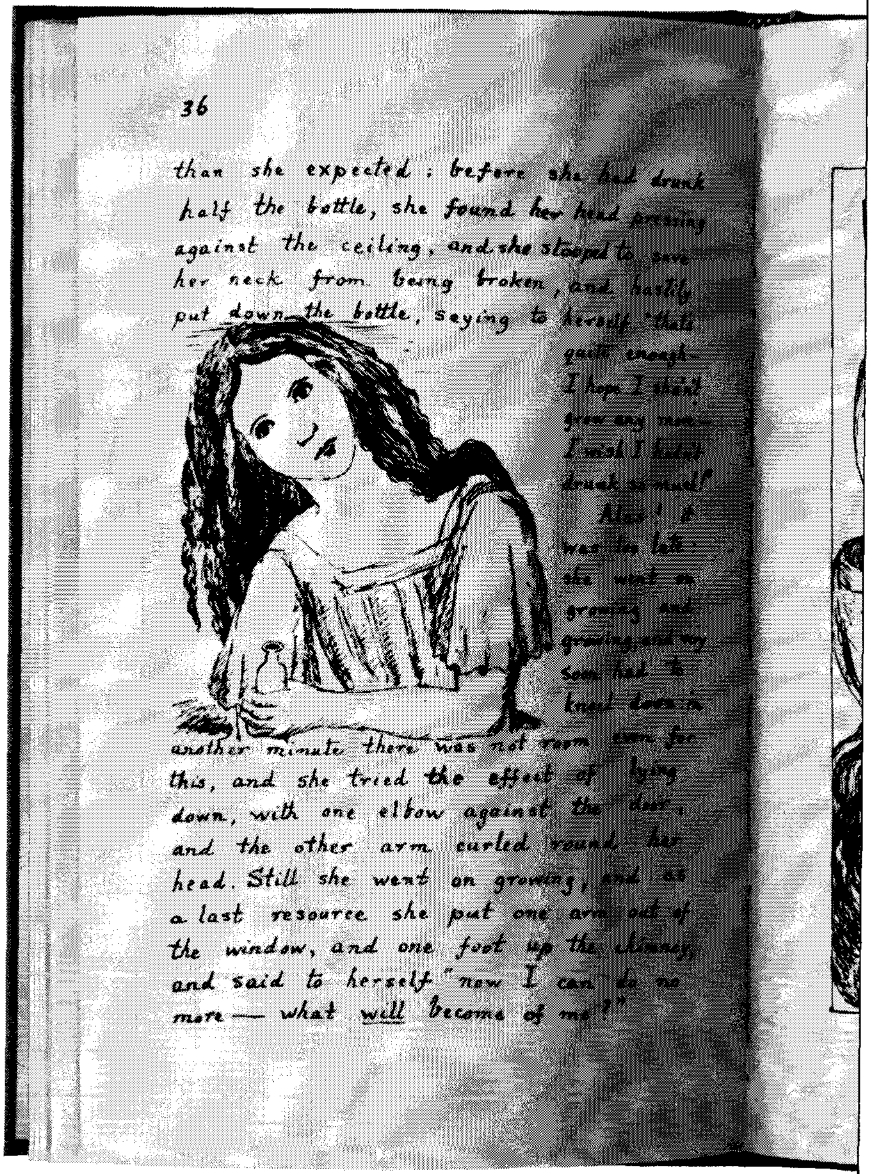

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than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's quite enough — I hope I shan't grow any more — I wish I hadn't drunk so much!" Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "now I can do no more — what will become of me?"

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bers of the Y.S.A., but for the moment they gave in.

Late Thursday night, the Mississippi delegation, having decided not to leave, was holding the first of its “soul sessions” at the hotel. The soul session, which has become a tradition of the movement in the South, is a kind of marathon group therapy, with a dash of mysticism. Participants have described it as a drugless “high on talk.” The Mississippi people, who were likely to have experienced more suffering at the hands of society than any of the other delegates, were trying to demonstrate that a revolution can originate in the personal sufferings of people, freely expressed, rather than in a few directives from the top. “Don’t think you have to talk,” Delmar Scudder, a Negro student from Swarthmore, said at the beginning of the session, “until you feel that you can get out some of the pain, and find out where it is.”

In a room marked “Ideological Overflow,” Al Johnson, a Negro worker for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in Washington, said to Weissman, “I’m not sure what this convention has to offer the movement in the South. The argument about structure—we had it all in S.N.C.C., and look where it led. No more local autonomy. Every worker has to file a weekly *report*. Man, that’s what I’d call a co-*er*cive structure.”

“That’s just what I think the movement is all about,” said Weissman. “To see if we can find any structures that are not coercive. Maybe it can’t be done. Maybe there can’t be any participatory democracy in a mass society. But you M.F.D.P. people, and the chapters of S.D.S., and the movement in New York, and we in Berkeley ought to be able to talk to each other about that.”

The conversations and caucuses and soul sessions went on at the Harrington far into the night.

BREAKFAST on Friday in the Harrington cafeteria was a time for introspection and political realignment. (“The trouble with national structures is just what’s happening here. They can be taken over.” “Yes, but how can you confront a national government without a national structure?”) In the lobby of the Harrington, photographers were gathering some of the more bizarre-looking people around and posing them on a sofa as a cross-section of the movement.

Very few people went to any of the workshops on Friday, and the Students for a Democratic Society held a caucus to plan its own convention in December. “I suggest that we get away from the smoke-disaster syndrome,” said one delegate. “All this boring dialectic in smoke-filled rooms. I think this time we ought to go someplace where we can run in the fields.” The S.D.S. discussed the meeting place for several hours and then reached a consensus: Antioch, if the delegate who had suggested it could get use of the campus.

“I think S.D.S. ought to stay away from protest for a while,” said Weissman. “The other groups have taken it up, and I’m less concerned with anything we can do about Vietnam now than I am about how we can affect foreign policy seven wars from now. It’s hard for a democratic group to find the levers of foreign policy. In a way, M.F.D.P. and S.D.S. have the same problem about the convention. We don’t want or need a strong central structure at present. We’ve got our local community-action constituencies.”

That evening, at a plenary session, a delegate from Mississippi read a transcript of ten single-spaced pages of soul session, taken down the previous night. He told the delegates, “Don’t applaud. We don’t care if you agree. The issue is whether we can speak to one another.” The delegates gave him a standing ovation. Immediately thereafter, however, the Young Socialist Alliance broke forth with a complicated new issue, concerning credentials. There was a long and bitter floor fight, which the Y.S.A. lost but which caused one Mississippi delegate to tear up his delegate card in chagrin and another to suggest the possibility of a delegate-card burning. The Y.S.A. made still another attempt to take over, through the seemingly harmless maneuver of suggesting that the movement adopt three slogans—“Let’s Bring the Troops Home Now,” “Self-Determination in Mississippi and Vietnam,” and “Freedom Now, Withdrawal Now”—for the march the following morning. But David Gilbert, of Columbia, among others, pointed out that the “Withdrawal Now” slogan would be unacceptable to SANE and also to many constituents of the Coordinating Committee (who believe in negotiated withdrawal); that the ensuing split would simply feed the movement’s enemies; and that the convention was, in any case, not empowered to adopt slogans without a mandate from the local committees. Throughout this discussion, there were jeers, cries of "Parliamentary nincompoop!," "Ideologue!," and "Let him finish!" In the end, the convention allowed each marcher to adopt the slogan of his choice.

ON Saturday, the march itself went off almost without a hitch, and without much excitement, either. Veterans in the vanguard of the procession were shouting, "No more vets! No more vets!" The flags at the base of the Washington Monument made their usual applauding noise. In front of the stage below the monument, a special section was roped off by SANE monitors, to be reserved for veterans, clergymen, writers, celebrities, and, "in case there should be enough room," the old and the infirm. There were speeches of varying quality, leading up to an appearance by Sanford Gottlieb, who seemed to be showing a certain hostility toward the marchers when he asked, "How many of you can't hear me back there? Raise your hands," and then continued, "Oh, well, I see a lot of raised hands. That must mean you can hear just fine." (As it happened, owing to quirks of the wind, the marchers back there could hear perfectly at times and sometimes not at all.) But the high point for most of the students, and for some of the older people as well, was the speech by the president of Students for a Democratic Society, Carl Oglesby, who had held himself aloof all week from the Coordinating Committee infighting and who now delivered a scathing yet considered attack not on the administration in Washington but on the institution of American liberalism itself, which, he said, had become so entrenched as to be, in an almost entirely new sense, complacent and reactionary. A bearded young man himself, he said that America had become "a nation—may I say it?—of beardless liberals." He went on, "There is simply no such thing for the United States now as a just revolution," and he deplored the government's determination to "safeguard what they take to be American interests around the world against revolution or revolutionary change, which they always call Communism—as if it were that." Later, he said, "Then why can't we see that our proper human struggle is not with Communism or revolutionaries but with the social desperation that drives good men to violence, both here and abroad?" The rhetoric of Oglesby's speech was strangely old-fashioned, but the young people present were moved, and even the older people seemed to feel re-

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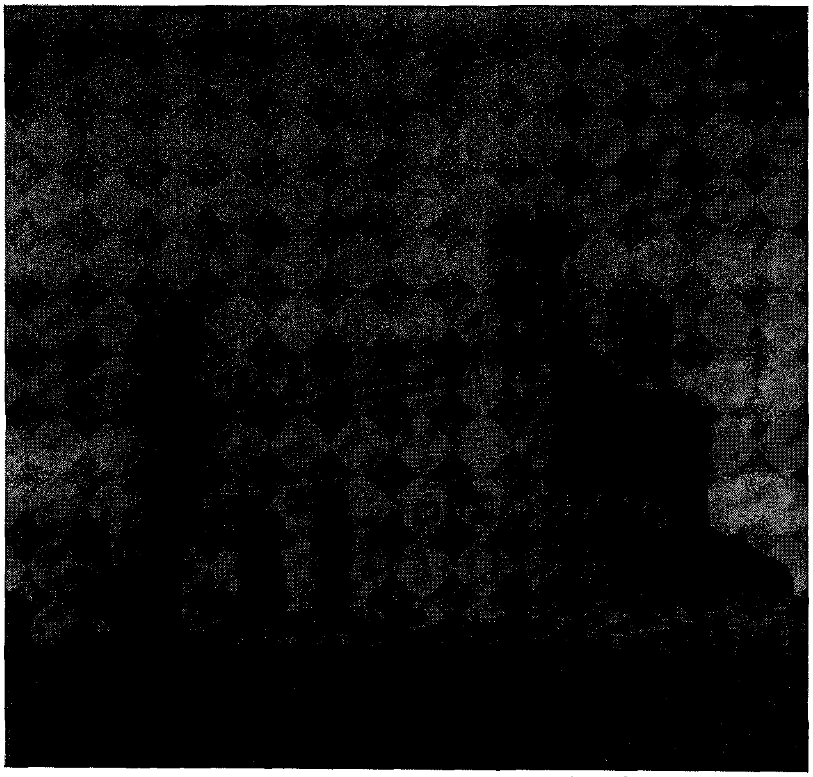

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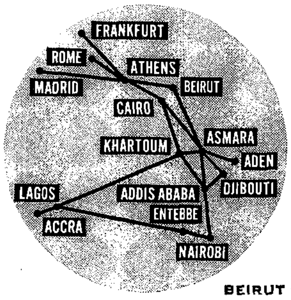

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assured. The scene ended with Sanford Gottlieb advancing and raising Oglesby's arm in triumph, like a prizefighter's, to volleys of cheering.

At the Harrington, however, many students, who had not bothered to march, were locked in caucus about structure. (The issue of Vietnam, never very clearly in focus at the convention, seemed to have been eclipsed entirely.) Immediately after the march, the presiding committee met in a room at the hotel, while in another room the thirteenth workshop had reconvened and was making a last-ditch effort to form a movement of its own, in a meeting that was turning really ugly. Three young members of the Y.S.A. stood guard outside the door, and unlocked it only for members of independent committees who pledged themselves to vote in favor of founding a separate national committee. When one delegate, remarking that the room had been paid for by the Coordinating Committee, attempted to meet force with force and enter, he was caught for some time in the door, which the guards were pushing shut, and then was forcibly dragged some distance down the hallway.

"Goons and Storm Troopers," said one dismayed independent. "This is supposed to be a *peace* movement."

"*We've* never advocated non-violence," said one member of Y.S.A.

"And furthermore, there has *been* no violence here," said a middle-aged woman emerging from the door. "You didn't see any, there wasn't any, and if you insist on misrepresenting things that way I'll have you escorted out of here."

The final plenary session—the meeting on structure—was held on Sunday morning, in a room at the New Dunbar Hotel. Dave Dellinger, the editor of *Liberation* and a pacifist loved and admired by almost all factions, presided. The Y.S.A. caucus had come up with its own proposals on structure. But Jack Weinberg received permission to make an opening statement and set what he called a "tone" to the meeting. He said that he knew some delegates had reached "the conclusion that we are going to come out of here divided," and he asked them to "destroy the split before it is carried home to every chapter and there is a vote—a majority and a minority, with two separate affiliations and no consensus—in every community and on every campus." Then a man leaped to his feet, identified himself as Albert Nelson, of the Spartacist Movement, and, in the first really open allusion in the plenary session to anything that was going on behind the scenes, claimed that "the political infighting ought to be hitting the floor," that someone was "gutting the convention of its real political issues." Condemning the Young Socialist Alliance and the Coordinating Committee for their "lack of candor" and loss of the personal touch, he announced that he would abstain from voting for the proposals made by either one. Here Dellinger interposed. "A common interest has reasserted itself," he said, "but if there are any jokers here we are trying to bring them out. If they take over the national organization, it will be only the shell, because the rest of us will continue under other auspices."

After all the votes had been cast (the Coordinating Committee's proposal on structure was adopted), Elizabeth Fusco, a worker for M.F.D.P. in S.N.C.C. overalls, asked, and received, permission to speak. She announced that the Mississippi delegation had just completed another soul session, said that "they felt they were the only people in the convention dealing with something warm—the pain they feel," and asked that everyone remain after the plenary to join in. "Will you stay?" she cried. "Will you stay?" Delmar Scudder then climbed to the stage to announce that the Mississippi people were so pleased with their sessions that they were planning to hold a "soul press conference" and to look into "travelling soul workshops and soul education and soul recreation," adding, "Maybe that's what we have to offer the American people."

WHEN the last soul session of the convention took place, in a room at the Statler Hilton, it was packed, not only with S.D.S. and Mississippi people but with other independents. The Y.S.A. (who were caucusing again) didn't attend, nor did Emspak, who was on his way back to Madison. The session lasted for a full thirty-six hours, after which everyone claimed to feel refreshed. The Mississippi people returned to their work in their Mississippi counties, and S.D.S. organizers, who were concentrating on community action, returned to their communities and campuses.

"I guess if you take the soul sessions, and the ideologues, and the kids who just can't sleep on account of Vietnam, you can get a pretty clear idea which way all this churning up of institutions in search of values is going to lead," said one delegate, enigmatically, as he boarded a bus to return in time for a class on Monday morning.

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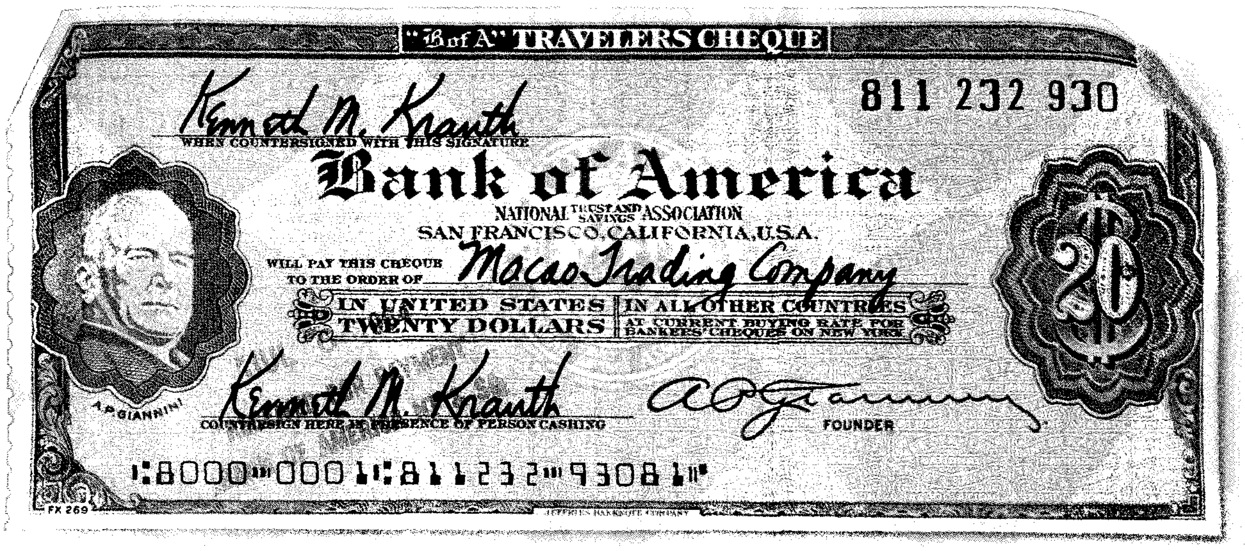

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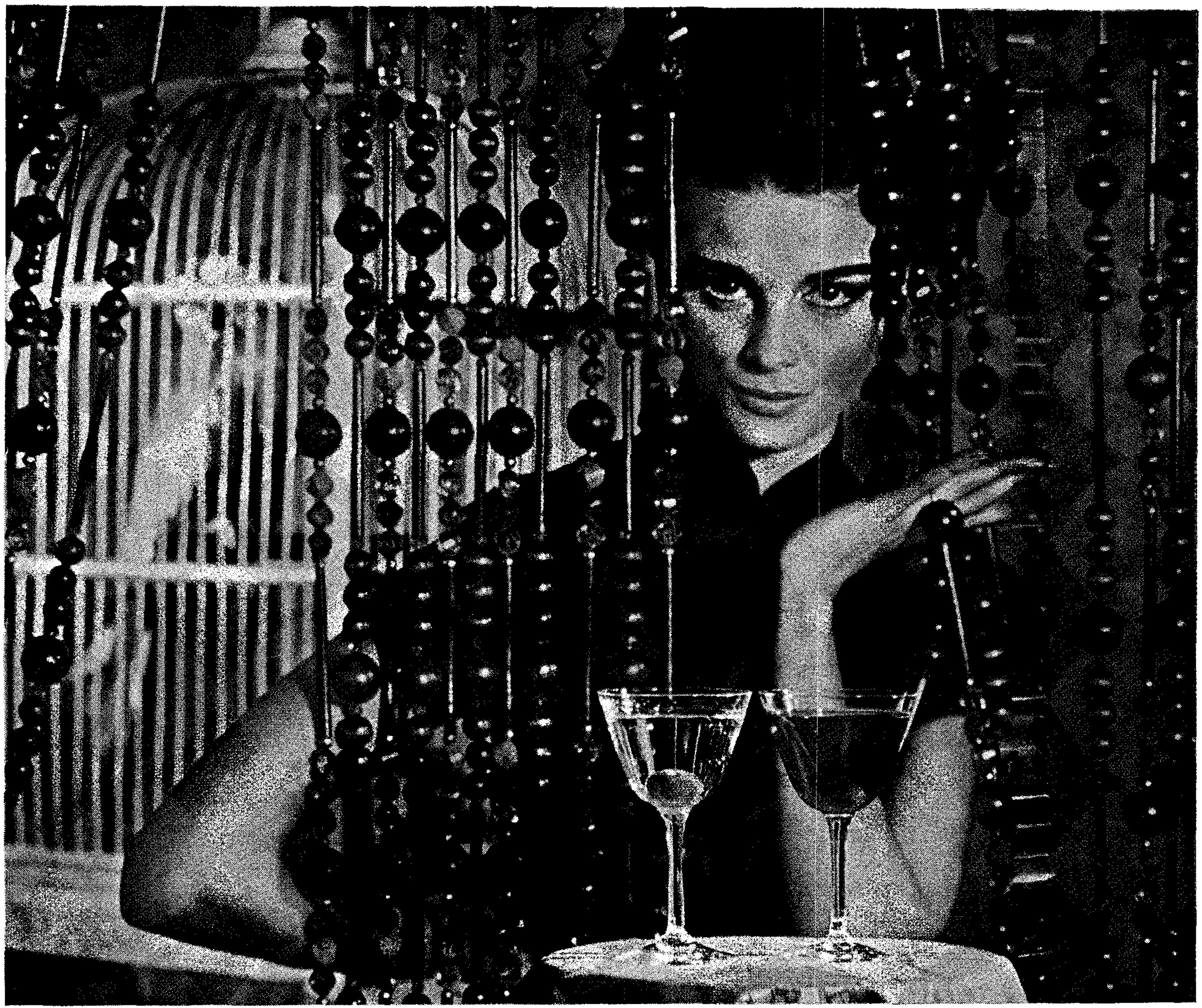

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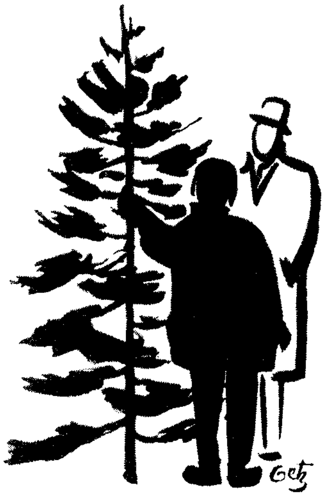
At forty-six, Delinquent Chacha—"*chacha*" means "uncle" in Hindi, and he had prefixed "delinquent" to it so long ago that this had been his full name as long as I could remember—was the greatest failure in our family's history. He had spent his life chasing tinsel promises, and he preferred smoking a cigarette, chewing a betel-nut pan, and playing a hand or two of poker to settling down to a day's work in the ordinary sense of the word. Characteristically seeing the opportunity of a lifetime in a vague offer of a part in a racy Indian film to be shot on the Riviera, he had set out from Bombay to France with a one-way ticket. Arriving there, he discovered that another Indian had been given the part. On the little money I could send him from my Oxford scholarship, he had proceeded to London and, his first evening in the city, landed himself a job—far below his expectations, it is true—as porter of an Indian restaurant off Shaftesbury Avenue called the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant. A fortnight later, I came up to London to spend my Christmas holidays, and, following his postcard's instructions, took a tube from Paddington Station to Piccadilly Circus and walked two blocks to the Royal Colonial Club of the British Empire, which Delinquent Chacha had found to be, as he wrote, "a club after my own heart." The club was funereal and dark, and the walls were draped with oversize canvases of departed governors and viceroys, and all manner of regimental ties in display cases lent an additional touch of grandeur.



The porter behind the lobby desk stopped me. "You are the scholar from Oxford looking for Mr. Delinquent Chacha?" he said uncannily. "You are certain to find him, sir, in the Lord Curzon Hall, which is at the end of the passageway at the top of the staircase."

The capacious chairs in the rooms upstairs were occupied almost entirely by ex-colonials. The Lord Curzon Hall turned out to be a long, narrow room, the walls of which were covered with horses, of all sizes and colors, in ornate gilded frames. Delinquent Chacha was seated on an ottoman at the farthest end of the room, opposite a nervous African, who was reading a copy of the *Times*. I rushed up to Delinquent Chacha with outstretched arms, but he didn't respond. I stared at him. Instead of his Indian clothes—a long gold coat and a muslin turban for more important outings—he had on a chalk-striped suit with a waistcoat. A price tag reading "£8 10s." hung from his sleeve, giving him the appearance of a human mannequin. Indeed, he looked straight through me, as though I were just another window-shopper.

"Delinquent Chacha!" I cried out, tearing off the tag.

"Sh-h-h," he said, and indicated an easy chair nearby.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked in a whisper, taking the seat.

He put a finger to his lips and shook his head. For some time, Delinquent Chacha, the African, and I sat in a tomblike silence. Finally, Delinquent Chacha shattered it by addressing the African in a clear, booming voice. "My dear sir, a very, very good evening to you!" he shouted.

The African started from his seat.

"My dear, dear sir," Delinquent Chacha went on in his friendliest manner. "Are you, perhaps, a long-standing member of our hallowed Royal Colonial Club of the British Empire? I have the greatest desire to belong to it, to be tucked permanently into its fold. As it is, I am here only by the courtesy of a great princely figure whose name I used with aplomb to acquire temporary guest privileges. The good porter downstairs tells me I need two sponsors, one an older member, the other any member in good standing. My business often brings me to London, you know, and it's rather nice, sir, to have, so to speak, as splendid a peg, so to speak, as the Royal Colonial Club of the British Empire to hang my hat on. I only hope, my dear sir, you will not think me too bold for addressing you in this man-to-man manner, but we are sitting in the same club, and it's only appropriate that before you acquiesce to my request you should be made acquainted with my qualifications. I come from one of the best families in India, and my hobby since boyhood has been rearing cub lions and tigers and baby

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elephants"—Delinquent Chacha had never set eyes on a jungle animal except in the zoo—"and the half year I spend in India I pass in long shikars. They rather bore me, you know, but I am besieged by new ambassadors and American dignitaries, and, *entre nous*, I don't like to—how shall I say—disappoint them; they may take away a bad impression of my country."

The *Times* slipped from the African's hands to the floor, and he stared at Delinquent Chacha. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart," he said. "I thank you for calling me 'sir.' I myself am a temporary member and am scouting for a second sponsor." He darted out of the room.

"Ah, Mohan, Africans have a long way to go," Delinquent Chacha said with a sigh. "A very long way. Frankly, Kaka"—he often called me "Youngster"—"I'm not sure they'll ever catch up with us Indians. You see, they have not had the advantage of a chivalrous association with the British." He got up from the ottoman, and came over and sat down on the arm of my chair. He patted me on the back. "You played your silent role beautifully," he said. "Well done, Kaka. Do you like my new suit? I picked it up at Knighted Tailors—by the Queen's appointment, you know. You've seen their advertisements in the Underground stations. I feel free in this British suit. Our long coats are really very constraining to the motion of the legs. And, you know, these Britishers have solved the problem of matching the top and the bottom miraculously. They use the same cloth, but divide it in two. And, Kaka, you know about our pajama cord. It leaves marks around the waist, and your Delinquent Chacha has found breathing God's good air difficult because of the constriction of his diaphragm. I tell you, the man who invented the trouser belt was a genius on a scale no smaller than the English gentleman who invented the wheel—I forget that gentleman's name for the moment. Ah, yes, your father has worn a suit, and you've worn a suit. But"—he sighed—"your poor Delinquent Chacha has had to be content with a winding sheet. To say the truth, I don't ever again want to have a piece of Indian cloth on my back. It brings bad luck."

"You must be raking in a lot of money as porter at the restaurant," I said.

"No, Kaka," he said. "I just sold all my Indian clothes to a foolish antique dealer who specializes in imperial dress. But I am on the way to becoming the owner of the All-India Taj Mahal

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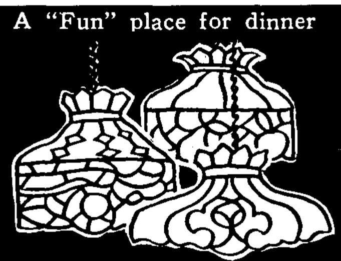

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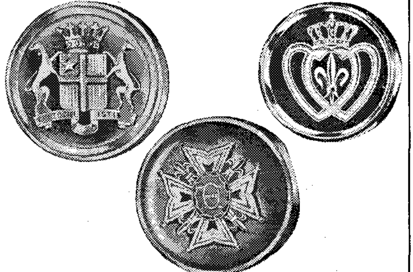

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"What?"

"Yes," he said. "Fate is turning. Last night, the owner of our great All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant, Lala Durga Pal, fell down the entire length of the stairwell and cracked his coccyx. This is not a part of the anatomy I am familiar with, but the chef tells me it is in the shape of a hook, from which our tail hung in the olden, pastoral days. The effect of it all is that your Delinquent Chacha is, at least for a few days, the proud manager of a restaurant in London, to do with it as he wishes. The business is already showing signs of prosperity." He pulled up a chair next to me, and, putting his feet up on an end table, said sadly, "Oh, Kaka, I look at all these pictures around me and I know immediately that my life has been a failure. I wish I knew the name of every horse here, and who it belonged to. Now, that African gentleman who was sitting here, he probably doesn't care to know such things. I do, and now that we are sitting under the umbrella of the British Raj I can tell you that my life somehow got onto the wrong foot when I was sixteen or seventeen, but *not* for the reasons that are usually given among our relatives: Delinquent Chacha never studied; he was always a practical joker; he was misled by bad friends; he never had the benefit of the wisdom of his father, dying as he did before Delinquent Chacha matriculated; he learned to smoke too early. No, Kaka, none of those reasons are wholly true."

"You've enjoyed your life more than anyone," I said. On the rare occasions when he became gloomy, such remarks usually cheered him up, probably because their truth was undeniable.

He cut me short. "I'm a successful gentleman in London now. I don't have to go on beating around the bush anymore, do I?" His voice broke. "Oh, Kaka, *in these* two weeks in London, what has your Delinquent Chacha not gone through? Here his dream has been realized, and—"

He stopped. A rather beefy man with a long English face and tousled hair walked into the room. He went over to the chair that had held the African, sat down, picked up the copy of the *Times* from the floor, and after many matches and puffs lit his pipe. Delinquent Chacha watched him closely.

Suddenly Delinquent Chacha leaped out of his chair and rushed across the

"Well, Elizabeth, nearly time to leave for the airport."

"Yes, Richard."

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"Yes, Richard, it's in the new gift-wrap of fashionable houndstooth, the holiday package we decided to give all our discerning friends."

"Good girl. Drinking any other scotch on a long flight is a dreadful bore. Most of them are either too heavy or so light I don't know what I'm drinking. Old Rarity has flavor."

"Exquisite flavor, Richard."

"But you jolly well don't find Old Rarity just anywhere. Devil of a time getting it in Egypt, and remember that lonely beach in California? You couldn't find any for me."

"Poor Richard!"

"Liz, m'love, we really must hurry or I shall miss the plane. Could I help you with the luggage?"

"Just open the door, Richard."

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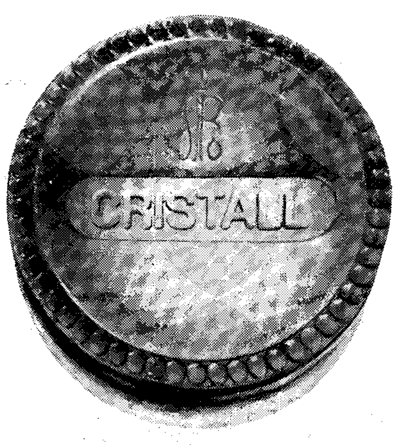
room and intently began examining the canvas of a horse overhead. "Oh, Dobbin," he said wistfully, "if you were running today at Ascot, I would weigh you in gold as the believers do the Aga Khan and back you with the last ounce of it." The Englishman puffed at his pipe. He seemed to be completely absorbed in the *Times*, and only looked up to put another match to his pipe. Undaunted, Delinquent Chacha said, "Kaka, as an Ox-Ford man, and knowing the ins and outs of Newmarket, you ought to be able to appreciate these forelegs." Delinquent Chacha returned to his chair, and said to me in a whisper, "Apparently he doesn't understand gentlemanly overtures." Then, while the Englishman sat with his face buried in the *Times*, Delinquent Chacha continued to address me in his best public voice. Usually, in talking to me, he used a medley of Urdu and English, but now he spoke English exclusively, even when he had to pause in the middle of a sentence to search for appropriate English words for a ready Urdu phrase. "As I was saying, Kaka, in India you will find as many reasons for my not having my feet on the ground at forty-six as we have relatives, but you and I know better, don't we? Any objective man who knows the Queen and me will tell you I would have appeared on the Queen's birthday list by this time as the Companion of St. Michael and St. George but for one circumstance—my marriage to your auntie. As C.M.G., I would have gone out into the world with the blessings of a patron saint—you know, George is renowned in East and West, among Christians and Mohammedans, as the dragon slayer on horseback—and with a helpful pat on the back from the Archangel Michael himself, the vanquisher of the Devil. I would then never have had to give a thought to being a *successful man*."

I started to say something, but he waved me into silence.

"You see, Kaka, when I was seventeen and in the last year of college, all the women of the house began looking for a good match for me. Ordinarily, my parents would have waited till I was twenty-five, but I was a fiery pony and they wanted to harness me as soon as they could." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Do you think that Brussels sprout of an Englishman is taking all this in?" I said I was sure not. Clearing his throat, Delinquent Chacha went on in his normal voice, "The women relatives asked me about what to look for in a wife. I laid down three specifications. I said that she must have a fair



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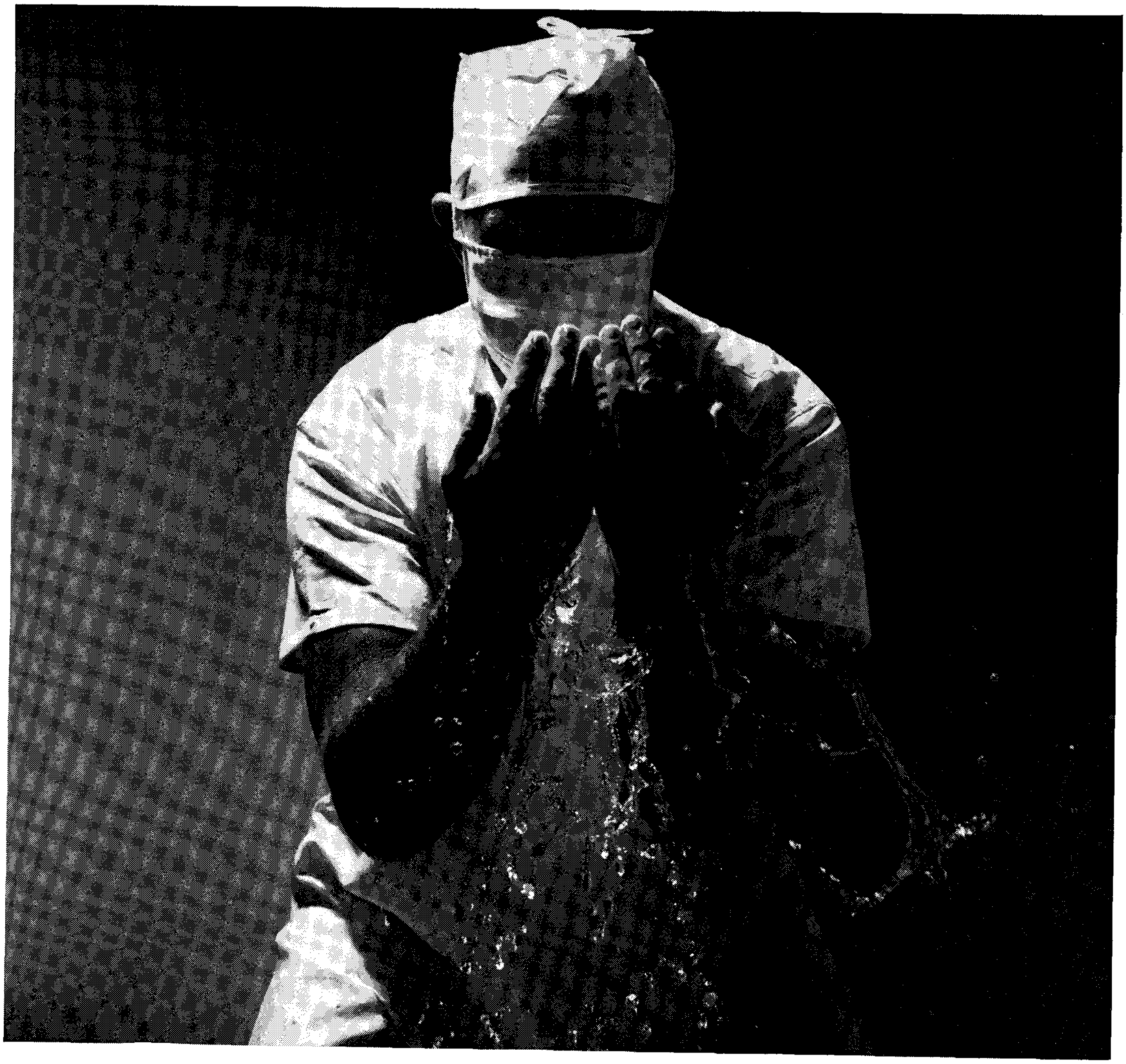

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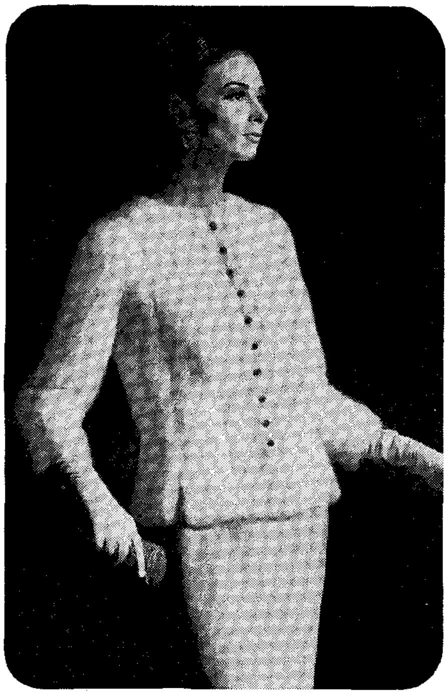

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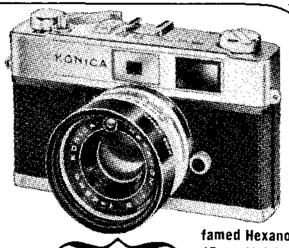

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skin, not a shade darker than the snow capping our Himalayas—those were my very words; for, among other things, under no circumstances did I wish to be landed with one of our Dravidian girls from South India, you know. Kaka, I have no racial prejudices to speak of, but it is no secret that Westerners prefer the fairer complexion, the straight nose, and the clear-cut features of us Northerners to our thick-lipped, snub-nosed, kinky-haired Southern brethren—not to mention their charred coloring. I said the second quality was that my wife must play the violin, or at least sing. Music adds a subtle touch and grace to a woman, like the perpetual wearing of a French scent. Also, your Delinquent Chacha wanted an entertainer on call at parties and grand public affairs." He lowered his voice and asked again if I thought the Englishman was taking it all in. I said it was impossible to tell. "But the story is intrinsically interesting, isn't it?" he whispered. I said it was. He resumed with redoubled energy, "Finally, I insisted that my wife must speak English fluently and with a good accent. Kaka, I knew from the very start I was destined for the company of Englishmen, and I wanted a wife who would feel on an equal footing with them. About dowry, sewing and knitting, and supervising the servants in the polishing of brass and silver and such, I didn't give a hang. You see, Kaka, I was a progressive in my own day, just as I am in the avant-garde movement today when I ask for the return to India of the beneficent rule of the British. After turning our province of Punjab upside down, they found a bride who met all my specifications. She was twelve, five years younger than me. A separation of eight or ten years between a husband and wife was considered desirable, but since I was a sort of child prodigy in these matters, not much thought was given to the small difference of years between me and my betrothed. By that time, two of my brothers—your dear uncles, Kaka—had come into the Indian Civil Service, and everyone knew that the younger brothers of I.C.S. officers were looked after. Sight unseen, her father accepted me as his son-in-law-to-be. Kaka, you can tell how far things had gone by the fact that my father-in-law-to-be journeyed two hundred miles from Lahore to our home in Multan with the customary hundred and one rupees to give my mother personally as an acceptance of the bond. I was completely in the dark about his arrival, and that morning a practical joker from the colony challenged me to a wrestling match. To

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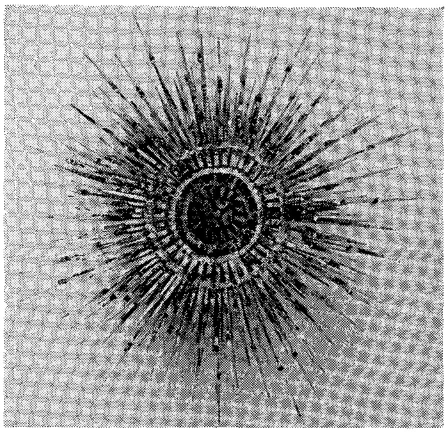

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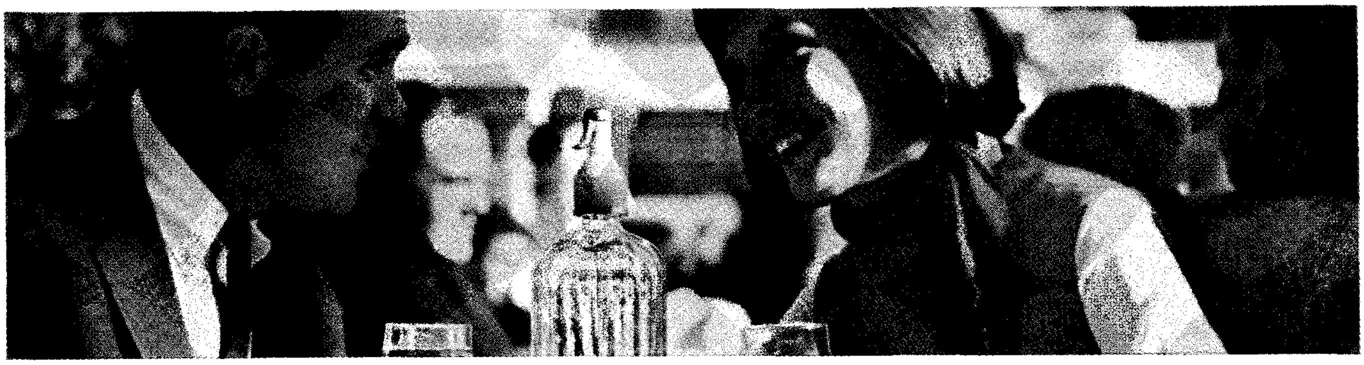

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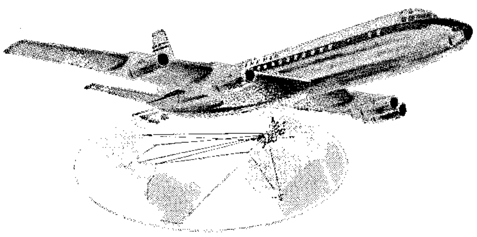

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my undying shame, I accepted it. On the whole, I was a studious boy, and as far as I was concerned wrestling was purely for the hooligans. But I changed into a loin strap, and with that as my entire dress I went out into the gully. Within a second, the joker put the illegal double nelson on me, and pinned me to the street. For twenty minutes I struggled to free myself, but he had powerful arms and hands, and the muscles at the back of my neck were as yet tender. When the joker finally let me go, I found a pair of kindly eyes looking at me. They belonged to a very distinguished-looking gentleman who was wearing a gray felt hat and sporting a long ivory cane with a beautiful knob at the top. 'Is young Master about?' he asked. 'You are speaking to him,' I said, getting up off the ground. 'You can't be a reliable servant if you take such liberties with your master's name,' the gentleman with the ivory cane said. 'You see, he is to be my son-in-law, and I am here with a hundred and one rupees to seal the engagement.' How many times in my life since have I not regretted that I didn't rush inside, change into a dapper suit of clothes, and appear in front of him in a new, irresistible avatar! But oh, Kaka, like a fool, I said, 'Father, I am the very Delinquent Chacha you are looking for.' And, forgetting my sweaty body, I threw myself into my father-in-law-to-be's arms. He shrank back and, turning on his heel, went away, never to be seen again. He took with him the first and the brightest promise of my life; from that time, for me, it has been a run on a downhill slope. I took to my bed. I felt somebody very close to me, somebody I had loved forever, had died, leaving me bereft for the rest of my life. That spring, I naturally failed my B.A. examination. My mother became deeply disturbed about the marital prospects of a failed B.A. Some of the more aggressive women of the house prevailed upon her to advertise in the newspaper. I was taken to the best photographer in Lahore for a studio portrait, and for nearly a fortnight I looked out of the marriage page of the *Tribune*. Oh, Kaka, the picture was so handsome that I hardly recognized myself. It showed me with a rose in my buttonhole. But the caption was even more tempting. It read, in italics, 'Failed B.A. from British College, Lahore. Good University man with two brothers in I.C.S.' To most fathers of daughters it was a dinner plate of banana ice cream on a hot day. Shoals of them began arriving, on bicycles, on foot, on horseback, in tongas, with pro-

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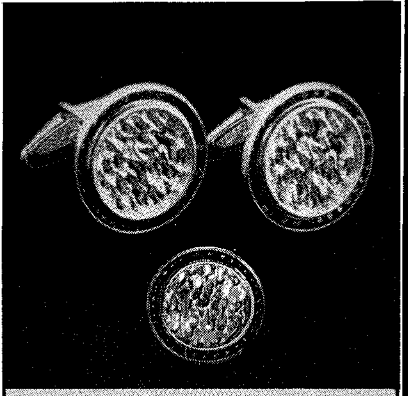

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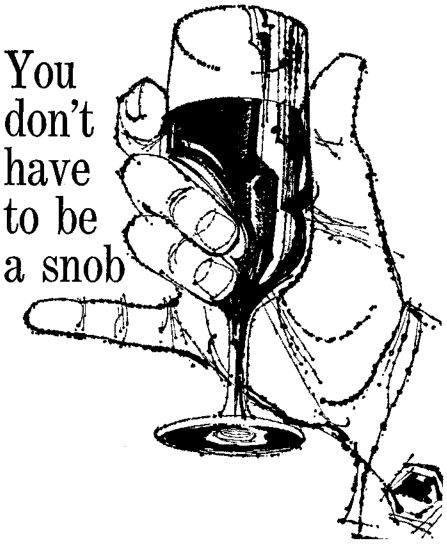
posals of their daughter's hand and bigger and bigger dowries, all designed to put a halter on a prize horse. I firmly held out for the three original qualifications. But there was one father more cunning than I. He was a suave District Magistrate, one of the first Indians to hold such an exalted post in the British Empire. He told my mother in no uncertain terms that his daughter met my three specifications entirely. No one had the courage to ask to *see* his daughter; it would have been casting doubt on the District Magistrate's word. If the British could entrust the ruling of the country to him, who were we? In sentiment we were correct, but he was a born defrauder—of governments and Delinquent Chachas. Innocent that I was, I bathed in the luxurious waters of a newborn. The wedding was spectacular—Delinquent Chacha seated on a trim stallion, both covered with shimmering ornaments, bells, and objets d'art, or whatever you call them, and a fierce sword dangled at the equestrian hero's side. In line with the time-honored tradition, Delinquent Chacha chivalrously set forth to the sound of an epithalamic band to take his spouse heroically from the clutches of her parents. Kaka, imagine, if you are able to, poor Delinquent Chacha's disappointment, the heartbreak, when on the nuptial bed, lifting the veil, he discovered underneath a dark and brooding face. She turned out to be a shrew. She couldn't speak a word of English, and her sandpaper voice could not shake out one musical note. My star passed into eclipse, and without the sunny marriage Delinquent Chacha had hoped for he withered away in a day, like the flower in his buttonhole. Divorce there could be no question of; it hadn't been heard of in India for thousands of years, and Delinquent Chacha, in spite of all his progressivism, could not break such iron shackles of the past. He found what comfort there was in bringing forth large and fair progeny, and taking delight in all their achievements. And in this respect, I may say your father and at least one of your dear uncles have not done badly by my children. I wish I could say that about every one of your good uncles, Kaka." Delinquent Chacha stood up and walked to the center of the room.

"Good sir, a very, very good evening to you," he said.

The Englishman put down his paper, and held another match to his pipe. It was a little time before he answered. "Good evening," he said genially, and looked out of the window.

"This is my nephew—Kaka," De-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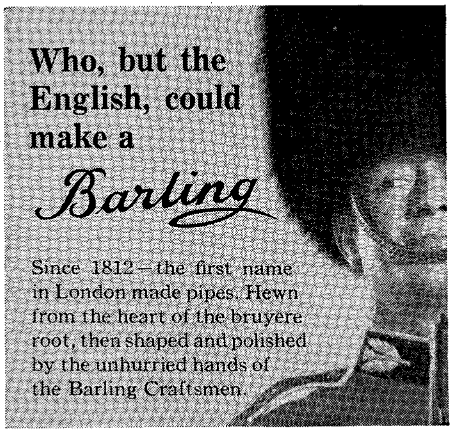
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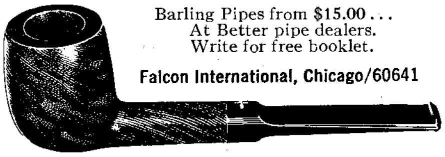

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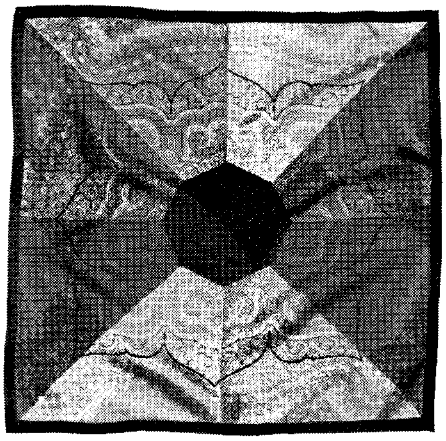

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linquent Chacha said, introducing me. "Would you like to know my name?"

"If you like," the Englishman said.

"Delinquent Chacha," Delinquent Chacha said, and he waited for a reaction.

The Englishman looked at his watch. "I think I can just make the showing of that farce around the corner," he said, standing up. He folded his copy of the *Times* neatly and put it on the chair.

"A moment," Delinquent Chacha said agitatedly. "Before you go, what did you think of the sad story of my life?"

"I'm afraid I didn't really listen. That is to say, I couldn't help hearing bits and pieces, but I'm sure I couldn't repeat a sentence of it. I thought you were having a private conversation. Should I have listened?"

"Oh, no, no," Delinquent Chacha said. "As you say, it was a private conversation."

There was a little awkward silence.

"Well," the Englishman said finally, looking at his watch, "I must be off. I'm sure we'll meet again, perhaps here at the club."

"Here at the club," Delinquent Chacha said quietly, his mouth closing tightly—always a sign of displeasure with him.

No sooner was the Englishman out of the room than his spirits revived. "Shall we go down and make friends with the porter? It's nice to keep fellows like that on your side."

We walked downstairs, and in the lobby Delinquent Chacha smoked a cigarette with the porter. As we were leaving the club, we passed a large open ledger on a stand, with a notice: "All visitors are requested to write their names and addresses in the visitors' book." Taking the pen from the penholder, Delinquent Chacha wrote out in a large hand, "Delinquent-Chacha of the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant, the celebrated Indian restaurant off Shaftesbury Avenue, London, United Kingdom." Then he made an extra-long hyphen and appended "C.M.G." to "Delinquent-Chacha." "I should have pumped our good English friend about the proper size of a hyphen," he said, and returned the pen to the penholder. "These English things have mysterious nuances." —VED MEHTA

●

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—*The Times.*

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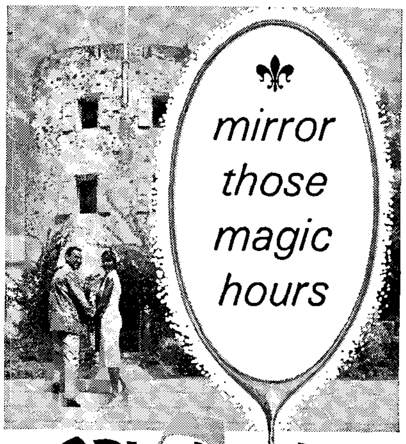

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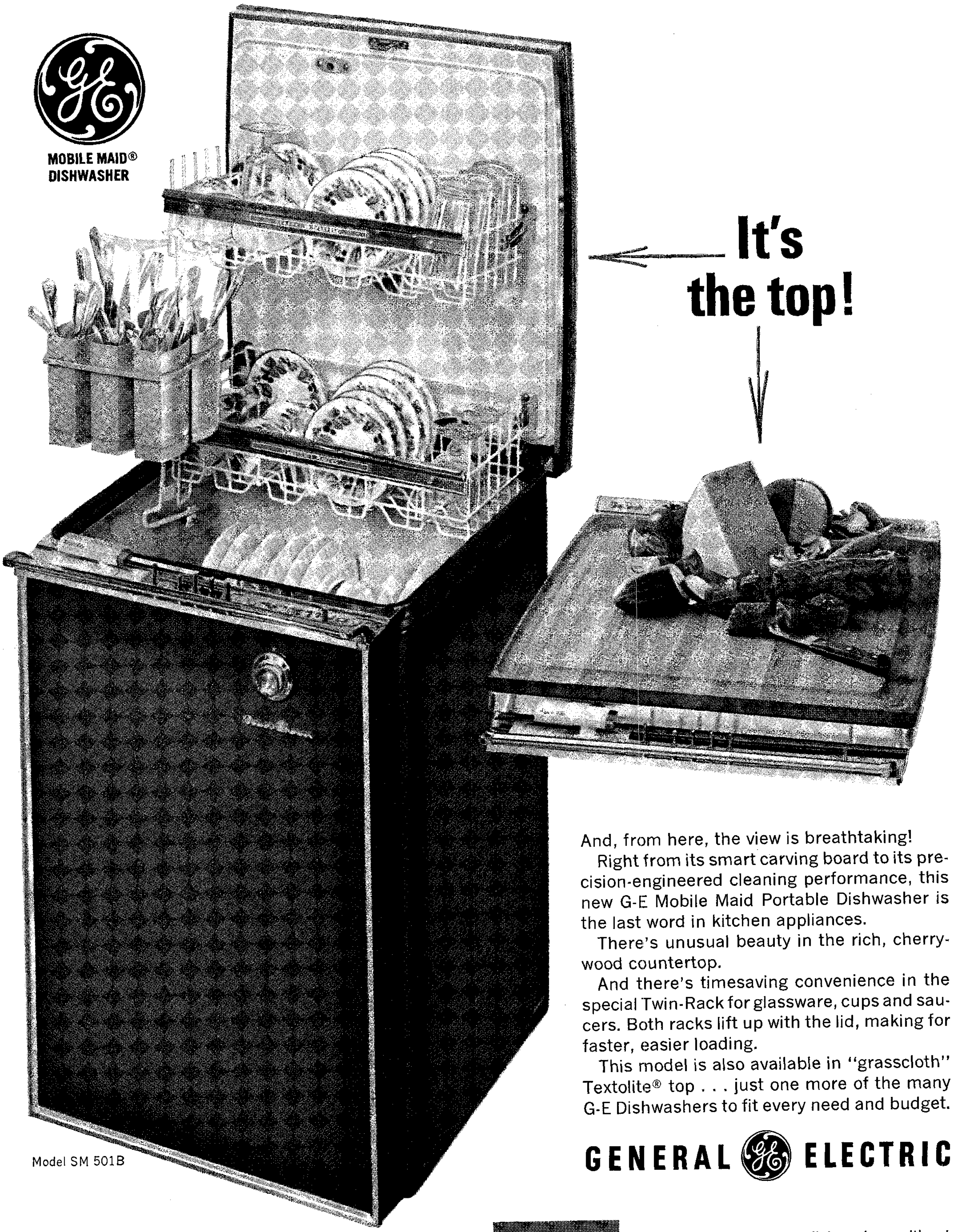

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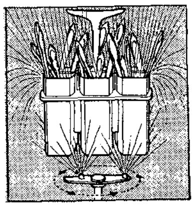

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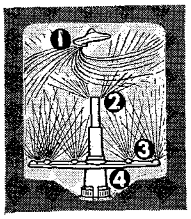

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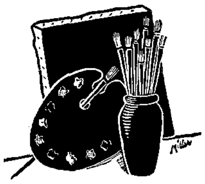
THE ART GALLERIES

Extremes



AGAIN we have a wide array of choices in the galleries, with some international flavoring. I propose to range as widely as may be among them, or from Pop, Op, and other modern phenomena (some, indeed, so far advanced that they have not even been classified as yet), to such relative old-timers as William Gropper and Leonid, at the ACA and the Durlacher galleries, respectively. Gropper, now sixty-eight, has never, I feel, been accorded quite the measure of recognition he deserves. As with his great predecessor Daumier, it may be that the very contemporaneity of his attack is a limitation. In any case, it is pleasant to see a really full-size show of his paintings, drawings, and other works brought together in what seems to be an easygoing sort of retrospective. (I say "seems to" because Gropper, in his casual fashion, has neglected to supply dates for the pictures in the catalogue, but there are enough familiar paintings to make me feel sure that the collection goes back as far as the nineteen-thirties.)

Gropper comes closest to his master, I think, in his Business and Juridical series (see "Jurists" and "Senate Group," in the present collection), in which areas, of course, Daumier, too, excelled. That he has never equalled the older man is to my mind largely because he has scattered his shots too much, aiming too often simultaneously at pathos and irony, or at social protest and fantasy, instead of reaching for an all-encompassing understanding, and partly because he has been too frank about his influences. This is an engaging fault, to be sure, but it is disconcerting, all the same, to see Chagall peering so plainly from "Wedding" and to see a close-to-Soutine exaggeration of form and color in "Boatman." Yet for all that, "Wedding," a rustic scene, is a particularly larkish painting, and most of the others—the green-visaged, ominous "The Official," as well as "Tailor," "Gourmet," and the poignant "Boy on Wharf," among them—offer a moving and effective commentary on the times.

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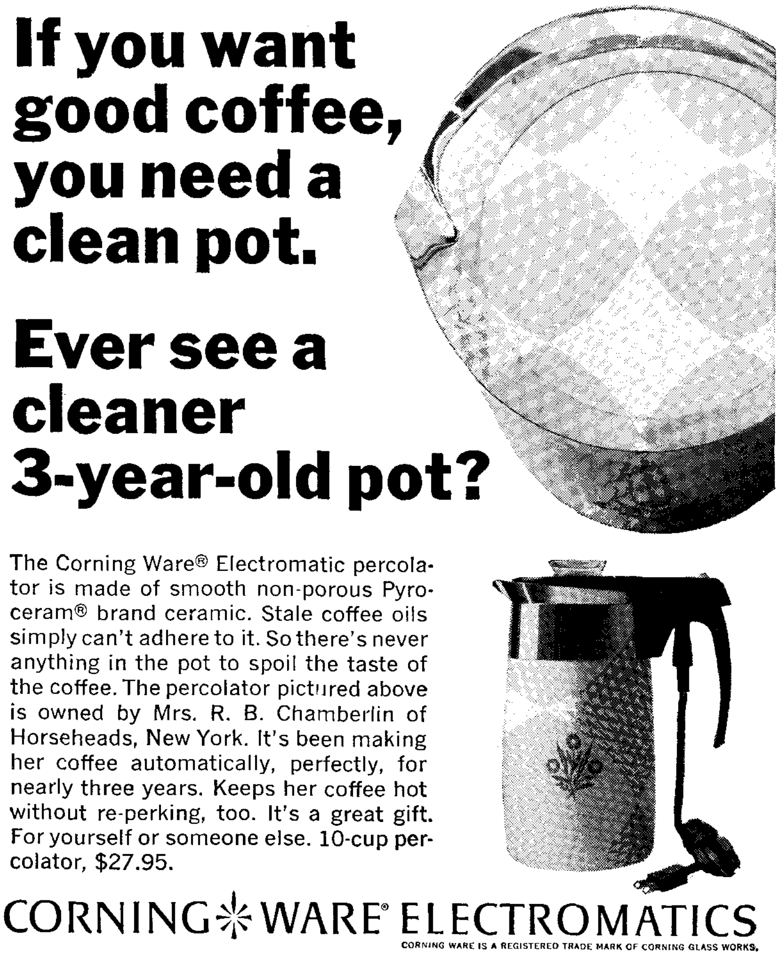

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for in the two years since his last exhibition this indefatigably global traveller has been getting around even more widely than usual—now adding Egypt and Ireland to his more familiar round of France, Portugal, India, and Japan, to name some of his other haunts. If there is a certain sameness in the collection as a whole, it serves mainly to affirm the theory that if you look hard enough you can find anything you want anywhere, and in Leonid's case the search has been for a combination of exotic husbandry, still waters (preferably lagoons), and bland horizontality of composition. Oddly, or perhaps not so oddly, only Ireland refuses to fit this strict formula, and the bayside canvas called "Kilkee, Ireland," with its winding roads and steep bluffs, is, as far as I recall, the only landscape in the whole showing with any curves or protuberances. All this, obviously, tends toward monotony, with only the artist's feeling for mood and his technical ability to evoke it as alleviation, and this leads me to feel that it's the *massing* of Leonids in one gallery that puts his paintings at a disadvantage; a single picture—"Étretat (Normandy)," with its view of the beach from the cliffs above, "Oyster-Growers at Oléron," "Madras Fishermen on Stilts," and "Pastoral Egypt" are my favorites—might be much more lastingly satisfying. Which leads me on to the fact that the same complaint, of monotony, was addressed to the Impressionists, notably Sisley and Guillaumin, and yet now—Well, where are we? Is Leonid, as may well be the fact, one of the last of the true Impressionists? At any rate, he belongs way back there somewhere, for on the testimony of his pictures the world is as flat as it was in pre-Columbian times.

AT the Janis Gallery, we reach our other extreme, in a group showing called "Pop & Op," which includes works by seventeen artists, about equally divided between the two camps. It is, as needs hardly be said, neither bland, still, nor conspicuously exotic, and the pattern is generally dizzyingly up and down and roundabout rather than horizontal. It's a lively showing, though, and it is my opinion that the gallery should be commended for bringing together (or trying to bring together), head on, two such totally disparate styles. As I understand it, the idea behind the show was primarily conciliatory: to break down aesthetic barriers, get the warring factions together, and so introduce some sense of continuity and harmony into the currently

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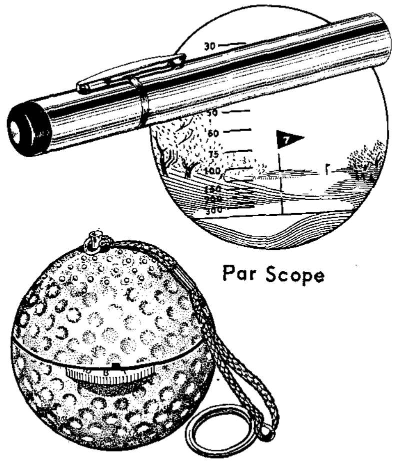

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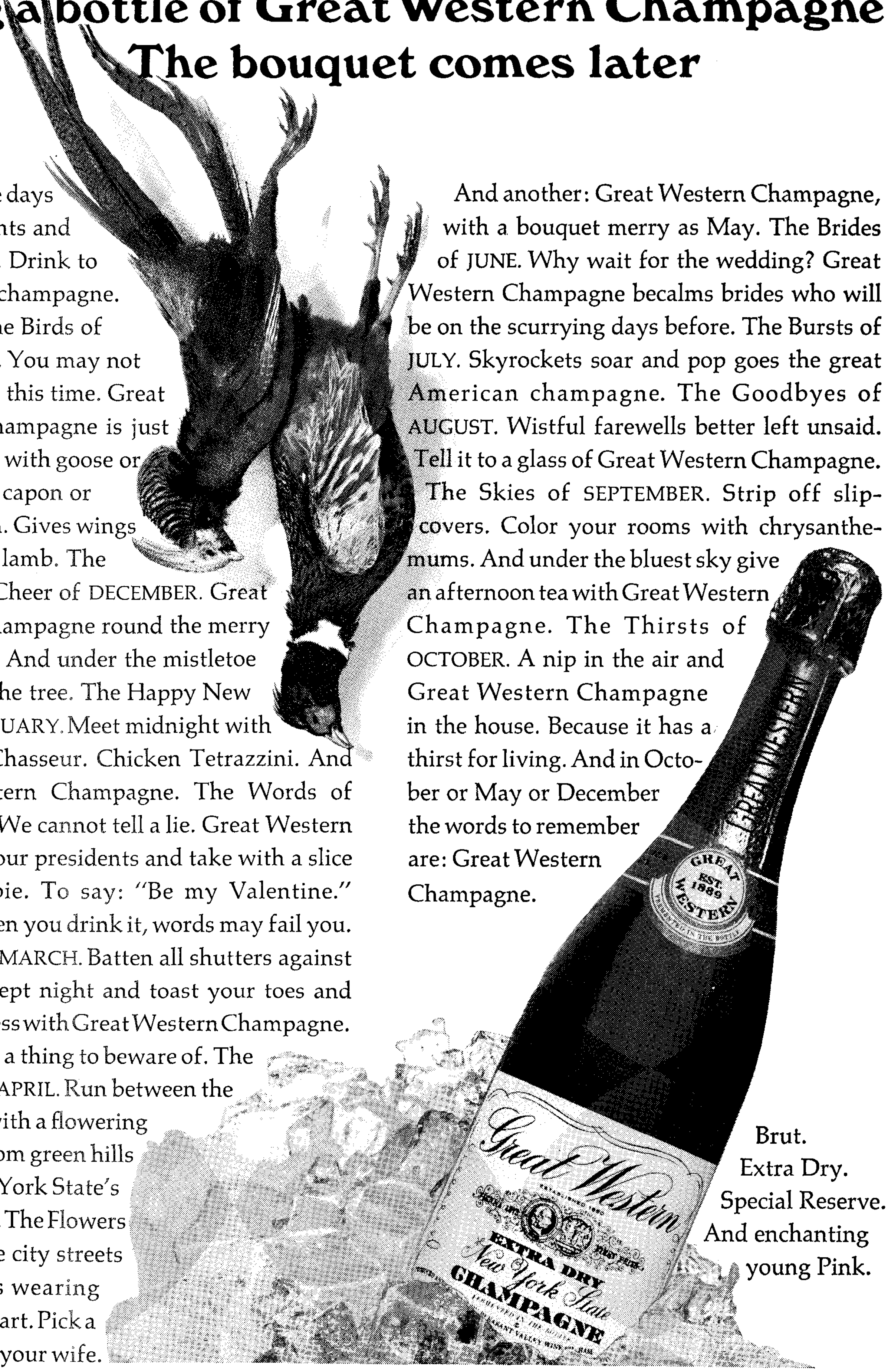

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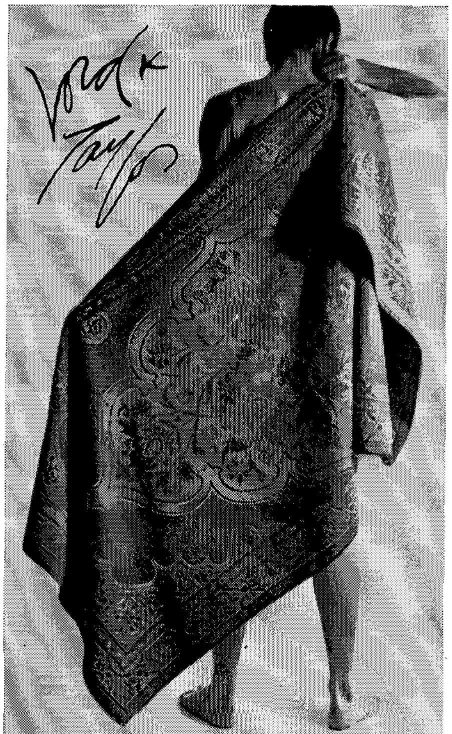

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jumbled and highly faddish field of art. It was a good try, and a venturesome one on the dealer's part, for such a collection might easily have turned out to be a real shambles. As it is, despite the fact that there are moments when you may find yourself seized by a feeling that you are riding on a cosmic roller coaster (the Op part) that is twisting through a Surrealist fun house, the show turns out to be a cheerful and even in some ways illuminating affair. For one thing, I couldn't help noticing that fringe areas are developing between these two most downy-cheeked "modern" styles, and this helps smooth things over. What is Marisol, with her blocky figurations on painted wood—Op or Pop? (I suppose we have to use these designations.) In any case, her constructions—see the double portrait called "Henry"—are so witty and so truly original in concept that it hardly matters. Such pieces stand on their own feet, and so do—in this case literally—George Segal's roomful of life-size figures (two nudes, a girl motorcyclist, a couple of reclining Egyptian deities, and so on) called "Costume Ball." Josef Albers, who in a sense started the Op part of this with his series of canvases begun decades ago and collectively called "Homage to the Square," has three pieces, all variations of the same geometric motif and all handsome.

On the whole, the Op artists appear to have the better of it, being held in check by the rules of plane geometry, while the Pops tend to overflow into sheer banality. The value of a work of art resides in its depth of suggestion, or the number of times you can look at it and still find new values in it, and this, I fear, is a dictum that would automatically disqualify such pieces as Claes Oldenburg's "Giant Good Humor" (with a bite taken out of it, for heaven's sake!), Oyvind Fahlstrom's finicking "Eddy (Sylvie's Brother) in the Desert," and the two specimens of Tom Wesselmann's series of studies called "The Great American Nude," comic-strip style, which has by now reached the impressive total of seventy-five, without any sign of a flagging of the artist's zest for satirizing the trite and the sugary. If that is the point he was aiming at, it would surely seem that he made it long ago.

—Robert M. Coates

●

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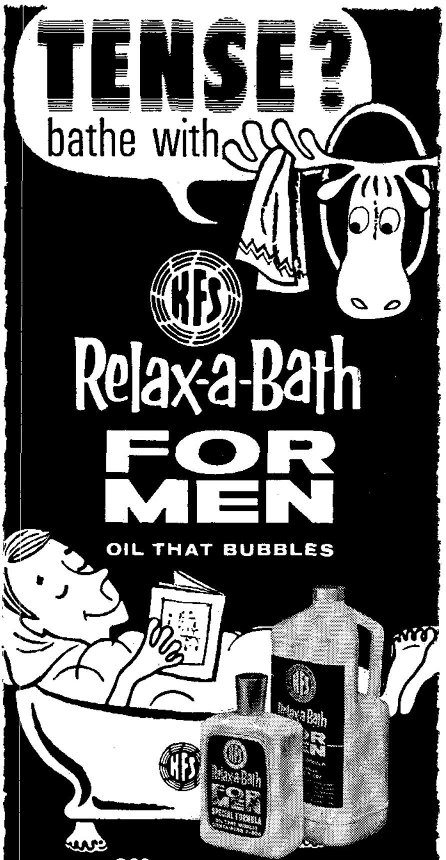

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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 2

YESTERDAY'S unexpected news that the economic cold war on Rhodesia is to be abruptly hotted up, plus a hint that the weapon of sanctions might not be the only one used if the power supply from the Kariba Dam is cut, is certain to stoke the national debate also, to judge by the first agitated reactions in Parliament and the press. To date, most of the arguments in private gatherings, like those in Parliament and the press, have revolved uneasily (with sharply differing answers) around the question of what Her Majesty's Government ought to do next to meet the threat that can easily decide whether the Commonwealth will hold together or disintegrate within months into variously colored warring pieces. More and more people had seemed convinced that the sanctions originally imposed would not sufficiently shake the Smith regime, let alone "bring it to heel," in the phrase of some of the rambunctious earlier editorials. This is the stiffest test that Britain has had to face since the start of her postwar policy of intelligently abdicating the colonial empire step by step in a carefully graded timetable for its different African members, and it is bad luck that it should have fallen to the lot of a powerful Prime Minister—governing, nevertheless, on a paper-thin majority—who must needs think of opinion at home as well as that of black Commonwealth leaders.

Here, opinion is certainly mixed. In the Rhodesian exchanges in Parliament until now, Mr. Wilson has been carefully supported by the Conservative front bench in spite of the dissenting sounds proceeding from the right-wing backbenchers, and he has been entirely backed by the small, now vitally important makeweight of the Liberal Party. To judge by the Conservative uproar in the Commons yesterday over the tough new sanctions, this unity may be about to crack before long. The gist of the argument from the Tory right wing has been that Britain should be more "magnanimous" toward the rebels (which, Sir Godfrey Nicholson, a highly respected older Conservative Member, stoutly told his obviously displeased friends in the Commons the other day, was another word for "appeasing" in the familiar old Munich style), so that feelings would not be fatally exacerbated when Britain had to barter with Mr. Smith in the end, as the right wing appears to believe, not too unhappily, will certainly happen. Mr. Wilson has also been under fire from his own militant left wing. It is too early to say what support he will get in the country for these latest moves, but he has never been in a stronger position than he is at the moment. The latest readings of the national opinion poll (considerably rattled Conservatives cheered themselves up by recalling that this method has not proved an absolutely reliable barometer of political weather changes in the country) showed that Mr. Wilson and his party, having trailed the Conservatives in popular esteem in August, jumped eighteen surprising points ahead of them immediately after the Rhodesian rebellion. The crisis consolidated him in the public eye as a formidable national leader and as an increasingly effective television orator, whereas Mr. Heath has shown up somewhat dimly so far, to many people's thinking. Of course, how Mr. Wilson will succeed or fail now that this dangerous second phase in Rhodesia has been reached could change the picture sharply. At any rate, the new stiff economic clamp-down will probably be approved by many who would like to feel that sanctions will begin to work in time, as the Government calculates they will, but who have feared that time is not on the British side, and that Mr. Smith may have won the first round.

THE most talked-about domestic news has been a series of power cuts, coinciding with the first bitter weather of the winter, and followed by a bakers' strike, both causing great annoyance to the public in the London area and in many parts of the country, which found itself with dead fires and toasters one week and without the stuff to put in the toasters the next. Hardly had Londoners finished incredulously reading of New York's blackout and the complacent local official assurances that it could not have happened here before the snowflakes began to fall and lights and heaters went off over a large area. Gas appliances also became feeble shadows of themselves. The excuse subsequently offered by the fuel industries—that the severe cold spell had unsportingly turned up in November, which usually

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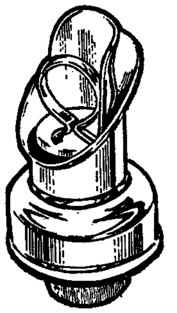

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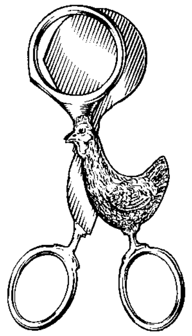

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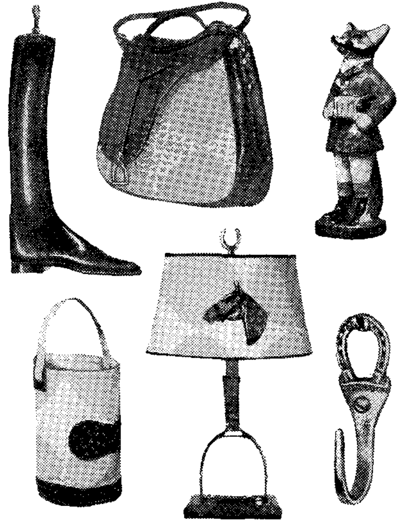
shrouds us in raw fogs but rarely provides a really sharp snap, and that they were not yet geared to their maximum winter efficiency to cope with so many people's reaching suddenly for the switch—was irritably received by all. At the request of the Ministry of Power, the nationalized coal, electricity, and gas authorities agreed to stop advertising for the next three months, presumably so that chilly householders would not become maddened as well as numbed by jolly full-page spreads telling them how their houses can be converted into tropical paradises this winter. The privately owned oil industry declined to stop, on the sensible ground that it, at least, had plentiful supplies for all comers. The carefully inspired advertising cuts seemed like a good hint to everybody that more of the same inconveniences may be expected in future exceptionally hard spells until (one cause, apparently, of the poor situation) the planners succeed in forecasting rather better than they do at present the needs of more and more consumers, whose rising standard of living makes them hooked readers of those tropical-paradise ads. Winter having set in so early here, locking the North in snow and sweeping Dartmoor and the Welsh hills with blizzards, there is gloomy speculation that it is perhaps going to be another 1947, the appalling freezing year when a fuel crisis dealt such a knock to the Attlee Government. Being possessed of a remarkably acute memory, the Prime Minister gave the power-cut situation his full worried attention even in the middle of the Rhodesian pressures.

The bakers' union, a small craftsmen's union, came out for more money and shorter hours, which the employers said would have to be passed on, as usual, to the customers in more expensive bread. Mr. George Brown, the Minister for Economic Affairs, had already induced the companies not to put up their prices for three months. The bakers are thus unexpectedly providing the first big testing crunch, in full public view, between a union and Mr. Brown's prices-and-incomes policy, which calls for voluntary restraint on the part of bosses and workers, and might as well call, in the view of many pessimistic observers, for heavenly visitants to descend from above upon boardrooms and workshop floors. The public, however, undoubtedly approves of the Government's standing up to the unions and talking a good deal louder and tougher to them than any recent Government has



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done. No matter how things turn out, lots of modest-pursed Britons feel that it is at least tackling the frightening spiral of wages and prices with courage, and no doubt this was a factor in the greatly increased vote of confidence in Mr. Wilson that the public-opinion poll showed the other day. When the bakers' strike was on—small bakery businesses did not come out—housewives acted as though bread were not only the staff of life but the difference between life and death. Waiting patiently in shops bursting with every other form of starchy substitute to keep their families from succumbing, long queues of women scrambled frantically for the available loaves, for flour, and for what were rather gruesomely termed Do-It-Yourself Bread-making Kits. The one bright spot of the strike was the shock it gave to those children whose mothers had rolled up their sleeves and set to, and who probably for the first time sank their teeth into slices of an absolutely delicious, satisfying, peculiar substance called bread. Reported reactions to the phenomenon might conceivably give a moment of thought, if nothing more, to the Federation of Wholesale and Multiple Bakers, which has just announced that if its terms are not met by next month it will direct its members to turn off the ovens again.

THE winter theatrical season has so far been rather disappointing, the disappointment being that most of the great names of the theatre have turned up in revivals of classic plays, and that new and interesting playwrights are few or, more likely, have been looked at askance in Shaftesbury Avenue. Shaw, Turgenev, Chekhov, and Congreve are all with us, played to packed

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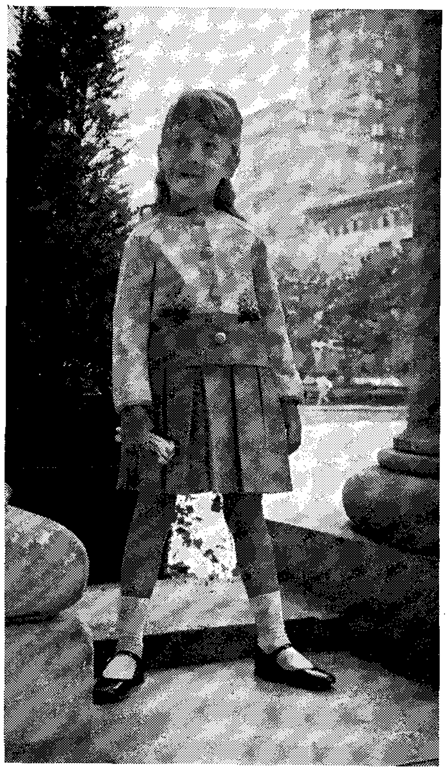

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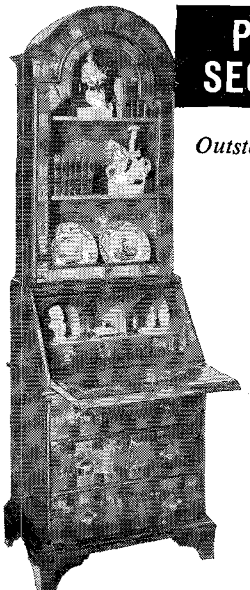
houses by topnotch casts, and an undeniable treat they are. The Chekhov is Sir John Gielgud's production of "Ivanov," at the Phoenix, in which he plays the title role. He has not acted in London for some time, and it was a pleasure to see once more such superbly disciplined physical technique and style. Both his performance as the wretched, self-pitying Ivanov and the production, which marvellously conveys the stupefying boredom and the claustrophobic triviality of these provincial lives, were just about perfect. "Love for Love," one of the plays that the National Theatre Company took to Moscow recently, is now at the Old Vic, but not much easier to get tickets for than if it were still in Russia. (Mournful voices from the provinces constantly complain of the difficulty or downright impossibility of getting seats for the National Theatre productions if you do not live in London, where you can snap them up in person.) Peter Wood's dazzling production is a delight to the ear and the eye. It is splendidly played by, among others, John Stride, as a handsome intelligent Valentine, and Geraldine McEwan, as his Angelica. The proposal scene between Colin Blakeley, as the good-humored, boorish Sailor Ben, and Lynn Redgrave, who seems condemned by her height and her comic gifts to play a series of touching, lumpy girls like Miss Prue, is a gem. To most people, however, the most enjoyable part of the evening is Sir Laurence Olivier as Tattle—a little masterpiece of pouting, grimacing mental vacuity that brings down the house.

The one remarkable new play is "Saved," by a thirty-year-old playwright, Edward Bond, at the Royal Court Theatre, where it can be seen by the theatre's private-club members only, since the Lord Chamberlain, not surprisingly, withheld a public performing license. It is hard to remember a play that received such a torrent of abuse from the critics as this one did. Almost to a man, they appeared to feel that it was the most queasily horrific of all the recent works that have shown the preoccupation of many young English dramatists with themes of cruelty or violence. The scene that shocked them is certainly a horror. A bastard baby is stoned and punched to death in its pram by five long-haired, sniggeringly salacious young London louts, of whom one, to add to the nastiness, knows that he may be the child's father. William Gaskill, who excellently directed the play, manages the ghastly episode like a sort of maca-



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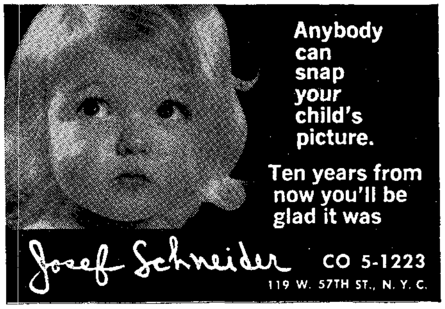

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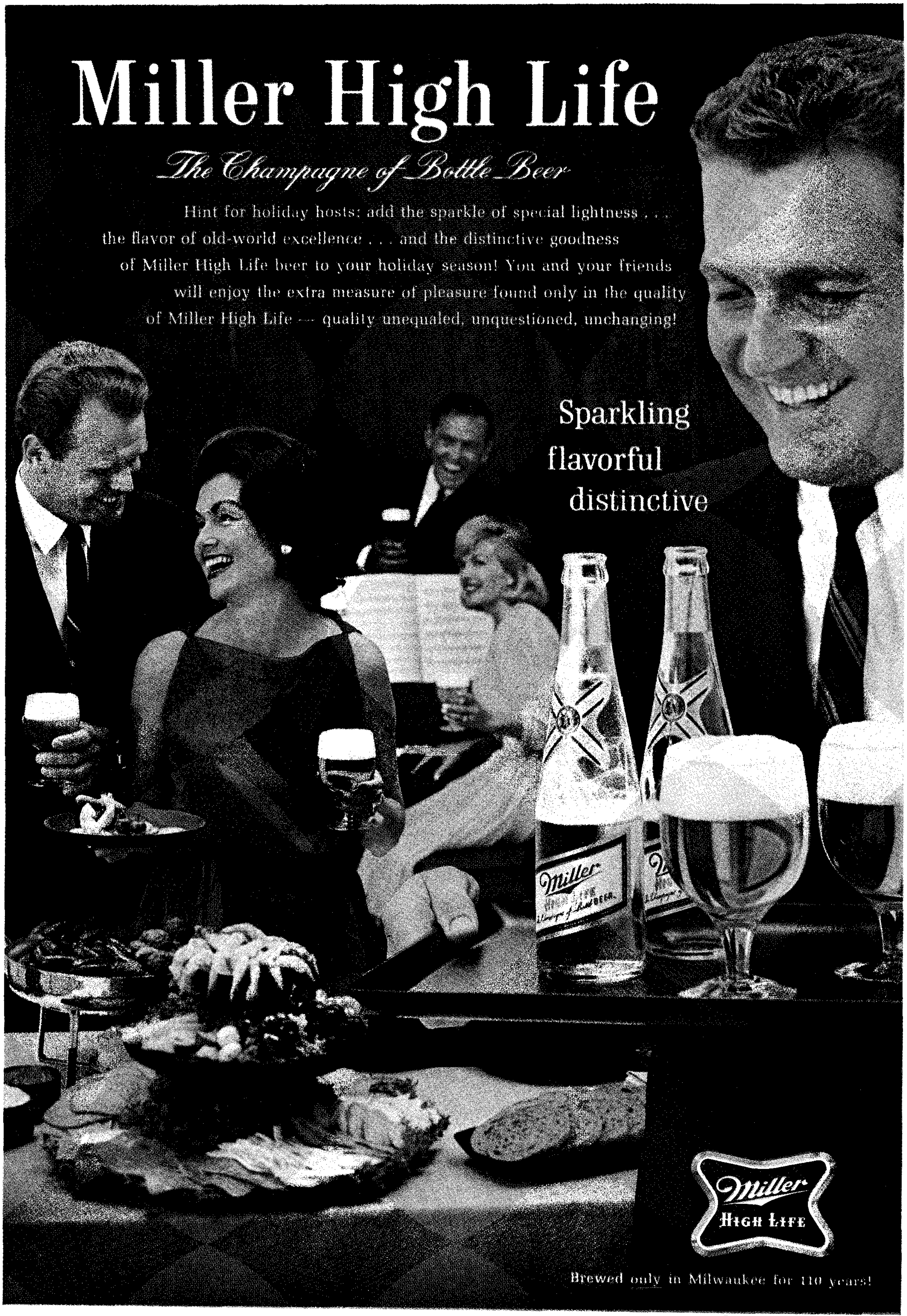

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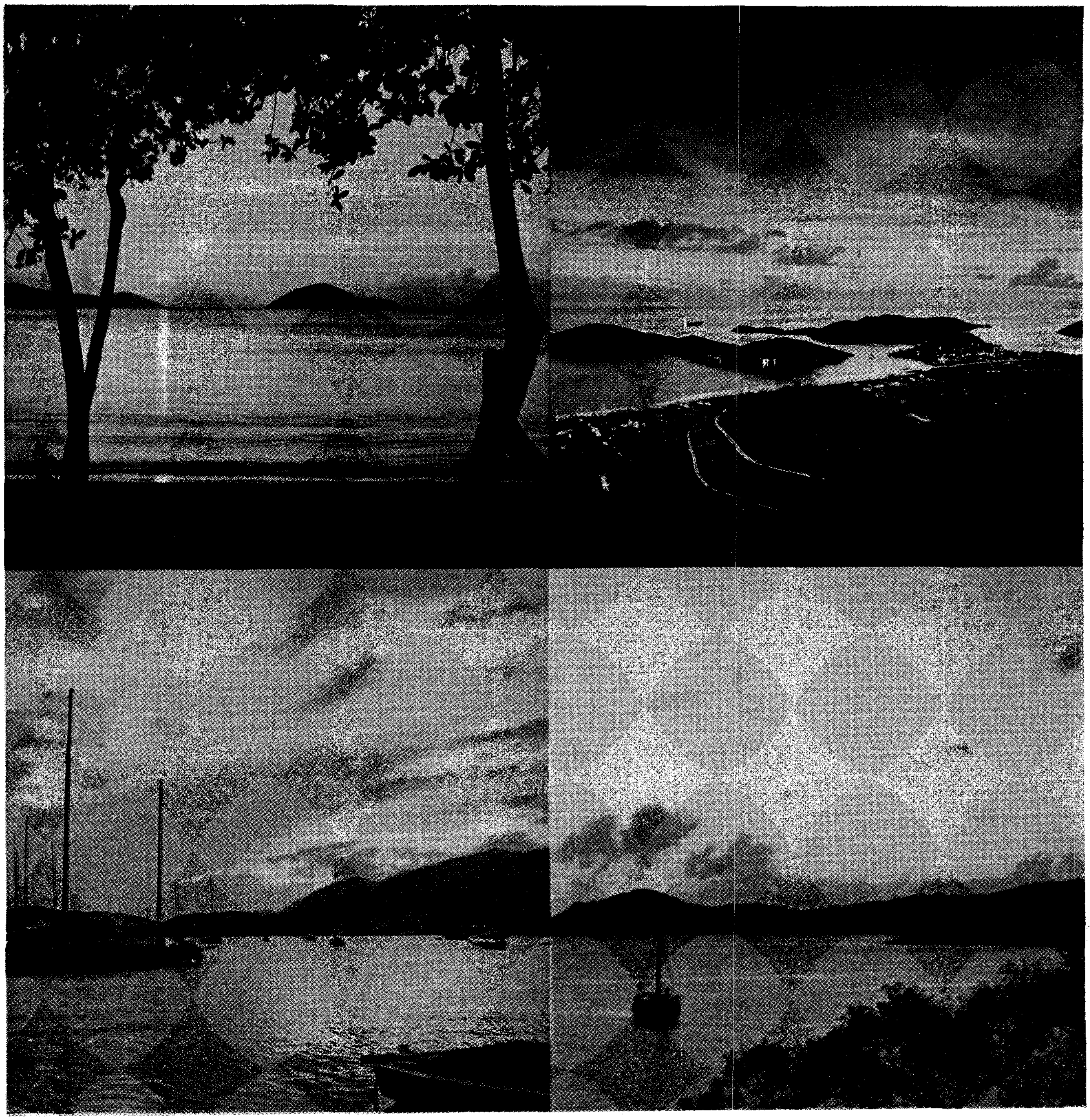

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bre, murderous ballet, in which the invisible victim, its center, makes no sound. (Its mother has left it sleeping off a hefty dose of aspirin, given as the Victorian poor gave gin, as a baby soother.) Unfortunately, the publicity and the critical drubbing given to this lurid little scene stopped many people from going to see an extraordinarily powerful, moving, and (though it may not sound like it) funny play. It is certainly a shattering experience to audiences, however, not so much because of the baby's murder (after all, the putting out of Lear's eyes and the blood and guts that strew the stage in Jacobean tragedies need strong stomachs, too) as because it is an eyeopener to the kind of numb, hopelessly crippled lives from which come such aimless acts of frustration and the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency, crime, and illegitimate births that well-to-do Britons read about with "Tut"s in their papers. Mr. Bond has written, with a magnificent ear for the flat, fumbling dialogue of the inarticulate poor, a perfectly stunning indictment of the welfare state and its complacent telly prosperity. It is played with tape-recorder fidelity by a pale, blond actress, Barbara Ferris, as Pam, the indifferent mother of the baby; by John Castle as Len, the lodger who doggedly loves her; and by Richard Butler and Gwen Nelson, superb as her parents, who have not spoken to each other for years. The program contains quotes from Blake—"Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires" and "What is a church and what is a theatre?"—along with photographs of the rows of small, mean houses, the clustering telly masts, and the shabby London street corners from which issued this scarifying sermon.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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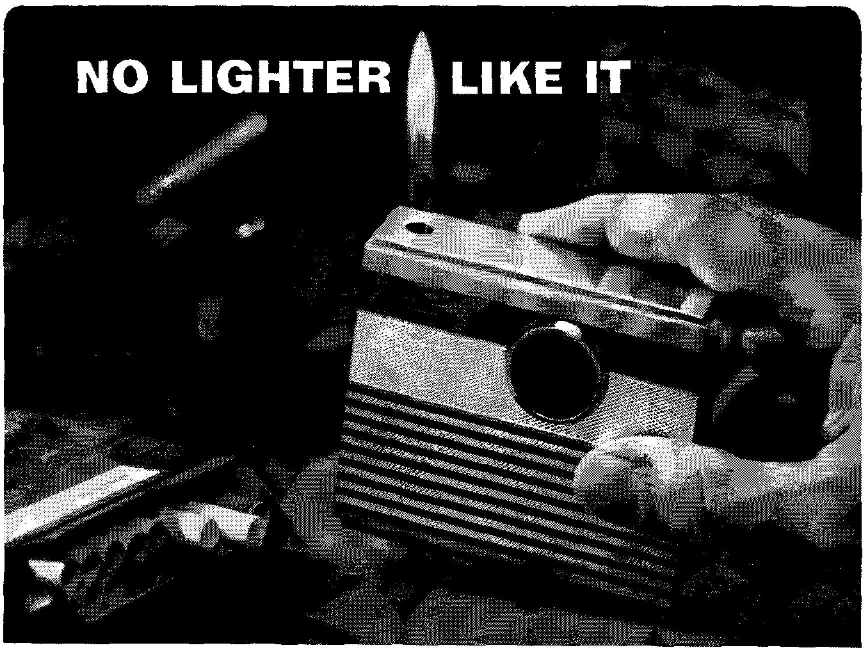

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

That Darn Disney

THE usual calculated pre-Christmas dearth of new movies is upon us, to be followed by the usual calculated—and, to my mind, absolutely idiotic—deluge of new movies on or about Christmas Day. So extreme is the dearth this year that I have been reduced to seeing a movie called "That Darn Cat," which has been produced by Walt Disney and is part of the big holiday show at the Music Hall. Mr. Disney is the Old Master of Fake Folksiness, the Rembrandt of All-American Marzipan, and you will not be surprised to learn that "That Darn Cat" stars a cat, that the name of the cat is D.C., that D.C. stands for "darn cat," and that Bobby Darin is called on to open and close "That Darn Cat" by singing a ballad entitled "That Darn Cat." (Mr. Disney believes in getting a lot of mileage out of his marzipan.) Along with the cat, the picture stars an aggressively piquant teen-ager and a boyish, clean-cut, and lovable F.B.I. agent. Now, if there is anything in the world that I like less than cats it is aggressively piquant teen-agers, and if there is anything in the world that I would be apt to like less than aggressively piquant teen-agers it would be boyish, clean-cut, and lovable F.B.I. agents, provided such creatures could be thought to exist outside this picture. It's safe to assume that J. Edgar Hoover will enjoy "That Darn Cat" more than I did; his men may be shown to be somewhat clumsy in their attempt to capture a couple of murderous kidnappers by dint of tailing an errant Siamese, but what is clumsiness next to dimpled charm?

Well, well, 'tis the season to be jolly, and I mustn't be too cross with Mr. Disney for supposing that he is the revenant of James Whitcomb Riley. The fact is that "That Darn Cat" is a typical product of the giant Disney flapdoodle factory, which for many years now has devoted itself to grinding out lavish falsifications of contemporary life. Like Riley, Mr. Disney is a hard-bitten dreamer of the softest possible dreams, who makes his pictures

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and his fortune by the simple device of pretending that America is Disneyland—that we all live in small towns with white houses set back on shady, emerald-green lawns, and court and quarrel and grow quirkily old in an atmosphere that was scarcely able to sustain life even in the distant nineties. All that is missing from Mr. Disney's bizarre 1965 is a stable and a pair of bays, and I don't see why he draws the line there, for he is as bold as brass when it comes to trifling with our expectations. Who but he, for example, would have dared to cast the English actress Hayley Mills as a typical American adolescent, or the English actress Elsa Lanchester as a typical American shrew?

Sharing the doubtful acting honors with Miss Mills and Miss Lanchester are Dean Jones, as the F.B.I. man; Dorothy Provine, as a marriageable maiden; Roddy McDowall, as her virtuous suitor; and William Demarest, as Miss Lanchester's embittered husband. The direction of the picture is by Robert Stevenson, who directed the Disney version of "My Fair Lady" known to the world as "Mary Poppins," and the screenplay is by Bill Walsh and the Gordons. That is how they are billed—"the Gordons"—and I suppose they must be one of those characteristically happy American couples so nearly one in their togetherness that it would be an act of supererogation to bother with their first names.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

WHAT'S COOKING?

Here's this week's New-Old Town recipe. Take a package of frozen sword fish steaks—they're easy to cook and have no bones—heat the frying pan, put in some butter, add a packet of unthawed frozen swordfish, two stalks of celery, which were chopped, and a pack of chopped frozen broccoli. When they started to defrost pour lemon jouce and salt over them. Turn the fish and stir the vegetables and cook the whole thing for ten minutes. Serve in one bowl.

If one of you is a lefty be careful you don't hook your paws. In fact you can eat this one in your dog suits. That is, the suits dogs have their birthday in.

End up the meal with lime sherbet. Shoulder to shoulder etc. You'll have only one dirty plate. Wash it now!

S.R.S.

—*The Old Town Voice, Chicago.*

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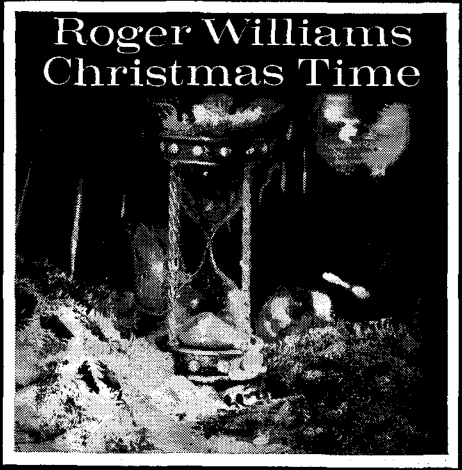

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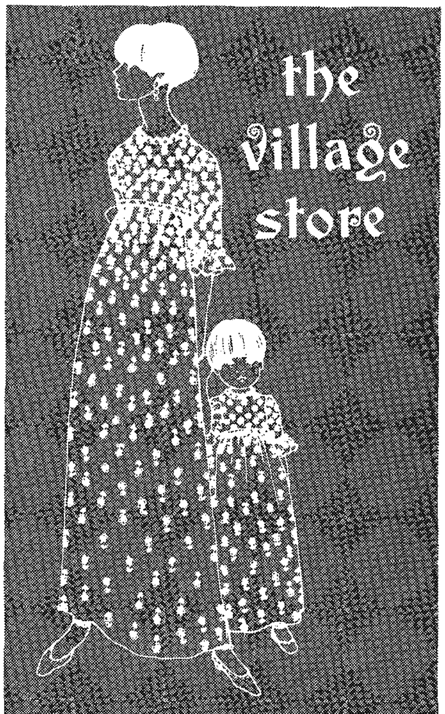

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Danish Delight

CHRISTMAS
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ON Tuesday evening of last week, the Royal Danish Ballet got around to some of the classics of the repertoire, and to me it was as if a dense fog had lifted to disclose a bright sunrise. Many things became clear—first of all, that the Danes possess one of the most precise, accurate, and at the same time exuberant companies New York has ever encountered; second, that the company seems to have an almost inexhaustible supply of first-rank or near-first-rank dancers; third, that it is particularly rich in that rare commodity (rare, at least, among ourselves and the British)—male dancers of striking ability. It was, however, a female dancer who stole the show on Tuesday night: Solveig Østergaard, who danced the role of the heroine Swanilda in what was the finest production of "Coppelia" that I have ever seen. Miss Østergaard is a ballerina of stunning accomplishments—light as a snowflake, and capable of everything one expects, including breathtakingly lyric leaps, complete security *en pointe*, and admirable poise in adagio movements. Besides all this, she has a youthful, playful personality, which projected itself at all times, but particularly in the doll-imitation dances of the second act (I need not remind you that this ballet deals with the same Coppelius who appears in the opera "Tales of Hoffmann," though here he is living in Hungary and is *making* life-size automatic dolls instead of chopping those of his rival Spalanzani to pieces). Miss Østergaard's partner was Niels Kehlet, a strapping, grinning young man whose prodigious jumps added enormously to the zest of the evening. The entire company, moreover, entered into the dramatic, as opposed to the purely balletic, side of the proceedings (there was an especially fine portrayal of old Coppelius by the troupe's ballet director, Niels Bjørn Larsen), so that one had a believable theatrical spectacle instead of, or in addition to, the ancient, formal ballet that "Coppelia" usually turns out to be. The sets were pleasantly literal and unassuming, and the old Delibes score—very French and very nineteenth-century—exuded its slightly old-fashioned charm. It is, of course, one

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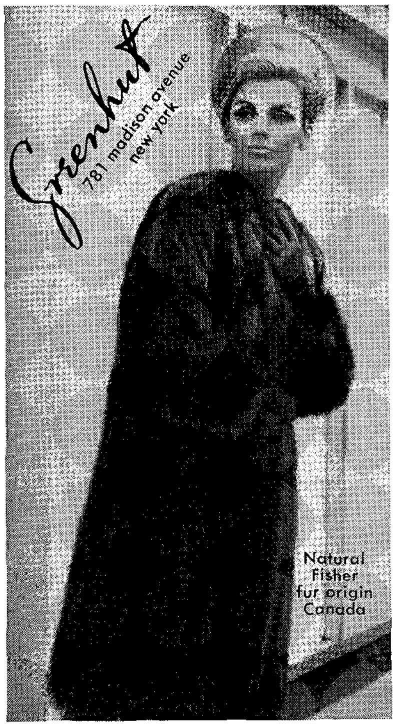

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of the finest of ballet scores, excelling those of Tchaikovsky in polish and intricacy of workmanship. Altogether, this "Coppelia" was something to remember, and would have made an evening in itself. But it was preceded by the Petipa-Minkus pas de deux from "Don. Quixote," danced with the utmost elegance by Erik Bruhn and Kirsten Simone, and by "Fanfare," on which I reported last week.

THE soprano Dorothy Kirsten has a sterling reputation as a singer, and one no less sterling as a trouper and pinch-hitter. Perhaps her most remarkable feat in the latter category occurred three years ago, when she was routed out of bed following an exhausting six hours of rehearsal for the first two acts of "La Fanciulla del West"—plus the last-minute ingestion of a sleeping pill—to sing the third act of that opera (which she had *not* rehearsed), because Leontyne Price had suffered a sudden indisposition. She is reported to have told the horse on which she makes her entrance in that act, "Don't worry, pal, I'm more nervous than you are." Well, it doesn't seem that long, but on Wednesday night of last week Miss Kirsten celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her début at the Metropolitan—to the very day of the month—by appearing as Minnie in "La Fanciulla's" first performance of the season. She has by now sung the role many times, and since she is an actress of unusual intelligence as well as a singer capable of tackling with ease the difficult high phrases that are a part of it, Puccini's Western heroine—gun girl, cardsharper, and all—was incarnated with uncommon credibility. Opposite her, as Dick Johnson, was Franco Corelli, about the most cowboylike tenor, in stature and slim muscularity, that I have ever seen, and Mr. Corelli had evidently been studying Western films, for his hands were held just a few inches from his six-shooters throughout most of the opera. He was making his first appearance of the season at the Met, and even though he brought with him his old habit of conveying emotion by extraneous sobs instead of through the coloration of his voice, it was good to have him back, if only for the sheer loudness of his singing. Anselmo Colzani was effective indeed as that goldrush Scarpia, Jack Rance. I cannot even try to list the virtues of the enormous list of lesser characters; they were all good. One in particular stood out—the blind man, Jake Wallace, as sung by Ezio Flagello. Fausto Cleva con-

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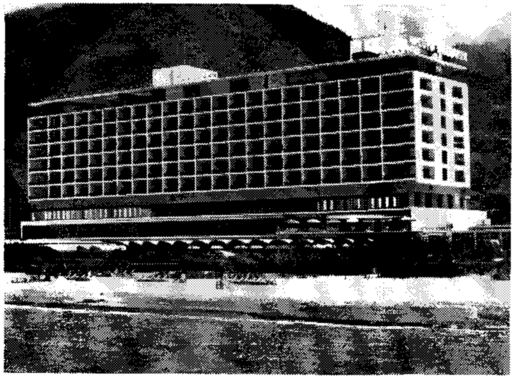

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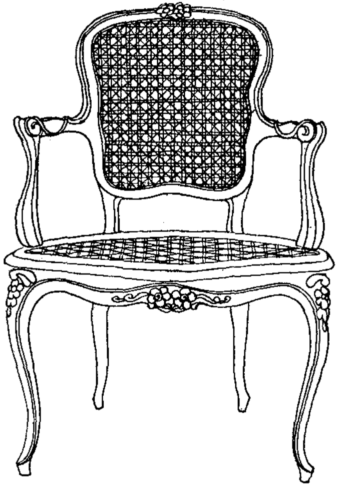

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ducted with what appeared to be a new infusion of energy.

MAHLER's Seventh Symphony is not the most immediately attractive of his works, and it is perhaps for that reason that we hear it only about once in a decade. It is long, it is very heavy in orchestral texture, and it is only now and then Mahleresque as we understand that adjective. Parts of its first two movements sound like Richard Strauss, parts of its rather aggressive finale resemble portions of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." It is also very episodic in structure, even for Mahler. Thus, it offers monumental problems for any conductor. How does one pace its multitudinous episodes so that they merge into each other? Still more important, how does one hold its vast, sprawling form together? It is a proof of the remarkable abilities of Leonard Bernstein that last Thursday night, with the Philharmonic, in Philharmonic Hall, he not only succeeded in holding it together but also gave great eloquence to it, convincing me, and undoubtedly many others, that it is a fascinating work in spite of its flaws. There were no tedious moments in Mr. Bernstein's performance, and there were a great many that tempted one to reconsider one's original impressions of the work and investigate it more thoroughly. I cannot say as much for Anton von Webern's "Symphony," Opus 21, which preceded it on the program, even though Mr. Bernstein repeated the whole eight minutes of it so that his audience might become better acquainted with it. To me, Webern is like a man with a pleasing handwriting but no vocabulary to express anything in, and there was a quotation from him in the program in which he gloried in the intricacies of his own abstract calligraphy, showing no interest whatever in the expressive aspects of the art. It is true that many have emulated him, but I cannot see that music has gained anything in the process.

PEOPLE who dislike opera are always puzzled by the motives of those who go to hear it. Most opera haters believe that it must be the music that attracts the audience, since the dramatic spectacle—on the surface, at least—appears to them unrealistic, incredible, and frequently loaded down with fat sopranos and pint-sized tenors. The main reason the thoroughly infected opera buff goes to opera never seems to occur to them. *He* goes to listen to beautiful voices expressing dramatic emotions, and he hears and compares them critically, as a base-

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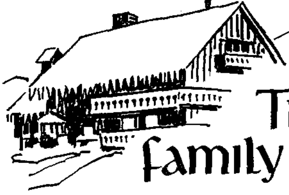

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ll fan watches and compares great tchers. Without this sporting aspect, era would probably not continue to be popular as it is. Nevertheless, there are ople who go to opera for its drama as ell as its music. One such is Henry V. Simon, onetime music critic and ow a book publisher. Mr. Simon has st issued a handsome volume called The New and Enlarged Treasury of rand Opera" (Simon & Schuster), in hich he includes illustrations, detailed counts of plots, and piano-and-voice rangements of the principal arias of hat are probably the nine most popur operas in the repertory. The general rmat of the book is not surprising. ut, in his preface, Mr. Simon puts rward an idea that *is*. It is his conntion that opera not only is good eatre but is "emotionally" more reistic than the spoken drama. His int is that the most intense moents of emotional stress in real life are sually experienced in solitude, that the notion of such moments is readily exessed in arias—in fact, is heightened an almost unbearable extent by mu—whereas in the spoken drama, expt for the soliloquy (no longer a pular device with playwrights), a aracter usually expresses his emotions ly when he is speaking to someone se. Mr. Simon also notes that in opera is possible to present several characters, ch with a different emotion, all exessing themselves at the same time—mething, again, that occurs in real fe but is impossible to convey in the oken drama. Well, "realism" has alays been a difficult word to define, t as Mr. Simon uses it, it certainly oes apply to opera.

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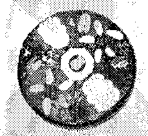

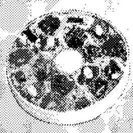

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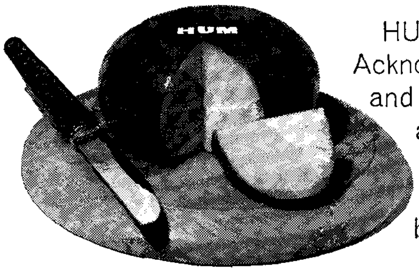

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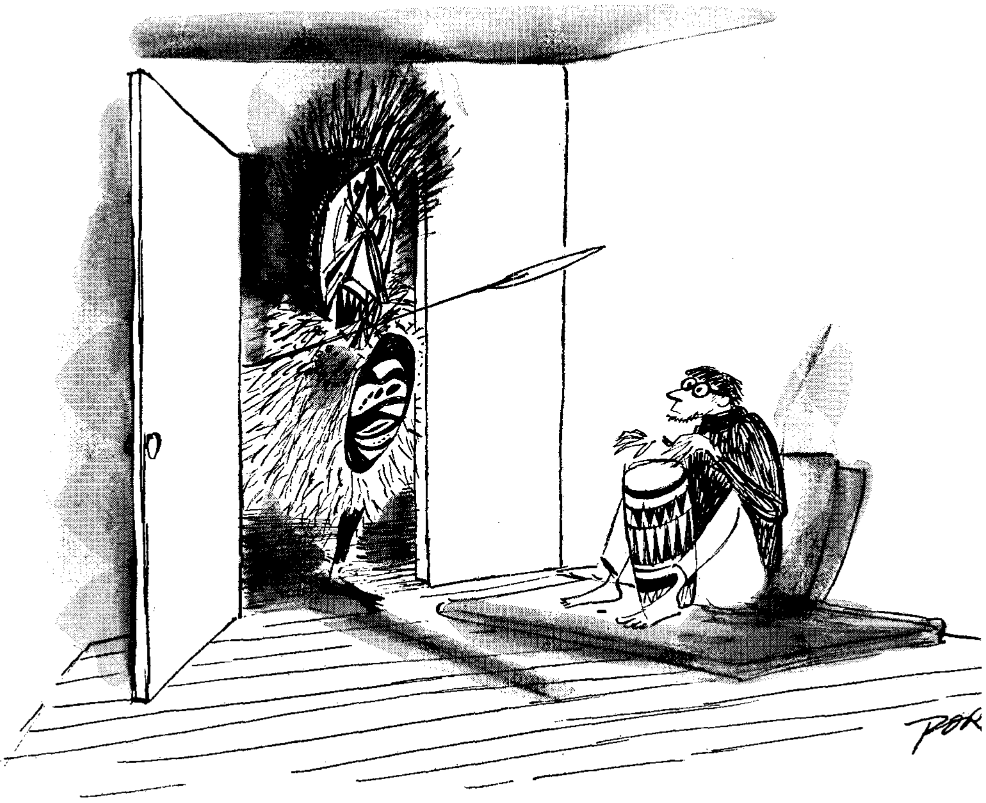
BOOKS

The Witnesses Take the Stand

IN his "Kennedy" (Harper & Row), Theodore C. Sorensen says that "during his years as President, [Kennedy] remarked more than once that history depends on who writes it." One imagines—at least one hopes—that what Kennedy said and meant was something a bit more or less than that, something closer to the truth. Sorensen now and then has a way—probably a speech-writer's way—of flattening things out, of muting or missing the undertones and overtones. At any rate, Kennedy, like most Presidents and no doubt more than most Presidents, thought often about "history" and "who writes it." In "A Thousand Days" (Houghton Mifflin), Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., reports that Kennedy at first wanted no one writing anything. "At the start of his administration," Schlesinger reports, he "said that he did *not* want his staff recording the daily discussions of the White House." Then, after the Bay of Pigs, he directed Schlesinger to keep a White House diary. Schlesinger reminded him of his earlier instructions. The President said he had changed his mind. "You can be damn sure that the C.I.A. has its record, and the Joint Chiefs theirs," he told Schlesinger. "We'd better make sure we have a record over here. So you go ahead." Dwight Eisenhower still has his mind on the historians, though his approach differs from Kennedy's and is, indeed, an original one; he seems to believe that it is not so much a matter of who does the writing as it is of the buying power of the dollar at the time the writing is done. Toward the end of "Waging Peace" (Doubleday), the second and concluding volume of "The White House Years," he writes, "If the nation should turn decisively, for instance, toward sound fiscal procedures in government . . . toward depending more, in pursuit of national objectives, upon the initiative and ambitions of its millions of citizens . . . and toward methods calculated to prevent further erosion in the value of our currency, then the future would hold encomiums for my administration. . . . The years of my two terms would be counted among the most meaningful during our national existence." But if, he goes on, "the citizenry should adopt and the federal government should intensify its practice of the theories of recent Democratic administrations . . . our time in office would be represented as only a slight impediment to the trend begun in 1933 under the New Deal . . . as one of the last gasps of old, obsolete, shopworn ideas."

If Eisenhower really believes this, he must—for the time being, anyway—be resigned to a place alongside James Buchanan and Benjamin Harrison. But of course it just isn't true that history "depends" on historians or that historians praise past epochs only when they resemble those in which they write. Historians come in all shapes and sizes, and they maintain a high level of employment by endlessly challenging one another's judgments and revising their own. Moreover, if under the Democrats the country goes to pot, as Eisenhower now fears that it will, "encomiums" will surely be given him—not only as a President but as a prophet. This is not to say that some kind of justice will in time be done no matter who the historians are or under what circumstances they write. There is no assurance that justice will ever be done, and it matters very much, as Kennedy knew, who keeps the records. Moreover, there are times when the histories of an epoch, particularly those written by leading participants, become themselves part of the epoch's history—extensions of its glories, if any, or of its follies. It cannot be said that the literature of the Eisenhower years is one of that period's distinctions. Now that the General has finished his recollections, the record is just about complete. Richard M. Nixon, Sherman Adams, Ezra Taft Benson, and Lewis Strauss have all told their stories, and they have revealed little that would make their exercise of power seem exemplary or imaginative. (There was one book of a certain brilliance, Emmet John Hughes' "Ordea of Power," but it was largely a ruefu chronicle of frustration and failure.) Books like Sorensen's and Schlesinger's however, do far more than draw us back to the years and the men they dea with. They enlarge the period itself and are to be counted among its accomplishments. From now on, no one will be able to assay the Kennedy "record" without taking into account the fac that part of it consists in having given



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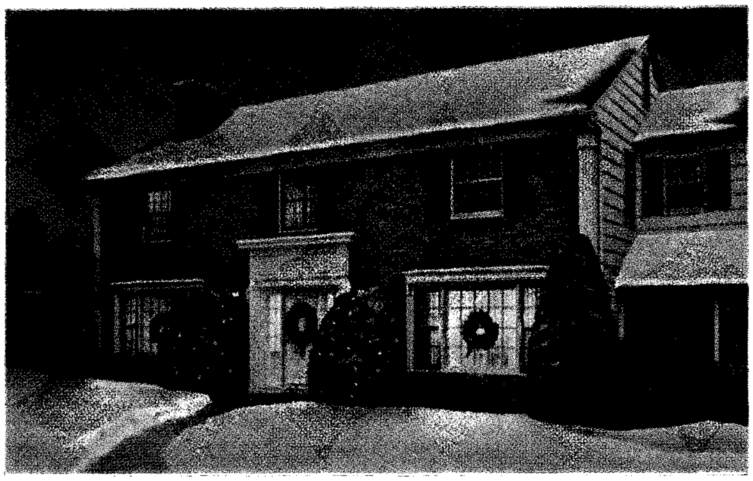

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Although both "Kennedy" and "A Thousand Days" enormously increase our knowledge of the thirty-fifth President and the trials he faced in his brief tenure, they do not tell us much that is new or unexpected about his character. It was not to be supposed that they would. When a figure as vivid, as engaging, as free of pretenses, and as articulate as Kennedy has spent three years in the White House, there is little that we have not been told or have been unable to see for ourselves. What both books do is illuminate the period from the perspective of the President and expand our knowledge and understanding of the Presidency. The focus in these volumes is not on character but on events and "issues." If they were merely memoirs, or only memoirs, which seems to be what both authors thought they were producing when they began to write, they would be much shorter—sharper and clearer, perhaps, as portraits but less compelling in interest and less striking as monuments. Both are full-scale histories in which memoirs are embedded. There are times, particularly in the Schlesinger book, when both subject and author disappear and we are carried along by extraordinary feats of exposition, analysis, and polemic. "A Thousand Days" contains discursive essays on the Department of State, on the history of modern economic thought, on conflicting views of the role of the intellectual in American life, and on the problems of nuclear disarmament which are among the best things ever written on these subjects. Sorensen leaves Kennedy's side and the White House grounds less frequently than Schlesinger, but his book, too, has many brilliant narrative passages and cogent analyses of ideas and strategies and problems of American politics.

Because these authors are who they are, and because their books are so similar in purpose and method, "Kennedy" and "A Thousand Days" will be the subject of a great many comparisons and contrasts. Those already made have favored Schlesinger, and while this on the whole seems just, it would be regrettable if it led to any disparagement or neglect of Sorensen's book. In the writing of history, Schlesinger is, after all, the professional—and just about the most gifted one of his time. Long before he was associated with Kennedy, he had accumulated vast re-

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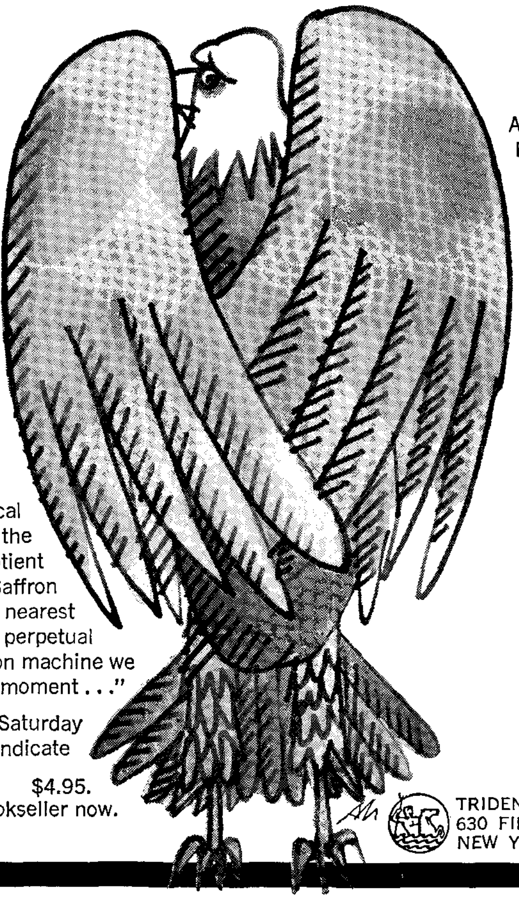

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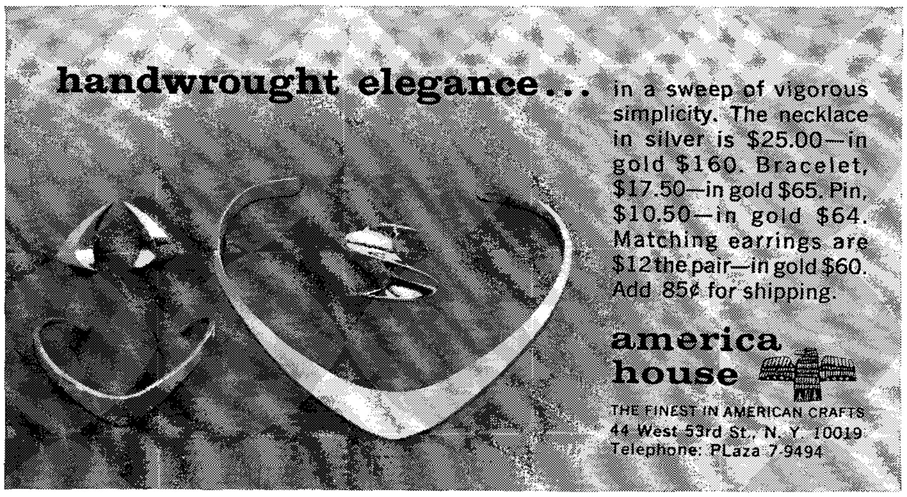

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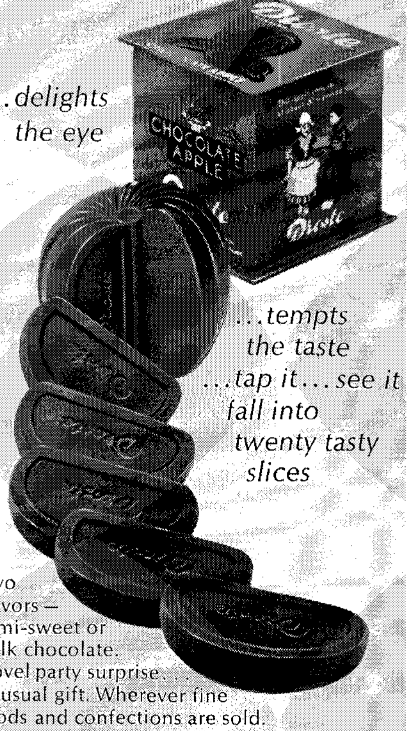

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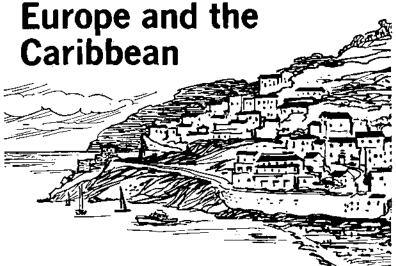

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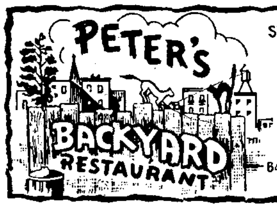

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sources of knowledge and had mastered all the special skills of his trade. His style is lucid, elegant, and of enormous range. His cast of mind, like Kennedy's, is detached, curious, and ironic. Sorensen is a lawyer, a bureaucrat, and a self-made political scientist. Although his gifts as a writer are of a very high order, they are not quite as well suited to the task at hand as Schlesinger's, and he has, unfortunately, a tin ear and an occasionally embarrassing way of landing on phrases and ideas that are far off target, as when he writes that "one of John Kennedy's most important contributions to the human spirit was his concept of the office of the Presidency." In spite of this, "Kennedy," though less dazzling in its effects than "A Thousand Days," is fully as engrossing, and it is a tribute to both books that while they cover on the whole the same ground at approximately the same pace, the reading of one does not at all diminish interest in the other. This may be because, for all their similarities, there were important differences in what the authors did and in their relationships to Kennedy. Schlesinger writes with the authority of a participant whose function was to observe, whose detachment was encouraged, whose criticism was solicited. It is quite possible that he would have written pretty much the same book if Kennedy had lived to write his own memoirs. Sorensen, on the other hand, writes with the authority of the true alter ego. "This is my substitute for the book he was going to write," he says at the outset. "His own recollections of public service would have made a memorable volume—carefully factual, amazingly frank, witty, and wise—and none of his biographers or chroniclers can hope to do as well." But one wonders; ex-Presidents are not much freer than incumbent Presidents to be "amazingly frank." Kennedy was indeed an intelligent and witty man, but despite his Pulitzer Prize and his interest in writing, his own work was never truly distinguished. It is conceivable that he would have left the White House with Sorensen still at his side and that they would have collaborated on the memoirs, as they had on so much else. One feels that Sorensen's "Kennedy" is a highly adequate "substitute"—and possibly more candid and accurate than anything Kennedy might have written, with or without his help, as an ex-President.

Both Sorensen and Schlesinger are eager—at times almost desperate—to secure a place for Kennedy in the very front rank of Presidents. To this end,

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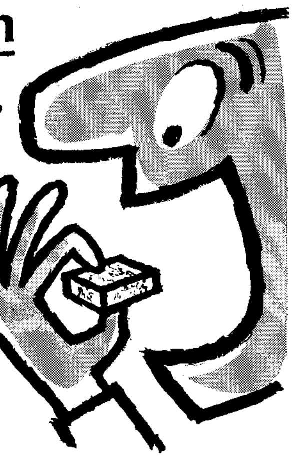

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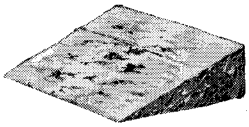

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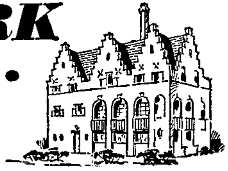

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they argue that what has been accomplished during his successor's two years in office would surely have been accomplished by him had he lived and was in fact certain of accomplishment when he died. Of the untimeliness of his death, Schlesinger writes that it "was as if Jackson had died before the nullification controversy and the Bank War, as if Lincoln had been killed six months after Gettysburg or Franklin Roosevelt at the end of 1935 or Truman before the Marshall Plan." He continues, "Yet he had accomplished so much: the new hope for peace on earth, the elimination of nuclear testing in the atmosphere and the abolition of nuclear diplomacy, the new policies toward Latin America and the third world, the reordering of American defense, the emancipation of the American Negro, the revolution in national economic policy, the concern for poverty, the stimulus to the arts, the fight for reason against extremism and mythology. . . . He reëstablished the republic as the first generation of our leaders saw it. . . . He transformed the American spirit." And Sorensen, after making much the same claim, writes, "Without demeaning any of the great men who have held the Presidency in this century, I do not see how John Kennedy could be ranked below any of them." It is a pity—at any rate, to those of us who are not quite sure that we are citizens of a reëstablished republic or that the national spirit has been "transformed"—that his friends and defenders feel they must enter him in competition in this fashion. Schlesinger's catalogue of accomplishments is very much open to argument, and at all events Kennedy would be memorable even if his "record" had been an unrelieved series of defeats, as it quite possibly might have been had he lived. Schlesinger further remarks, "He was doing at last in the summer of 1963 what he had been reluctant to do before: putting the office of the Presidency on the line at the risk of defeat. He was staking his authority and his reëlection on behalf of equal rights, the test ban, planned deficits in economic policy, doing so not without political apprehension but with absolute moral and intellectual resolve." He had reasons for political apprehension; they tend to be forgotten now, partly because his death itself was so large and critical an event in our lives, but the risk of failure was real and heavy. All that we can be sure of now is that his memory would have survived it. No one who is disposed to challenge the "accomplishments" cited by Sorensen

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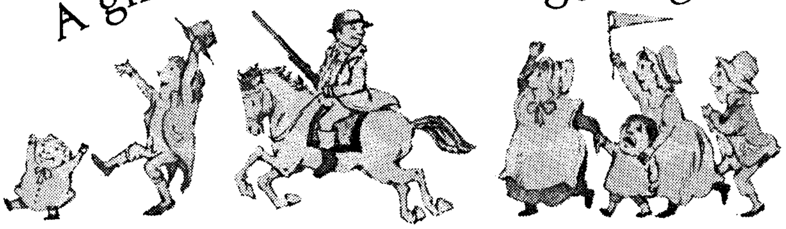

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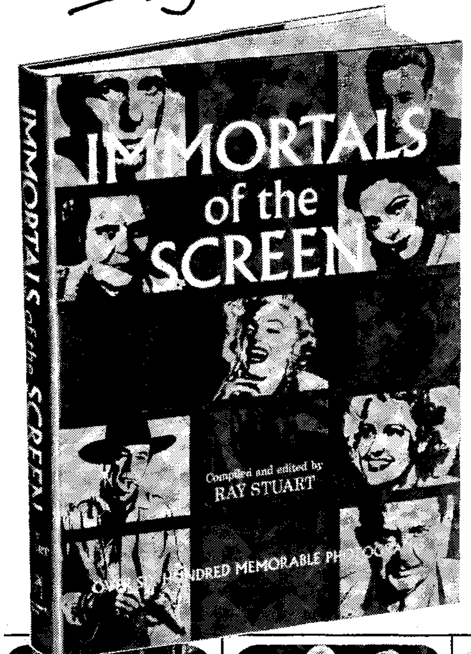

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and Schlesinger could argue that their tributes are undeserved. These books not only state the case for his claim on our memories; by their own excellence they demonstrate it.

EISENHOWER'S "Waging Peace" begins in 1956, with his account of his campaign for a second term, and ends with some post-Presidential ruminations on the prevalence of "deliberate lawlessness, arrogant selfishness, disloyalty, laxity in conduct, and all kinds of downright wickedness." But Eisenhower seldom lapses into reflection, and never for more than a few sentences at a time. For the most part, "Waging Peace," like his "Mandate for Change," which dealt with his first term, is a straightforward narrative of events in a direct and quite lucid manner. Three-quarters of the text is almost a paraphrase of contemporary newspaper accounts. It is, nevertheless, a work of value and interest, for despite any doubts the ex-President may have in the matter, it is impossible not to regard his years in office as "among the most meaningful during our national existence." They were years of great drama and danger, and, if only because we survived them with him as our Commander in Chief, his place in history will not be small and there will be continuing interest in him and his stewardship. What he has revealed of himself in his memoirs, however, is less attractive by far than what our memories hold. The Eisenhower of the memoirs is a man of insufferable smugness and self-righteousness. In office, he rarely seemed this way. He was never, like Kennedy, at war with complacency, but he did not wallow in it, as he has done in his memoirs. Nor did it appear that a lack of generosity was one of his outstanding qualities. In this book, as in its predecessor, there is no sympathy at all for his critics. They are invariably "men of little understanding" or "completely indifferent to any consideration of national good or party loyalty." Only once does he admit an error of his own, and this is no more than a failure to communicate his exact wishes to subordinates. He was furious, he says, when he learned, in 1959, that Khrushchev was coming here to tour the country. It was a fact that an invitation had been issued in Eisenhower's name. But he had thought that the visit was to be no more than an exchange of views between him and Khrushchev on the value of a later summit meeting. The aides who had conveyed a blanket invitation to Khrushchev said they had

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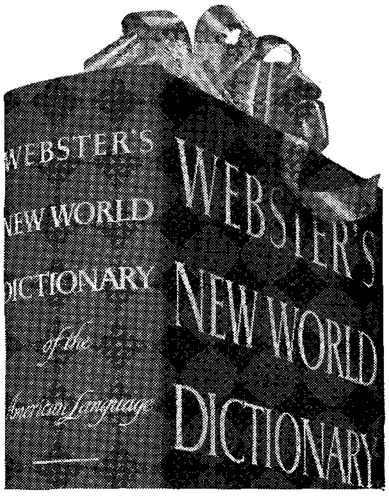
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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Paris Journal: 1944-1965, by Janet Flanner (*Atheneum, $8.95*).

In an entry dated August 3, 1955, Miss Flanner writes of an exhibition in honor of Marie Antoinette as "an evocation of her life," and thereby furnishes the most accurate description of her own book. This chronological arrangement of her Letters from Paris or excerpts from them is an evocation of the life—political, social, theatrical, literary, artistic, philosophical, and personal—of and in Paris over the past twenty crucial years.

O Canada, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95*).

Essays on the literature northeast of the border and an introduction to the two cultures it reflects—the French and the British—which exist more back to back than side by side.

Joe Gould's Secret, by Joseph Mitchell (*Viking, $4.50*).

Two Profiles of the late Joe Gould—Village bohemian, pauper, historian, and master of the revels. The first was written in 1942. The second, which appeared last year, is, in a sense, a Profile of that Profile, shedding new light on Gould and on a discovery that was made about him after his death, and also shedding considerable light on Mr. Mitchell at work.

The Fencing Master, by Gilbert Rogin (*Random House, $4.95*).

Short stories, most of them consisting of the dreams, daydreams, and memories of a young man entirely on his own in the midst of any number of friends and relations.

The Bride and the Bachelors, by Calvin Tomkins (*Viking, $6.50*).

Four Profiles. The unattainable "bride" is life. The lighthearted "bachelors" are John Cage, composer; Jean Tinguely, sculptor; Robert Rauschenberg, painter; and Marcel Duchamp, painter emeritus, all of whom have tried in unconventional but subtly related ways to break down the barriers between formal art and the lady herself.

The Lost Revolution, by Robert Shaplen (*Harper & Row, $6.95*).

A history of Vietnam from 1945 to the present, composed for the most part of first-hand reports recording the misfortunes—some avoidable, some not—of this unfortunate country, and recording as well the slow change in our own role in Saigon, from that of military adviser to that of outright participant in an outright war.

A Firm Word or Two, by Nathaniel Benchley (*McGraw-Hill, $3.95*).

A volume of short stories about family matters and, taken in sequence, about a father and son who, in their race for mutual understanding, hit the tape at approximately the same moment.

The Goldwater Caper, by Richard H. Rovere (*Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95*).

The odyssey of a candidate from the fall of 1963 through the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1964.

The Bit Between My Teeth, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.50*).

Critical essays on André Malraux, Sheilah Graham, Kingsley Amis, the Marquis de Sade, Boris Pasternak, and a number of other authors who have caught Mr. Wilson's interest over the past fifteen years.

The Mandelbaum Gate, by Muriel Spark (*Knopf, $5.95*).

A comic novel, with overtones of one kind or another, about modern Jerusalem, where the Mandelbaum Gate separates the Jewish and Arab sections of the city. The heroine is an Englishwoman whose insistence on passing through the gate precipitates the action of the plot and any amount of hanky-panky on the side.

A Sense of Where You Are, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.75*).

The life (on and off the basketball court) and the ideas and opinions of William Warren Bradley, Princeton '65, Olympic gold-medal winner, and currently a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.

Warrior Herdsmen, by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas (*Knopf, $5.95*).

In this account of her visit of many months with the Dodoth, a tribe in northern Uganda, Mrs. Thomas proves, among other things, that friendship for the people under observation and acceptance of their pattern of living can stand the observer in as good stead as more formal anthropological techniques.

A Dedicated Man, by Elizabeth Taylor (*Viking, $4.95*).

Short stories about an assortment of English men and women, at home and at several sunny vacation spots, and about the small deceptions they practice—frequently upon themselves.

The Inland Sea, by Morton M. Hunt (*Doubleday, $3.95*).

Two weeks before the mast of a Fiberglas sloop (with auxiliary motor) on a counterclockwise voyage around Long Island Sound, with stops at coves, harbors, and marinas, and at a yacht club or two for dinner.

Twelve Chases on West Ninety-ninth Street, by Roy Bongartz (*Houghton Mifflin, $4*).

The pursuit of love on the upper West Side, as set forth in a dozen short stories. The pursuer is an attendant at a parking lot; his quarry is a resistant killjoy who works as a waitress. Bystanders from nearby apartments and rooming houses are on hand every lap of the way.

Assorted Prose, by John Updike (*Knopf, $5.95*).

An Updike sampler of parodies, reminiscent essays, book reviews, and reports—local and national. The local reports were written for the Talk of the Town department of this magazine. In the national report, Mr. Updike covers Ted Williams' farewell appearance at Fenway Park.

An Inquiry Into Enoughness: Of Bombs and Men and Staying Alive, by Daniel Lang (*McGraw-Hill, $5.50*).

Mr. Lang continues to investigate arms and the men who experiment with them or protest against them or try to figure out some practical way to dispense with them during these early middle years of the nuclear age.

Questions of Travel, by Elizabeth Bishop (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95*).

A selection of poems that combine freedom of sensibility with decorum of manner in a way that is Miss Bishop's own. She has also included a memoir of her Nova Scotia childhood.

The Man Who Robbed the Robber Barons, by Andy Logan (*Norton, $4.75*).

The life of Colonel William d'Alton Mann (1839-1920), of the greasable palm in the velvet glove, and the story of his blithe and menacing magazine *Town Topics*, in which he was prepared not to publish scandal about the most substantial citizens around. The book is a greatly expanded version of Miss Logan's articles on Colonel Mann in this magazine.

The Suspended Drawing Room, by S. N. Behrman (*Stein & Day, $6*).

A selection of Profiles and other reports in which Mr. Behrman, writing of some of his old friends and colleagues, among them Robert E. Sherwood, Gabriel Pascal, and Ferenc Molnar, indirectly allows himself to be known by the company he has kept. The preface is a memoir of Harold Ross.

The Door in the Wall, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin, $4.95*).

A posthumous collection of short stories. The principal characters are anthropologists—established or on their way up or out—at a Southwestern college. The tone is affectionate even when it is ironic.

Ascent, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Random House, $3.95*).

A first-hand report—historical, technical, and enthusiastic—on mountain climbing. The locale is the Haute Savoie, where the risky, compelling sport originated in the eighteenth century. Mr. Bernstein has provided, as well, a guide to the guides of Chamonix, those remarkable alumni of L'École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme.

Buckdancer's Choice, by James Dickey (*Wesleyan, $4*).

Twenty-two poems in which the poet appears to be giving free rein to his urgent, audacious muse.

Mountains and Water, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $4.95*).

"Mountains and water," Mr. Rand tells us, is the Chinese phrase for "landscape." The nine reports gathered here, six of them from Asia and the first dated 1949, are landscapes with extremely active figures.

Finding Them Lost and Other Poems, by Howard Moss (*Scribners, $3.50*).

A collection that celebrates many private occasions of the senses, the spirit, and the mind.

A Man Named Hoffman, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $4.95*).

Medical sleuths tracking down the elusive ailments that flesh is heir to are the heroes of most of these reports. The others deal with elm blight and placebos, and with *déjà vu*, which is less ailment than psychological quirk but is certainly elusive enough.

The New World, by Saul Steinberg (*Harper & Row, $5.95*).

As herein displayed, the new world is so much at the mercy of formulas and diagrams and words and symbols and numbers that people barely stand a chance. There is no need to worry, though. Mr. Steinberg is still in charge.

India's Ex-Untouchables, by Harold R. Isaacs (*John Day, $4.50*).

A report on the progress (snail-slow but toward the side of the angels) of a group that more often than not seems to be Ex in name only. Its new name is "depressed classes."

An American Notebook, by Philip Hamburger (*Knopf, $5.95*).

A geographical entertainment in celebration of diversity and in the form of brief reports on forty-one towns of mixed sizes scattered around the country. The reports are a blend of facts and impressions, with many examples of the key phrase (overheard) that opens up a whole town.

The New Yorker Album 1955-1965 (*Harper & Row, $7.50*).

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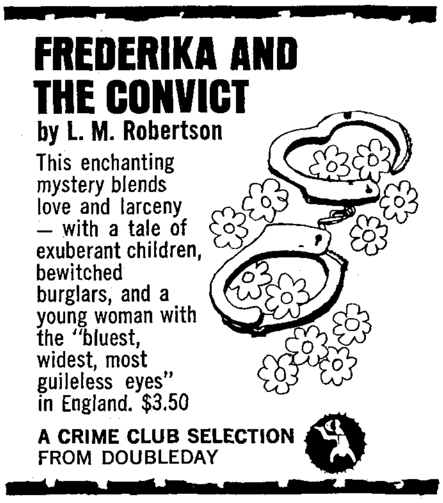

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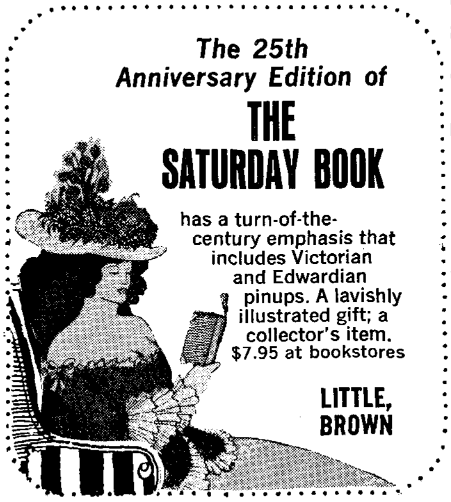

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understood this was what Eisenhower had intended. Hearing this, he "lectured the assembled group regarding the need for proper measures . . . to insure that State Department action and my own thinking were exactly in step." But "after a bit of cool reflection, I realized that the cause of my difficulty lay more in my own failure to make myself unmistakably clear than in the failure of others to understand me." In eight years, he made only this one mistake. There is work for a battalion of historians in saving this ex-President from himself and bringing him back to memory as a human being.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

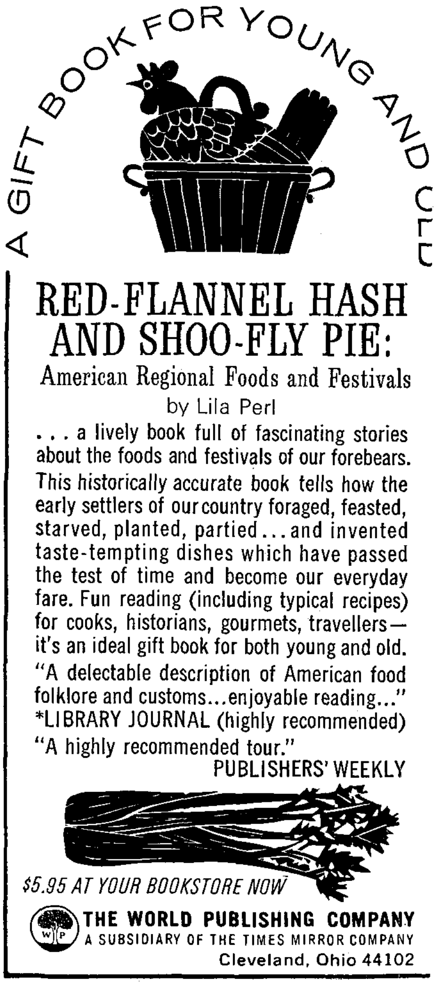
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CORK STREET, NEXT TO THE HATTER'S, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners). The manner, pace, and milieu of Miss Johnson's novel are so engaging that the disagreeableness of her attitude toward her characters is easy to tolerate. In fact, one feels sympathy for people so obviously doomed to disappoint their author, and in the charitable light of fellow-feeling the mean, or spiteful, or frivolous, or disingenuous, or selfish, or overanxious natures displayed here appear not so much vicious as oppressed by Miss Johnson's assiduous contempt for them. The scene is a fashionable London bookshop owned by Cosmo Hines, a dyspeptic soul only half resigned to the long misery of his marriage to Dorothy Merlin, a bad-tempered, unhealthy poetess of forty-seven. Dorothy is so thoroughly and so unkindly portrayed that it is uncomfortable to read about her, but she is very real, a triumph of characterization. The larger scene is London—the eager, talky daily London of partly talented people who have achieved importance just inside the fringes of the literary and artistic set.

GENERAL

RUSSIA AND HISTORY'S TURNING POINT, by Alexander Kerensky (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This is a book of considerable interest simply because the author is who he is—the Prime Minister of the only liberal government in Russia's history. Kerensky begins with a few autobiographical chapters, and explains his connection with reform and revolutionary movements under the Czars. His account of the Revolution and of



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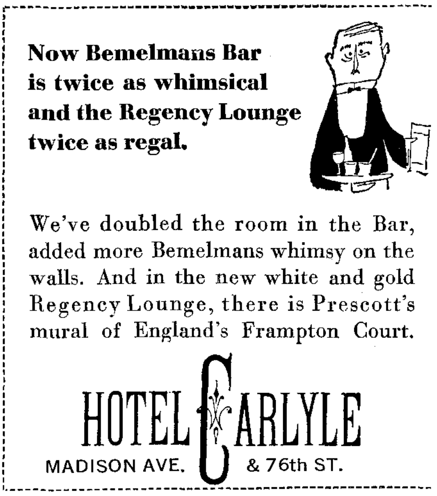

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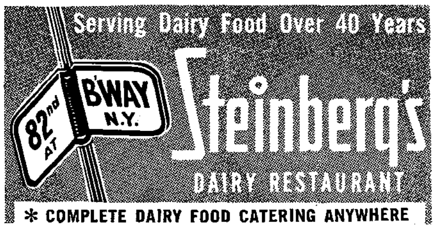

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what he did in connection with it offers some good first-hand information. He is still convinced that Russia was ready for democracy in 1917, and he does not see the triumph of Bolshevism as the necessary outcome of upheaval in a "backward" land. His patriotism—his affection for his country and his respect for his countrymen—may surprise readers who believe that there is something essentially "Russian" about Communist cruelty, but Kerensky offers abundant evidence to back up his convictions.

STUDIED MADNESS, by Heywood Hale Broun (Doubleday). Semi-autobiographical meditations, mainly comic, about the author's experiences as an actor. Mr. Broun's career has been more successful than he makes clear; he is somewhat defensive about having renounced the security of sportswriting for the hazards of acting. In any case, as he describes what he and other actors survive—pointless plays, difficult directors, the technical tribulations of taping television—he shows himself to be a good funny writer.

AMILIAR GARDEN BIRDS OF AMERICA, by Henry Hill Collins, Jr., and Ned R. Boyajian (Harper & Row). An excellent (and, for amateurs, an invaluable) picture-and-text supplement to a field guide. The authors have confined their attention to seventy-one of the roughly six hundred and fifty species found in the United States, but, as the title indicates, the birds portrayed are the only birds that most people ever see. The essays are fully descriptive, agreeably written, and garnished with entertaining details—a flicker will eat as many as five thousand ants in a single meal; the Baltimore oriole was so named because it displays the orange and black colors of Lord Baltimore; the crow is among the latest of bird risers, the average time of its first caw (in New Hampshire in late spring) being 3:44 A.M.; and "one of the finest places to view [a starling flight] is on the upper west side of Manhattan Island, where every winter evening 125,000 starlings roost under the Riverside Drive viaduct along the Hudson River. Leaving the 400-ft. Palisades along the New Jersey shore, flocks of 1,000 or more birds sweep in magnificent synchronous movement high across the river, swooping down to the roadway crossing the viaduct, and at the last moment bursting into a thousand randomly swirling black

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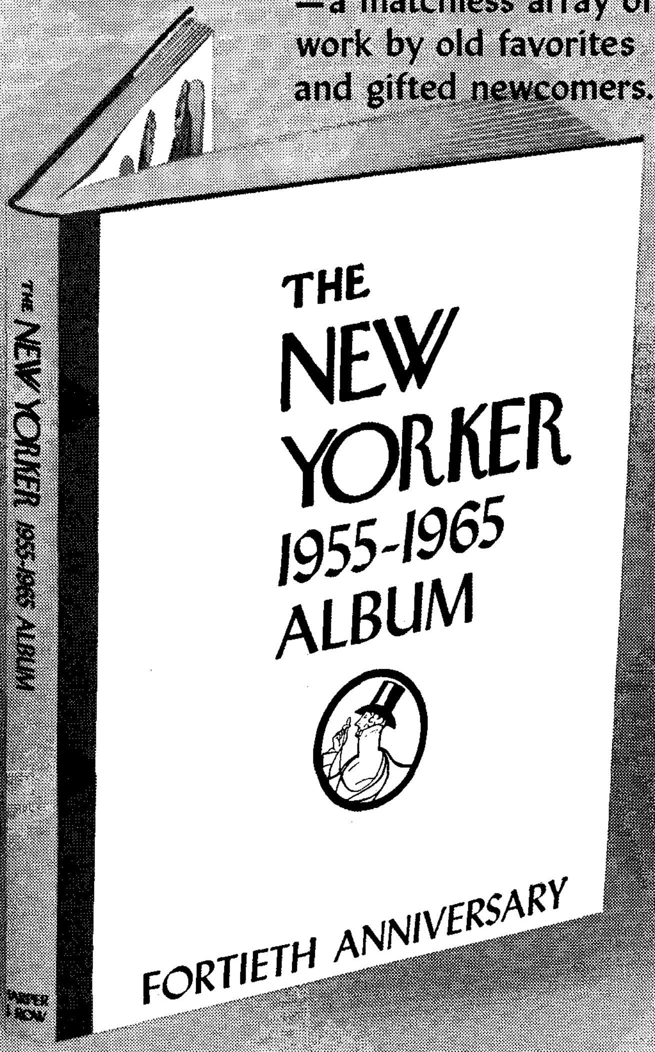

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flakes as they scatter to their perches." Illustrated with paintings by John Cameron Yrizarry and drawings by Nina Williams.

Leningrad, by Nigel Gosling (Dutton). A historical evocation in pictures and text of the exquisite near-Arctic city that Peter the Great conjured up from a desolation of tidewater marsh on May 16, 1703, with the words, spoken over a cross cut out of turf, "Here shall be a town"—the city of Catherine the Great and Alexander II, of Trotsky and Lenin, of Pushkin and Gogol and Turgenev and Tolstoy and Dostoevski, of Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky and Prokofieff, of Pavlova and Nijinsky and Nureyev, of palaces and canals and endless sweeping prospects. It is in every way a splendid book. The pictures, which number some two hundred and fifty (almost a third of them in excellent color), include contemporary paintings, drawings, aquatints, engravings, and photographs, and several recent photographs by Colin Jones. The captions are short, apt, and often nicely drawn from literature. And the text is quite as good as the pictures—informed, intelligent, and eloquent. Twenty-five dollars.

American Houses in History, by Arnold Nicholson (Viking). A first-rate text-and-pictures survey. The houses studied have two points in common besides architectural merit: they were all built before the Civil War and they are all open to the public. The latter point gives the volume a bonus quality; besides its virtues as a book of well-composed, well-reproduced photographs and informative notes, it is a guide to places that the reader can and should see in nearly every section of the United States.

•

The speaker said advertising for Coca-Cola has a basic theme combining the refreshment and "pause" concepts. This combination, he commented, "is like a Bach bugle, a central theme with seemingly infinite variations."—*Advertising Age.*

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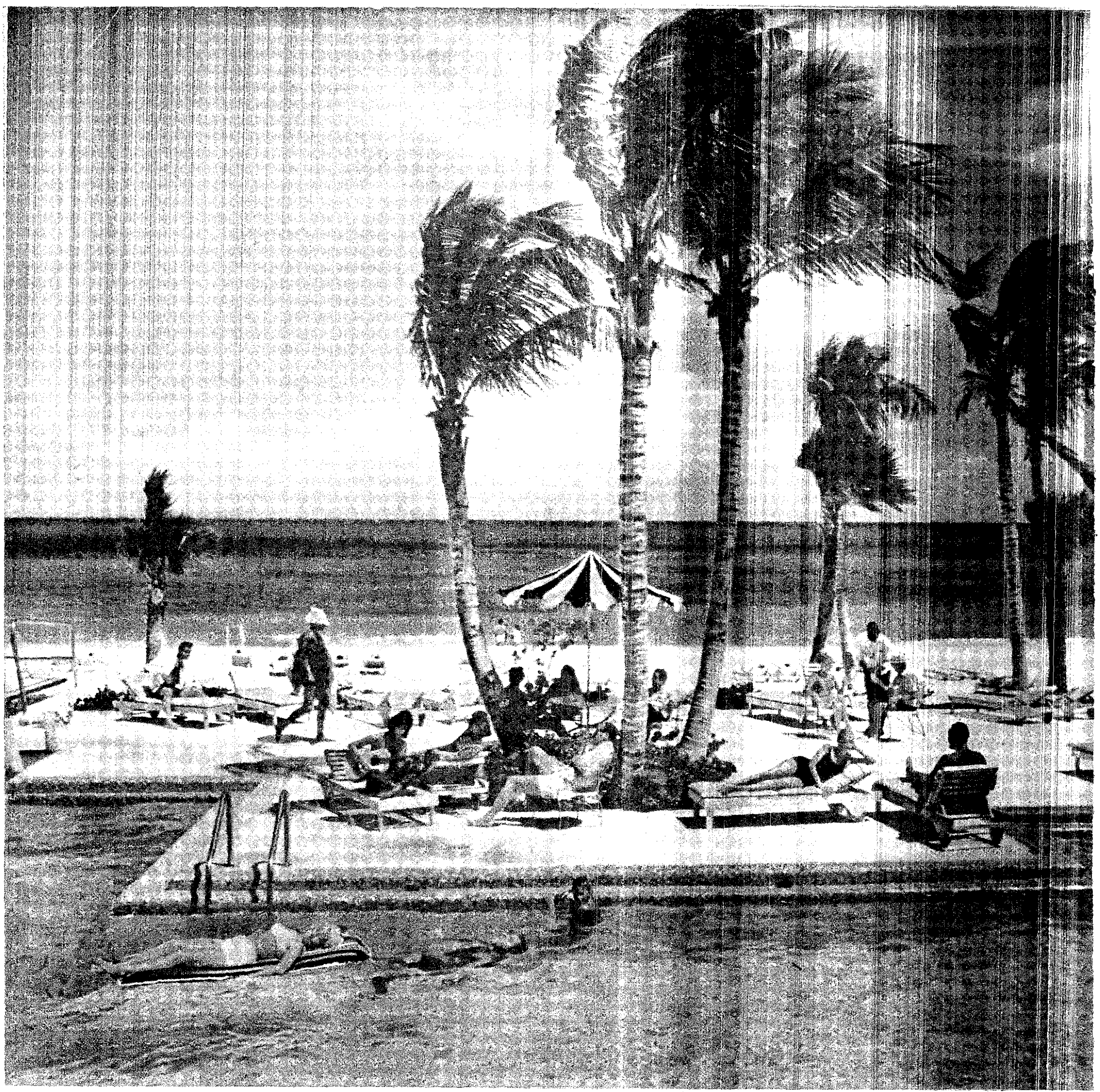

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